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- III. Chester's Triumph in Honor of her Prince, as it was performed upon St. George's Day 1610, in the foresaid Citie. Reprinted from the original edition of 1610, with an Introduction and Notes. Edited by the Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A. pp. xviii, 36.

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- XCIX. Abstracts of Inquisitions post Mortem, made by Christopher Towneley and Roger Dodsworth, Extracted from Manuscripts at Towneley. Vol. II. Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON. pp. vii, 188; *Index* 17.
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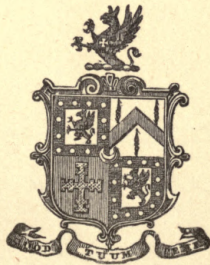
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# COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA:

OR,

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

## CATALOGUE

OF A PORTION OF A COLLECTION OF

## EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,

WITH OCCASIONAL EXTRACTS AND REMARKS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE LATE

REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.,

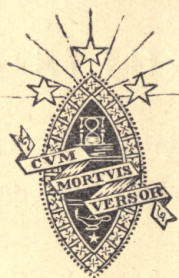
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## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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To the Introductory Notice prefixed to Part 5 I wish to subjoin

That the new editions or reprints of any of the works described in the *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, which may have appeared since its commencement (1860), and are not referred to by Mr. Corser, will be noticed or enumerated in the addenda to the concluding volume, in which will also be given the prices at which the copies catalogued in the *Collectanea* sold at the dispersion of his library, so as to render the bibliography applicable to the subject as complete as possible.

I have only to add that the following Parts, 8, 9, and 10, which will be proceeded with without delay, will conclude the work, the importance and interest of which will, I trust, be a sufficient justification for the large share it has appropriated in the list of volumes in the Chetham Series.

JAS. CROSSLEY.







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### ERRATA.

Page 108. For "anim, et clestium," *read* "animæ et cælestium."  
 „ 114. For "Bodelian," *read* "Bodleian."



# COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA.

VOL. IV. PART I.

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**G**ODLY SONGS.—Ane compendius Buik of Godly and Spirituall Sangis. Collectit out of sundrye partes of the Scripture, with sundrye other Ballatis changeit out of prophaine sangis in godly sangis, for auoyding of sin and harlatry, with augmentation of syndry gude and godly ballatis not contenit in the first Edition.

Exactly correctit and newlye Printed at Edinbrugh be Robert Smyth dwelling at the nether bow. 1600. 8vo, **blk.** lett.

The religious enthusiasm which attended the Reformation in Scotland naturally turned the attention of her poetical writers more particularly to sacred subjects, and especially to a spirit of versifying the Psalms and other portions of the Scriptures. And numerous were the pious effusions and godly songs that were produced by the religious zeal of that period. Few, or none, of these metrical productions possess any spirit or poetical merit, but are all devoid for the most part of that pure and genuine taste, best calculated to interest the reader; and full of the most strange incongruities and eccentricities that prejudice or enthusiasm could suggest.

Among the number of works of this description is the singular volume of Scottish Poems before us, the first *known* edition of which was published at Edinburgh in 1578. This edition is so rare, that only one copy, and that unfortunately imperfect, is believed to exist, which was sold in the 4th pt. of Mr. Jolley's collection, No. 905, for 31*l.* 10*s.*, and is now in the library at Britwell House. But even this, although nineteen years earlier than any edition previously known, from the concluding line in the title, "with an

augmentation of sundrie and godly Ballatis not contenit in the first Edition," can hardly be considered to be the first impression, although no earlier copy than the above has yet been traced. But an earlier edition, supposed to be the first, is referred to in the *Life of James Melville* as being printed in 1570, no copy of which, however, is known to be in existence. Another edition also of extreme rarity, and generally supposed, previous to the discovery of Mr. Jolley's copy, by Herbert, Lowndes and others, to have been the first, was published at Edinburgh in 1597.

It is not very clear who was the author of these Songs, or whether they were all the work of one person or written at the same time. Sir John G. Dalyell seems to be of opinion that they were the productions of different persons, and were probably written to aid the cause of the Reformation then going on, and that the more literary Reformers might have a share in them. Some of them are found in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, in John Knox's *Liturgy*, and elsewhere. They are usually attributed to one or more persons of the name of Wedderburne, of whom there were three brothers, all endowed with poetical talents. The second of these, originally a Roman Catholic, having embraced the Protestant faith, is said to have "translated many of Luther's principles into Scottish verse, and changed many obscene songs and rhymes into hymns." He is supposed to have died in 1555 or 6. "The third brother was Vicar of Dundee; and in learning, is said to have surpassed the other two. He went to Paris, and there associated with the Reformers; and, at Cardinal Beaton's death, returned to his native country." Calderwood, in his *Historie of the Church of Scotland*, says, that "he turned the tunes and tenour of many profane ballads into godlie songs and hymnes, which were called the *Psalmes of Dundie*, whereby he stirred up the affections of many." From these two brothers, John and James Wedderburne of Dundee, to whom the authorship of these Poems is assigned, they were usually known by the title of *The Dundee Psalmes*. "The specious title under which these Songs are introduced," says Sir John G. Dalyell in his *Cursory Remarks on Ane Buik of Godly Songs*, vol. i, p. 34, "the obscure hints they contain, the bloody imprecations, the determinations to resist the legal authority, and the abuse of all persons in power, are more applicable to periods near the time of the Reformation, or the fruitless endeavours to restore Popery, and to the principles and dispositions of the Reformers, than to any other in Scottish history. The latitude in censuring the clergy, the invectives against the Pope, the Queen Regent, the Cardinal legate, and apparently the Archbp. of St. Andrews, ascertain the æra, nearly, when they



were written. The complaints of broken faith, of treaties violated, of cruelty to the Reformers, can apply to the events of the Reformation only; and the detestation of ceremonies, images, and the other grievances which have been already alluded to, relate to the Roman Catholic religion alone."

The volume commences after the title with "The Prologue" in prose, followed by "The Text of the Catechisme, or Instruction of Christian men," viz: "The Ten Commandments. The Twelf Articles of our Faith. The Lordis Prayer or Pater noster. Of our Baptisme, and of the Lordis Snpper," all in prose. These are all afterwards "put in meter, to be sung with the tune," and repeated in verse, together with "Certane graces to be sung or said be foir meit or eftir." Then follow "The Spirituall Sangis, and ane Confessioun of sin with ane Prayer." This part contains Songs on the "Forlorne Sone" (the Prodigal Son), "the rich Glouttoun and pure Lazarus" on "The Passion," "Ane Sang of the birth of Christ with the tune Baw lula-law," and "Certane Ballatis of the Scripture." On the reverse of sig. F ii, "Heir endis the spirituall Sangis, and beginnis the Psalmes of Dauid with vtheris plesand ballatis, Translatit out of *Enchiridion Psalmorum* to be sung." These are only a selection from the Psalms, followed by other new Ballads spiritualized from old well known favourite Songs, such as "John come kiss me now," "Down by yon River I ran," "With huntis up," "Musing greatly in my minde," "The wind blows cold," "Till our gude-man," &c., &c.

From this curious collection it will be proper to furnish the reader with a brief specimen or two, the first of which is from one entitled

*Quho is at my Window.*

Quho is at my windo, quho, quho?  
Go from my windo, go, go.  
Quha callis thair, sa like ane stranger?  
Go from my window, go.

Lord, I am heir, ane wretchit mortall  
That for thy mercie dois cry and call,  
Unto the, my Lord Celestiall.  
Se, quho is at my window, quho.

How dar thow for mercie cry?  
Sa long in Sinne as thow dois ly.  
Mercy to haue thow art not worthy.  
Go from my window, go.

My gylt gude Lord, I will refuse,  
 And the wickit lyfe that I did use,  
 Traist and thy mercy sal be my excuse.  
 Se quho is at my window, quho.

To be excusit thow wald richt faine  
 In spending of thy lyfe in vaine,  
 Hauing my Gospell in greit disdane.  
 Go from my window, go.

O, Lord, I haue offended the,  
 Excuse thair of thair can nane be.  
 I haue followit thame that sa teichit me.  
 Se quho is at my window, quho.

Nay, I call the nocht fra my dure, I wis,  
 Lyke ane stranger that unknawin is.  
 Thow art my brother, and my will it is,  
 In at my dure that thow go.

With richt humbill hart, Lord I thee pray,  
 Thy comfort and grace obtaine I may,  
 Schaw me the paith and redie way.  
 In at thy dure for to go.

I am cheif gyde to rich and pure  
 Schaw and the path way richt to my dure  
 I am thair comfort in euerie houre,  
 That in at my dure will go.

But they that walk ane uther way,  
 As mony did teiche from day to day,  
 They war indurit, my Gospell did say,  
 And far from my dure sall go.

And so this is continued in the same spirit through twenty two verses in all. The next example is taken from the popular old ballad of "The hunt is up," one of our oldest songs on record. Mr. Collier has noticed a religious parody of this ballad in exactly the same measure, as early as the reign of Henry VIII. See his *Extr. Regist. Stat. Comp.*, vol. i, p. 130.

*With huntis up.*

With huntis up, with huntis up,  
 It is now perfynt day,  
 Jesus our King, is gane in hunting  
 Quha lykis to speid thay may.



Ane cursit Fox, lay hid in Rox,  
 This lang and mony ane day  
 Deuouring scheip, quhilk he nicht crep,  
 Nane nicht him schaip away.

It did him gude to laip the blude  
 Of young and tendder Lammis,  
 Nane could him mis, for all was his,  
 The young anis with thair dammis.

The hunter is Christ, that huntis in haist,  
 The hundis are Peter and Paull,  
 The Paip is the Fox, Rome is the Rox,  
 That rubbis us on the gall.

That cruell beist he neuer ceist,  
 Be his usarpit power,  
 Under dispence to get our pencis  
 Our Saullis to deuoir.

Quha could deuise sic merchandise,  
 As he had thair to sell,  
 Onles it war Proud Lucifer,  
 The greit Maister of Hell.

He had to sell the Tantonie bell  
 And Pardons thairin was,  
 Remissioun of sinnes in auld scheip skinnis,  
 Our Saullis to bring from grace.

With Bullis of leid, quhyte wax and reide,  
 And uther quhylis with grene,  
 Closit in ane box, this usit the Fox,  
 Sic peltrie was neuer seene.

With dispensationis and obligatiouns,  
 According to his Law :  
 He wald dispens, for money from hence,  
 With thame he neuer saw.

To curs and ban the sempill pure man,  
 That had nocht to fle the paine  
 Bot quhen he had payit all to ane myte,  
 He mon be absolvit than.

To sum God wot, he gaue tot quot,  
 And uther sum plurality,  
 Bot first with pennis he mon dispens,  
 Or els it will nocht be.

Kingis to marie, and sum to tarie  
 Sic is his power and nicht.  
 Quha that hes gold, with him  
 Thocht it be contrare all richt.

O bliss it Peter, the Fox is ane lier,  
 Thow knawis weill it is nocht sa,  
 Quhill at the last he sal be downe cast,  
 His peltry pardons and all.

To what particular Bishop of Ely the following verse, commencing another of the ballads, is supposed to relate, we are unable to say.

*The Bischope of hely.*

The Bischop of Hely brak his neck,  
 Disherist of his benefice,  
 Cause he the Preistis wald not correcte,  
 Corrupt and Goddis Sacrifice.  
 Sen our Hely in his office  
 Is lyke in Preuaricatioun,  
 He sall ressaue sic lyke Justice,  
 Mak he nocht Reformatioun.  
 &c.            &c.            &c.

In the next verse also it is again repeated, that

Hely fell downe throw suddand feir  
 And brak his nek and coller bane.

This portion of the work is exceedingly curious, and severe in the extreme against episcopacy, the celibacy of the priesthood, and the morals and licentiousness of the clergy before the Reformation. Among other ballads of this kind, may be especially noticed those beginning "God send enery Priest ane wyfe, and enery Nunne ane man," "Preistes, Christ beleue," and "The Paip that Pagane full of pryde," the latter ending every verse with the burthen,

Hay trix, trym go trix, under the grene woid tree.

The present edition of this work is equally rare with those previously mentioned. The only copy known is the present, which is considered to be *unique*. It was formerly in the Roxburghe Library, and at the dispersion of that collection in 1812, No. 3341, sold for 21*l*. It was afterwards in Mr. Chalmers's collection, pt. 3, where it sold for 15*l*. A "Specimen" of this *Compendious Book of Songs* was printed at Edinburgh, 8vo, 1765, without



any Preface, by the late Lord Hailes. A reprint also was made of the work, and entitled *Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*. Edinb., 12mo, 1801, in two volumes, edited by Sir John Graham Dalyell, which is now become very scarce. See also Irving's *Lives of the Scotish Poets*, vol. ii, p. 134, edition 1810, and Mr. David Laing's *Specimen of a proposed Catalogue of the Library at Britwell House*, 4to, Edinb., 1852, pp. 6, of which only thirty copies were printed for private circulation.

Collation: Title A i, Sig. A to O viii inclusive in eights.

Bound in Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

With the Arms and Coronet of the Duke of Roxburghe on the sides.

Ane Compendious Booke, of Godly and Spirituall Songs. Collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates changed out of prophaine sanges, for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie, with augmentation of sundrie gude and godly Ballates, not contained in the first edition. Newlie corrected and amended by the first originall Copie.

Edinburgh, Printed by Andro Hart, 1621. 8vo, **blk. lctt.**

Another Edition of the same work also in **blk. lctt.** and of great rarity. Indeed, although so frequently reprinted, all the editions are now become exceedingly rare and copies difficult to be procured. The work was doubtless exceedingly popular at the time of its publication among the favourers of the Reformation, by whom these Songs would be daily sung, and while they do not speak much for the taste of that age, yet as curious and remarkable evidences of the great and momentous religious struggle then taking place, they are not perhaps altogether undeserving of notice. On the back of the title is a woodcut of a bleeding heart encircled with thorns, and pierced with a spear, with the motto, "*Cor contritum et humiliatum Deus non despicies.*" The contents of this edition, with the exception of the spelling, are exactly the same as the last, and call for no additional remarks. It is singular that all the three copies we have noticed want the last leaf of the table at the end. It was from a copy of this edition by Andro Hart that the reprint by Sir John G. Dalyell was made.

Collation: Title A i, Sig. A to N viii inclusive in eights.

This copy, like the last, is very neatly inlaid, and is

Bound in light Green Morocco, elegantly tooled, gilt leaves.

A Specimen of a Book, intituled, Ane Compendious Booke of Godly and Spiritual Sangs, collectit out of sundrie partes of Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates changed out of prophaine sanges, &c. [as before.]

Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart.

Edinburgh : Printed by W. Ruddiman, J. Richardson, and Company. 1765. 8vo.

This little reprint of a small portion of the book described above from Andro Hart's Edition, consisting of eighteen Ballads in all, was made by Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, as a specimen of the rare original work. It is without any preface or introductory remarks,—and (including the title) consists of forty eight pages only. With the exception of the first piece, "A Paraphrase of part of the lxxxiii Psalm," these "Gude and Godly Ballates" are entirely taken from the latter part of the original work, comprizing the songs changed from the older Ballads, such as "The Hunt is up," &c. At the end is a short Glossary of Scottish words of four pages.

A limited number only of copies was printed and it is now become scarce. The present copy is apparently on large paper.

From Mr. Utterson's Collection.

Bound in Blue Morocco, top edge gilt.

Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century. In Two Volumes.

Edinburgh : Printed for Archibald Constable, Edinburgh, and Messrs. Vernon and Hood, London. 1801. 12mo.

Under this title is contained a valuable and excellent republication of the whole of the Godly and Spiritual Songs, under the care and editorship of Sir John Graham Dalyell, who has not only reprinted these Songs, but has also added other Poems printed from Manuscripts and other sources. These are: 1. "Ane Tragedie in forme of ane Diallog betwix Honour, Gude Fame, and the Authour heirop, in ane trance An. Do. 1570." 2. "The Lamentatioun of Lady Scotland, compylit be hir self, speiking in maner of ane Epistle, in the moneth of Marche the zeir of God 1572." 3. "The Testament and Tragedie of umquhile King Henrie Stewart of



Gude Memorie 1567." 4. "Ane Declaration of the Lordis just Quarrel 1567." 5. "Grange's Ballate 1571." 6. "The Sege of the Castel of Edinburgh 1573." 7. "The Legend of the Bischop of St. Androis Lyfe callit Mr. Patrick Adamsonne alias Cousteane. Set furth by R. S." 8. "The Battall of Balrinnes, foughtin betwixt Archibald Earll of Argyll, against Francis Earll of Erroll, and Georg Earll of Huntlie in Anno 1594."

To these, besides the Preface, the Editor has prefixed some "Cursory Remarks on the Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs"; "Some Incidents in the Life of James, Earl of Murray, Regent of Scotland"; "Biographical Sketches of Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange, Governor of Edinburgh Castle"; "A Faithful Narrative of the Great and Miraculous Victory, obtained by George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, and Francis Hay, Earl of Errol, Catholic Noblemen, over Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyll; Lieutenant: — at Strathaven in the North of Scotland, 3rd of October 1594." These dissertations, which occupy a large portion of the first Volume, are written with great care and diligence, and contain much valuable information relating to Scottish history. At the end is a Glossary of some obscure words. This reprint of Scottish Poems is become scarce.

Half bound in light Blue Morocco, the top edge gilt.

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GOLDING, (ARTHUR.)—The xv. Bookes of P. Ouidius Naso, entytuled Metamorphosis, translated oute of Latin into English meeter by Arthur Golding Gentleman, a worke very pleasaunt and delectable.

With skill, heede, and iudgement, this worke must be read,  
For else to the Reader it stands in small stead.

[With the Earl of Leicester's crest, encircled with the Garter.]

Imprynted at London by Willyam Seres. 1567. 4to, pp. 424. **blk. lett.**

Golding had previously published two years before *The fyrst fower Bookes of P. Ouidius Naso's Metamorphosis* in 1565, 4to, **blk. lett.**, by the same printer, which was so well received by the public, that he was induced to complete the whole, and it first came out entire in this edition. It became so great a favourite, and opened out to readers of all kinds such a new world

of fable and fiction, that no less than eight editions of it in 4to had appeared by 1612. The volume is dedicated in a long epistle of thirteen pages in verses of fourteen feet "To the ryght Honorable and his singular good Lord, Robert Erle of Leycester, Baron of Denbygh, knyght of the most noble order of the Garter," &c., in which the author congratulates himself on the termination of his labours, and enumerates the chief and leading events in each of the books of Ovid. The epistle is dated "At Barwicke the xx. of April 1567," and is succeeded by a metrical Preface to the Reader, in which he apologizes for introducing the heathen names of so many feigned gods, since the Pagan writers not knowing the true and everlasting God, bestowed the name on weak and corrupt creatures, and wanting grace and power, were inclined to Superstition.

Some worshipt all the hoste of heauen : some deadmens ghostes and bones  
 Sum wicked feends : sum wormes and fowles, herbes, fishes, trees and stones.  
 The fyre, the ayre, the sea, the land, and euery running brooke,  
 Eche queachie groue, eche cragged cliffe the name of God head tooke  
 The nyght and day, the fleeting howres, the seasons of the yeere,  
 And euery straunge and monstuous thing, for Goddes mistaken weere.  
 There was no vertue, no nor vice ; there was no gift of mynd,  
 Or bodye, but some God thertoo, or Goddesse was assignde.  
 Of health and sicknesse, lyfe and death, of needinesse and wealth,  
 Of peace and warre, of loue and hate, of murder, craft and stealth,  
 Of bread and wyne, of slouthfull sleepe, and of theyr solemne games,  
 And euery other tryfling toy theyr Goddes did beare the names.

Warton has spoken of Golding with some degree of praise, and thought him a better poet and translator than Phaer. He has given some extracts from this translation, and says of Golding, "His style is poetical and spirited, and his versification clear: his manner ornamental and diffuse, yet with a sufficient observance of the original." As a specimen of this translation, and of the author's skill and manner, we transcribe a portion of the opening of the eighth book, containing the story of Nisus and the lock of hair:

The day starre now beginning to disclose the Morning bright  
 And for to clense the droupie Skie from darknesse of the night.  
 The Easterne wind went downe and flakes of foggie Clouds gan show  
 And from the South a merrie gale on *Cephals* sayles did blow.  
 The which did hold so fresh and large, that he and all his men  
 Before that he was looked for arriued safe agen  
 In wished Hauen. In that while King *Minos* with his fleete  
 Did wast the cost of *Megara*. And first he thought it meete



To make a triall of the force and courage of his men  
 Against the towne *Alcathoe* where *Nisus* reigned then.  
 Among whose honorable haire that was of colour gray,  
 One scarlet haire did grow vpon his crowne whereon the stay  
 Of all his kingdome did depende. Sixe times did *Phæbe* fill  
 Hir hornes with borrowed light, and yet the warre hung wauering still  
 In fickle fortunes doubtful scales : and long with fleating wings }  
 Between them both flew victorie. A Turret of the Kings  
 Stood hard adjoyning to the Wall which being touched rings }  
 For *Phæbus* (so men say) did lay his golden Viall there,  
 And so the stones the sound thereof did euer after beare.  
 King *Nisus* daughter oftentimes resorted to this Wall,  
 And stroke it with a little stone to raise the sound withall,  
 In time of peace. And in the warre she many a time and oft  
 Behelde the sturdie storms of *Mars* from that same place aloft.  
 And by continuance of the siege the Captaines names she knew  
 Their armes, horse, armour, and aray in euerie band and crew.  
 But specially aboue the rest she noted *Minos* face.  
 She knew enough and more than was enough as stooode the case.  
 For were it that he hid his head in Helme with fethered crest,  
 To hir opinion in his Helme he stayned all the rest.  
 Or were it that he tooke in hand of steele his target bright  
 She thought in weelding of his shielde he was a comly Knight.  
 Or were it that he raise his arme to throw the piercing Dart,  
 The Ladie did commend his force and manhode ioynde with art.  
 Or drew he with his arrow nockt his bended Bow in hand  
 She sware that so in all respects was *Phæbus* wont to stand.  
 But when he shewde his visage bare his Helmet laid aside,  
 And on a milke white Steede braue trapt, in Purple Robe did ride,  
 She scarce was Mistresse of hir selfe, hir wits were almost straught. }  
 A happie Dart she thought it was that he in fingers caught, }  
 And happie called she those reynes that he in hand had raught }  
 And if she might have had hir will, she could have founde in hart  
 Among the enimies to have gone, she could have founde in hart,  
 From downe the highest Turret there hir bodie to haue throwne  
 Among the thickest of the Tents of *Gnossus* to haue flowne.  
 Or for to ope the brazen gates and let the enimie in,  
 Or whatsoever else she thought might *Minos* fauor win.

At the end of the book is the self lauding envoy of the poet on the  
 termination of his labours, and the colophon as given below :

Now haue I brought a woork too end which neither loues fierce wrath  
 Nor sword, nor fyre, nor freating age with all the force it hath,

Are able too abolish quight. Let comme that fatall howre  
 Which (saung of this brittle flesh) hath ouer mee no powre.  
 And at his pleasure make an end of myne vncerteyne tyme,  
 Yet shall the better part of mee assured bee too clyme  
 Aloft about the starry skye. And all the world shall neuer  
 Be able for to quench my name. For looke how farre so euer  
 The Romane Empyre by the ryght of conquest shall extend,  
 So farre shall all folke read this woork. And tyme without all end  
 (If Poets as by prophesie about the truth may aime)  
 My lyfe shall euerlastingly bee lengthened still by fame.

Finis Libri decimi quinti.

Laus and honor soli Deo.

Imprinted at London by Willyam Seres dwelling at the west end of Paules church, at the signe of the Hedgehogge.

Arthur Golding, born of a good family, was, according to Warton, a native of London, and appears to have been employed by Secretary Cecil, with whom he resided at his house in the Strand, and afterwards in the parish of All Saints, London Wall. He had numerous patrons, the Earl of Leicester, Robert Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Mildmay, Sir Christopher Hatton, the Lord Treasurer, and others, as we may infer from the dedications prefixed to his works. He was also an intimate friend and associate of Sir Philip Sidney, for when Sidney went abroad, Golding was employed by him to finish an English translation of Philip Lord Mornays treatise in French, on the Trueness of Christianity, which had been begun by Sidney, and was published in 1587, 4to. He was a good scholar, and by his numerous translations from the Classics and other Latin authors did good service to the promotion of literature and classical learning. And although they have since been superseded by more modern and improved versions, yet were they of much use in their day, and were greatly instrumental in spreading abroad a knowledge and taste for such pursuits. Warton regrets that Golding gave so much of his time to translation; his only original work being an account of an Earthquake in 1580, in which he inveighs strongly against the performance of stage plays on Sundays. And although so able a versifier, nothing more is known of any original poetry by him, than a commendatory copy of verses before Baret's *Alvearie or Quadruple Dictionary*, London, 1580, folio. His latest publication was apparently in 1590, but the exact time of his death is not known. He is spoken of as still living, though an old man, in 1589, by Nash, in his curious address "To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities" prefixed to Greenes' *Arcadia* or



*Menaphon*, 1589, 4to. "And in this page of praise I cannot omit aged Arthur Golding, for his industrious toyle in Englishing *Ovids Metamorphosis*, besides many other exquisite editions of diuinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our owne." And Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, 4to, thus commends Golding for his *Ovid*: "In Queene Marie's time flourished aboue any other Doctour *Phaer*, one that was well learned, and excellently translated into English verse Heroicall, certaine bookes of Virgils *Æneidos*. Since him followed Maister Arthure Golding, who, with no lesse commendation, turned into English meeter the *Metamorphosis of Ouid*; and that other Doctour, who made the supplement to those bookes of Virgils *Æneidos*, which Maister Phaer left undone." And again in the same, "Phaer and Golding for a learned and well corrected verse, specially in translation, clear and very faithfully answering their Authour's intent."

See *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 376, where the poetical Dedication to the Earl of Leicester and the Address to the Reader are quoted entire, and an extract from the first book is also given from Waldgrave's edition, 1587. See also Warton's *Hist. Ang. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 235; Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 220; Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 698; Phillips's *Theat. Poet.*, edition 1800, p. 110; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 305; and Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 130.

Jolley's sale, pt. iii, No. 204, 18s.; Heber's ditto, pt. viii, No. 1817, 1*l.* 17s.; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. ii, No. 654, 2*l.* 3s.; Heber's ditto, pt. iv, No. 1618, 2*l.* 9s.

Collation: Sig. a and b, four leaves each; A, four leaves, then B to Y, in eights; Aa to Dd 8 in eights. The Title, Epistle, and Preface, twelve leaves; the Poem, two hundred leaves.

Sir Mark Sykes's copy, with his Arms on the sides, and had cost him in 1814, 6*l.* 6s., at Triphook's; bought at his sale by Mr. Heber for 2*l.* 3s.

Bound by Charles Lewis, in Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

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GOLDING, (ARTHUR.)—The xv. Bookes of P. Ouidius Naso, entytuled *Metamorphosis*, translated oute of Latin into English meeter, by Arthur Golding Gentleman, A worke very pleasaunt and delectable.

With skill, heede, and iudgement, this worke must be read,  
For else to the Reader it standes in small stead.

[With the Earl of Leicester's crest, encircled with the Garter.]

Imprinted at London by William Seres. 1575. 4to, pp. 416. **blk. lett.**

This is the second edition of the complete translation by Golding. Like the former one, it has the bear and ragged staff within the Garter on the title, and is preceded by the dedicatory Epistle to the Earl of Leicester, and the address or Preface to the Reader. It has also L'Envoy and the same Colophon at the end, with the alteration only of the date. The Dedicatory Epistle in this impression occupies fourteen pages, and the Preface six. The contents are throughout the same as in the preceding edition.

It should be noticed that Thomas Peend or De la Peend, who published the fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis in the fourth book of the *Metamorphosis*, in 1565, 8vo, printed by Thos. Colwell, informs us in the Preface, that he had translated great part of the *Metamorphosis*, intending to complete a version of *Ovid*, but was led to relinquish his design on finding that Golding was engaged on the same undertaking.

See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 242, and Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 702; but the latter is manifestly in error in stating that "this edition contains besides the prefixes 192 leaves, numbered only 191: but No. 113 is omitted." It should have been 200 leaves, and it is 112 which is omitted. This mistake is repeated in the last edition of Lowndes, p. 1745, and the prices there given from Heber's Catal., pt. 8, relate to the edition of 1567, and not to this of 1575. We ought to remark also that the numbering of the leaves commences with the Preface on Sig. B 1, and not at the beginning of the translation. Reed's sale, No. 7004, 1*l.* 18*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 1619, 1*l.* 15*s.* It was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*

Collation: Sig. A to Y 8 in eights, then A a to C c 8 in eights.

This was Mr. Heber's copy, by whom it was made up out of two others, and is in nice condition.

Bound by Mackinlay. In Brown Calf. Blank tooled:

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GOLDING, (ARTHUR.)—The xv. Bookes of P. Ouidius Naso, Entituled Metamorphosis. A worke very pleasant and delectable. Translated out of Latin into English meeter, by Arthur Golding gentleman.

With skill, heed, and iudgement this worke must be read,  
For else to the reader it stands in small stead.



At London, Imprinted by Robert Walde-graue, Anno Domini, 1587. 4to, pp. 416. **blk. lett.**

Warton mentions an edition in 1576, 4to, on the authority of Coxeter, who saw it in Dr. Rawlinson's Collection. Steevens also introduces it, without any doubt of its existence, in his list of ancient translations. If this was the case, which however we are much inclined to doubt, as nothing is known of such an edition, and probably Coxeter had mistaken the 5 for a 6, the present would be the fourth impression of the entire version,—but is more probably the third. It is in every respect the same as the last, except in the place of the Earl of Leicester's crest on the title there is a woodcut ornament, and at the end is the Colophon, "At London, Imprinted by Robert Walde-graue, 1587."

Hibbert's sale, No. 6038, 9s. 6d.; Bindley's ditto., pt. iii, No. 971, 12s.; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 305, 6l. 6s.

Collation: the same as the last.

The title is inlaid.

Bound in Russia, gilt leaves.

GOLDING, (ARTHUR.)—The XV. Bookes of P. Ouidius Naso, Entituled, Metamorphosis. Translated out of Latine into English Meeter, by Arthur Golding, Gentle-man. A Worke very pleasant and delectable.

With Skill, heed, and Iudgement, this Worke must be read:

For else to the Reader it stands in small stead.

Imprinted at London by W. W. 1603. 4to, pp. 402. **blk. lett.**

Another of the **blk. lett.** editons of Golding's Ovid which in its contents does not vary from those that have gone before. The dedicatory Epistle occupies twelve pages—and the translation is rather more closely printed. Although Sandy's version, which appeared in 1632, somewhat took the place of this by Golding, yet the latter still possesses many claims to our praise as an able, spirited, and poetical translation. And we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few of the opening lines of the second book, which our readers, we are sure, will agree with us in thinking are

highly descriptive and poetical. They have already been quoted by Warton, but will bear repetition.

The princely Pallace of the Sun stood gorgeous to behold,  
 On stately Pillars builded high of yellow burnisht gold  
 Beset with sparkling Carbuncles that like to fire did shine  
 The rooffe was framed curiously of Yuorie pure and fine.  
 The 2. doore-leaues of silver cleare, a radiant light did cast,  
 But yet the cunning workemanship of things therein far past  
 The stuffe whereof the doores were made. For there a perfect plat  
 Had *Vulcane* drawne of all the world: Both of the sources that  
 Embrace the earth with winding waues, and of the stedfast ground  
 And of the Heauen it selfe also that both encloseth round.  
 And first and formost in the Sea the Gods thereof did stand  
 Loude-sounding *Tryton* with his shrill and writhen Trumpe in hand:  
 Unstable *Proteus* changing aye his figure and his hue,  
 From shape to shape a thousand sights as list him to renew;  
*Egeon* leaning boysterously on backes of mightie Whales  
 And *Doris* with her daughters all:—of which some cut the wales  
 With splayed armes, some sate on rockes and dride their golden haire,  
 And some did ride vpon the backes of fishes, here and there.  
 In purple robe and royall throne of Emerauds fresh and Greene  
 Did *Phœbus* sit, and on each hand stood wayting well beseeene,  
 Dayes, Months, yeeres, ages, seasons, times, and eke the equall houres.  
 There stood the Springtime with a crowne of fresh and fragrant floures  
 There wayted Summer naked starke, all saue a wheaten Hat:  
 And Autumne smerde with treading grapes late at the pressing-Fat.  
 And lastly quaking for the colde, stood Winter all forlone,  
 With rugged head as white as Doue, and garments all to torne.  
 Forladen with the Ysycles that dangling vp and downe  
 Vpon his gray and hoarie beard and snowie frozen crowne.

Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. ii, No. 655, 7s.; Bright's ditto, No. 4156, 9s.

Collation: Sig. \* two leaves, A to Z 8 in eights, A a eight leaves, B 6 four ditto, C c two ditto. The translation extends to 191 folios—the title, epistle, and preface, 10 leaves.

Sir Mark M. Sykes's copy. Bound in Brown Calf.

GOLDING, (ARTHUR.)—The fiftene Bookes of P. Ovidius Naso;  
 Entituled Metamorphosis. Translated out of Latine into  
 English Meeter, by Arthur Golding Gentleman. A Worke  
 very pleasant and delectable.

With Skill, heed, and Iudgement, this Worke must be read:  
 For else to the Reader it stands in small stead.



At London, Printed by Thomas Purfoot. An. Dom. 1612.  
4to, pp. 416. **blk. lett.**

This is the eighth and last of the early **blk. lett.** editions of Golding's translations. The dedicatory Epistle is printed in a very small close **blk. lett.** type, and occupies thirteen pages. The Preface to the Reader is in Roman type. The commencement of each book is marked with a large and ornamental capital letter.

See Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 130, for a notice of this impression.

Collation: Title, Sig. A or ¶ 2, Sig. ¶ four leaves, A to Z 8 in eights, A a to C c 4 in eights. Sig. A 1 before the title is blank—and is preserved in this copy. The Metamorphosis occupies 196 leaves—the prefixes including the blank leaf A 1, twelve leaves.

Bound in Olive Calf extra—gilt leaves.

GOLDSMITH, (FRANCIS.)—Hugo Grotius his Sophompaneas, or Ioseph. A Tragedy. With Annotations. By FRANCIS GOLDSMITH, Esq:

London, Printed by W. H. and are to be sold by Iohn Hardesty at the Black-spred-Eagle in Duck-lane. n. d. (1652.) 8vo, pp. 152.

Preceding the title to this Tragedy is a portrait of Grotius in a gown and ruff, engraved by Cross, and before the commendatory verses is another by the same engraver, of the translator, Francis Goldsmith, without his name, but with four lines underneath:

His outward figure heere you find  
Of Grotius who hath drawne the mind,  
Whose Counterfeits how they agree  
With the Originalls, read and see.

This portrait has been well copied by Richardson. After the Title is a prose dedication "To the Right Honourable Henry, Lord Marquess of Dorchester, Earl of Kingston, Viscount Newark, Lord Pierrepont," &c., in which he acknowledges how greatly disadvantageous every thing of this kind must appear to his Lordship after the translation of "Juvenal" by Sir



Robert Stapylton, which had been dedicated to him. Next follow "The Preface," the original Jedicatory Epistle by Grotius to Gerard Vossius, dated from "Francfort, the Ides of July 1634." An extract from the *Institutiones Poeticæ* of the latter, some anonymous complimentary verses, and others by S. Gott, Tho. Berney and D. Whitford in Latin, the authorities from which the history of the Tragedy is taken, "The Translator's Prologue," and a list of the Persons in the Drama. The Tragedy is formed on the ancient model with a chorus at the end of each act, and is confined to the history of Joseph as recorded by Moses in the xliv. and xlv. chapters of *Genesis*, *Psalms*, cv, *Acts*, chapter vii., and Josephus in the second book of the *Jewish Antiquities*. It is called a Tragedy, although it ends happily and successfully and has no death in it. On the propriety or otherwise of forming a dramatic poem from Sacred Scripture History, the opinion of Vossius printed before the play may be sufficient to satisfy our readers.

The following lines form a portion of the Chorus to the first Act, and may serve as a specimen of the work :

O thou, who guid'st the starry sphear,  
 Ordering the Seasons of the Year ;  
 The Spring with Roses thou dost crown,  
 In Summers heat corn ripe is grown.  
 Then Autumne purple grapes brings forth,  
 Then comes cold Winter from the North.  
 How stands it with thy providence,  
 That Vice should tread on Innocence ?  
 A woman who with lust did burn,  
 Which, when repuls'd, to rage did turn.  
 His garment, a false evidence,  
 Keeps in her hand, that she from thence  
 Her husband might delude, and lay  
 The crime on him who fled away.  
 The Judge corrupting with a kisse,  
 But he to whom chastity is  
 A treble guard, and rarely known  
 To Beauty a companion,  
 Into a cruell dungeon cast  
 With true adulterers lies fast.  
 Yet even there how foul the breach  
 Of wedlock is, he doth them teach.  
 The Prisoners wonder in so young  
 A head, to hear so grave a tounge,



Whose honest looks and modest eyes,  
 With reverent awe did them surprise.  
 Among his fellow prisoners he  
 Is made a Judge: and when they see  
 What life he leads, and by it try  
 Their own, they all do guilty cry,  
 God neither doth quite hide his way  
 From us, nor yet it quite display.  
 His Children he keeps in a state  
 Not wanton, not too delicate.  
 As a good Captaine doth enure,  
 His Souldiers hardship to endure:  
 So the great Father of us all,  
 Whom he doth love, will have to fall  
 Into affliction, lest the Soul  
 Through ease, should grow corrupt and foul.  
 Yet leaves he not them comfortlesse,  
 But in the midst of their distresse  
 Courage unto his own doth give,  
 Who with glad hopes in patience live.

At the end of the Tragedy are fifty seven pages of annotations, added "for the satisfaction of the Printer, to increase the bulk, rather then the price" of the book. These notes are for the most part gleaned from the works of Vossius and Grotius. This part closes with some lines entitled "Somnium Dramaticum Synesii Iunioris, Cognomento Chirosophi," and a leaf of errata. There is then a new title "Hugo Grotius his Consolatory Oration to his Father. Translated out of the Latine Verse and Prose. With Epitaphs &c. By F. G. London, Printed by W. H. and are to be sold by Iohn Hardesty at the Black-spred-Eagle in Duck-lane."

This part is dedicated "To his Honoured Friend and Kinsman, Arthur Herris, of Lincolnes-Inne Esq.," in a pathetic and consoling Epistle on the death of a beloved and only daughter. This Consolatory Oration to his Father by Grotius was written "upon the death of his Brother Francis," and is interspersed with poetry. The Epitaphs consist of one on Mrs. Dudley Harris (the young lady before mentioned), "on Mrs. Dorothy Sacheveril," "To S. Gott, on the death of our Children," "On Mrs. Elizabeth Tilson," "On Mrs. Bridgman Sandys, of that noble Family of the Vine in Hampshire," "On Mrs. Mary Ingram, only child of Sir Thomas Ingram Knight, by the Lady Mary Ingram daughter of the right Honourable Thomas Ballassis, Viscount Falconbridge, obiit Iune 9, 1651, ætat. s. 12," "On Mr.

Thomas Walters, late School-master of Christ-Church," "On my own two sons," and the volume ends with some lines addressed "To my worthily honoured Friend John Keble Esq."

Francis Goldsmith the translator was the son and heir of Francis Goldsmith or Gouldsmith of St. Giles's in the Fields in Middlesex, Esq., and grandson of Sir Francis Goldsmith, of Crayford in Kent, Knt. He was educated at Merchant Taylor's School under Dr. Nich. Grey, a celebrated Latin and Greek scholar, who was afterwards Master of the Charter House, and Master and Fellow of Eton College, and then removed, first, to Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1629 as a Gent. Commoner, and afterwards to St. John's College in the same university, where he took the degree of B.A. On leaving Oxford he went to Gray's Inn for the purpose of studying the law, where he continued for some years, and being a person of good fortune and attainments, he was able to cultivate his talents in the enjoyment of a calm and easy retirement here, and on his estate at Ashton, in Northamptonshire. It does not appear that Goldsmith wrote anything further, excepting an English version of the Catechism of Hugo Grotius, published after his death, in 1668, 8vo. He died August 29, 1655, and was buried in the church at Ashton. Dr. Bliss in his additions to the *Ath. Oxon.* is in error in stating that he was interred in Alderton Church near there, as there is a marble slab to his memory with an inscription in Ashton Church still remaining, and also a wooden frame with his arms, gules; a chevron between three goldfinches, arg.; on a chief, or; a lion passant of the first; impaling the arms of Scott, with an inscription, erected by his wife, and now fast falling to decay. See Baker's *Hist. Northamp.*, vol. ii, p. 127; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. iii, p. 400; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 238; Granger's *Biog. Hist.*, vol. iv, p. 40; Jones's *Biog. Dram.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 919; where a copy is priced at 4*l.* 4*s.*; Heber's sale, pt. iv, No. 924, 7*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 761, 16*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. ii, No. 877, 1*l.* 9*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to K4 in eights.

With both Portraits. In Calf, neat.

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GOMERSALL, (ROBERT.)—The Levites Revenge: Containing Poetical Meditations vpon the 19. and 20. Chapters of Iudges. By R. Gomersall.

Imprinted at London in the yeare M.DC.XXVIII. Sm. 8vo, pp. 98.



Preceding the above printed title is a neatly engraved frontispiece by Cecill, divided into compartments at the sides, representing Isaac blessing his sons, Rachel weeping for her children, the sacrifice of Isaac, and other scriptural subjects; and a seventh in the centre, of the burning of Gibeah in Benjamin, with an inscription below, "The Levites Revenge by Robert Gomersall. London, printed for Iohn Marriott, 1628." Opposite to which, on a separate leaf, are some lines containing "The explanation of the frontispiece." Then a prose dedication "To his worthily respected friend Master Barten Holiday, Archdeacon of Oxford"; a similar address "To the Reader"; a copy of verses "To my learned and highly esteemed friend Mr. Robert Gomersall," signed C. L. —, J.C., Midd. Temp.; a Latin Epitaph of six lines, entitled "Epitaphium Concubinæ," with a translation into English; and a Paraphrase of Psalm ix, v. 2, "I will be glad and reioyce in thee, yea my Songs will I make of thy name, O thou most High." The Poem of the Levites Revenge then commences, which is a kind of heroic Poem in three Cantos, each preceded by a short argument in verse. It consists of poetical descriptions and meditations on the historical circumstances detailed in the nineteenth and twentieth chapters of Judges. It was written in the early days of its author, while he was yet at college, and before his taking orders. For in his Address to the Reader, he says "that these verses were not now first made, although they are now first published, and the composure was a younger man's, though the edition be a divines. This I could say, if I thought poetry incompatible with divinity, if it were a serious truth, that God could bee onely magnified in prose; but when I consider that *Nazianzen* could be both a poet and a saint, and that it was heresie that cast *Tertullian* out of the Church, and not his verses, I dare acknowledge these for mine owne, and feare not to suffer in that cause, wherein those worthies were so magnify'd; especially, since these essays (which I feare their weaknesse will too strongly testifie) were not my study, but my recreation, when in the vacations, having for a time intermitted my more serious affaires, I chose poetry before idlenesse."

The following description of the Levites arrival at the inhospitable city of Gibeah may serve as a fair example of the author's style.

And now our Levite is arriu'd, but finds  
 The walls more courteous then the peoples minds:  
 For these had gates which let him in, but they  
 Were mercilesse, and rougher then the way:  
 Man that had onely studied to oppresse,  
 Whose minds were shut against the harbourlesse:

And yet he sees large houses, some so high  
 As if they learn't acquaintance with the sky.  
 What euer pleas'd their fathers now growes stale,  
 Their buildings to the hills exalt the vale:  
 And such thicke palaces the mountaines fill,  
 As if the quarry grew without the hill.  
 Some are of that circumference, you'd guesse,  
 They had beene built for him, who had no lesse  
 Then the whole world his Family. But when  
 Our Leuite was inquisitiue, what men  
 Fill'd vp that princely dwelling? and if there  
 Might be found hope of rest for them that were  
 But two more then the Family? they tell  
 That two are the whole Family, 'twas well,  
 And stately too (as state is at this day)  
 So might they liue at home, and yet away.

O the great folly of Magnificence!  
 Houses are little Cities, and from thence  
 Cities are lesser worlds, that man may haue  
 Roome enough here that cannot fill a Graue,  
 He must haue Halls, and Parlors, and beside  
 Chambers inuented, but not nam'd by pride:  
 And all this for one man, as if he sought  
 To haue a seuerall lodging for each thought,  
 But none for any stranger; this truth seemes  
 Too certaine to our Leuite, who esteemes  
 That pris'ners are in better state then he;  
 Nay, eu'n the pris'ners of mortality,  
 Such as are fast immur'd within the graue,  
 Who though they want a life, a lodging haue.

The last and successful victory of the Israelites over the tribe of Benjamin  
 is thus related.

The night they spend in prayer, but when the morne  
 Had dimm'd the pride of *Cynthia's* clearest horne  
 By higher luster, being call'd away  
 Not by the Cocke, the Trumpetter of day;  
 But by an earlier trumpet, then you might  
 By her vnwilling, and yet hasting light,  
 Discerne, and seeing, almost rightly poyse  
 Whether were more their number, or their noyse,  
 And vnto which more feare was to be giu'n,  
 Who fill the Earth with Numbers, with Noyse Heau'n.



*Benjamin* takes th'alarme, and hauing chose  
 One in whose faithfulness they might repose  
 A wary confidence; they quit the wall  
 And to the wider field issue out all,  
 Lest if they stay'd within, and did oppose  
 Rampiers and ditchers onely to their foes  
 They might have bragg'd, (as if that they had won)  
 Making a prison of their garrison.

Now boath the Hoasts themselues so neere doe find,  
 That it would aske more labour t'haue deelin'd  
 The field, then to haue wonne it, yet they stay  
 Hoping that innocence is in delay,  
 If they are slowly guilty: now speares flye  
 Shiuer'd in thousand sitters to the skye;  
 And whether it reuenge or fortune were,  
 Euery peece becomes a murtherer.  
 And from their bodies frees a many soule,  
 Doing that broken, which they could not whole.

Could *Xerxes* here haue sate vpon an hill,  
 To see these warriors, hee would not still  
 Fondly lament, nor lauish out a teare  
 Because they could not liue an hundred yeere,  
 But melt into iust passion away,  
 Because they could not liue out all that day.  
 Now might you haue beheld the fiery horse  
 Proud of his owne, and of his Masters force,  
 Robb'd of his Master, whom you now might see  
 Running, as if 'twere after Liberty.  
 Or you'de conceiue, had you but seene the race  
 That 'twas no more a battle, but a chase.  
 No stroke falls idle, nay they are so neere,  
 They need not strike at all: death is caus'd here  
 By their bad neighbourhood, the whole and sound  
 You might haue seene here dead without a wound.  
 To saue the guilt and labour of the sword,  
 Bodies to bodies their owne ends to afford.

Having thus related the triumph of the Israelites over Benjamin, the author draws a parallel between this and some of our own conquests in the wars with France.

The Parallel is easie: was't not thus,  
 When Heau'n was pleas'd to be as kind to vs?  
 We felt the prickles first, but then our Nose  
 Suckt in the sweeter vertue of the Rose.



We had successe, as it were chose, and pickt,  
 And what we fear'd to suffer did inflict.  
 When *Brett* and *Burrowes* (that I speake their due)  
 Reui'd to *France*, *Talbot* and *Montague*.  
 (O too like *Montague*, that lost thy breath,  
 By the same fatall Engine of quicke death.)  
 When the choyce valour of each rancke, and fyle  
 Made vp a double Sea within the Isle  
 Of blood and teares, O giue vs thankes, kind heau'n,  
 And adde a vertue to our fortune giu'n,  
 That we may all acknowledge his desert,  
 Who nobly gain'd a conquest of the heart  
 Of them, whose bodies he had conquer'd first,  
 To whom he then discouer'd, what he durst,  
 And after what his Nature was, when he  
 In the sad field had spent his cruelty:  
 For when they offer'd to redeeme their dead,  
 Summes which another would have vanquished,  
 He freely yeelds vnto the sutors breath,  
 And giues the Graue, as easily as the Death.  
 Whilst they doe giue — O how I blush to tell,  
 A poison'd knife, a poison that will dwell  
 And eate into their fame till earth be gone,  
 Till poyson haue no more to worke vpon.  
 Teach vs our right to him, but then to you  
 What shall we giue? and yet what not leaue due?  
 Then, O kind Heau'n, for this let me be pleader,  
 May we still sing your prayse, who led our Leader.

The Levites Revenge closes with a prayer from the author to be kept from lust, and from all unchaste desires and temptations. At the end are two sets of verses, "A Thanksgiuing for a recouery from a burning Feauer," and "Vpon our vaine flattery of our selues, that the succeeding times will be better then the former," which is not without merit, and from which the following passage is a short extract.

Be it Ioy, or be it Sorrow,  
 We referre all to the morrow:  
 That we thinke will ease our paine,  
 That we doe suppose againe  
 Will increase our Ioy, and so  
 Euents, the which we cannot know,  
 We magnifie, and are (in summe)  
 Enamor'd of the time to come.



Well, the next day comes, and then,  
 Another next, and so to ten,  
 To twenty we arrive, and find  
 No more before vs then behind  
 Of solid ioy, and yet hast on  
 To our consummation :

Till the baldnesse of the Crowne ;  
 Till that all the face doe frowne ;  
 Till the Forehead often haue  
 The remembrance of a Graue :  
 Till the eyes looke in to find  
 If that they can see the mind.  
 Till the sharpnesse of the Nose ;  
 Till that we haue liu'd to pose  
 Sharper eyes, who cannot know  
 Whether we are men or no ;  
 Till the hollow of the Cheeke ;  
 Till we know not what we seeke ;  
 And at last, of life bereau'd,  
 Dye vnhappy, and deceiu'd.

The author was the eldest son of an esquire (probably Robert Gomersall, Esq., a native of Devonshire, who died in 1646, leaving by his Will £1000 to his son Robert Gomersall), and was born in London in 1602. He was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1616, being then only fourteen years of age, and shortly after was chosen a student on the foundation, and took his degree of B.A. December 19th, 1618, and of M.A. June 14th, 1621. In 1628 he went out B.D.—and entering into holy orders, became a celebrated preacher—and in 1634 published a volume of sermons in 4to, dedicated to Sir John Strangways of Milbury, in Dorsetshire. Whether he held any preferment or not is not known. Langbaine says, that he was minister of Floore in Northamptonshire. This was a vicarage in the patronage of Christ Church, Oxford, and was then held by Dr. Leonard Hutton, Canon of Christ Church, a friend of Bishop Corbet, who married his daughter. He died in 1632, and was succeeded by Richard Gardiner, B.D., another Canon of Christ Church, who died in 1670, so that Gomersall could not have been the vicar. It is probable that he was the curate there under Dr. Hutton, as it is certain that he dates some of his poems from that place. He was afterwards for some time vicar of Thorncombe in Devonshire, and signs his name as such to a copy of verses of his prefixed to Fuller's *Holy Warre*, published in 1639, folio. Nothing is known of his

latter years, but he appears to have died in 1646. Besides the present volume, he published the *Tragedy of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milain*. London, 1628, 8vo. Both this and the *Levites Revenge* were reprinted with a few additional Poems in 1633, 8vo. See Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii, p. 590; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 237; Jones's *Biog. Dram.*, vol. i, p. 238; Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 131; Ellis's *Specim.*, vol. iii, p. 176, and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 306.

A copy sold in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 902, for 13s.

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to F 8 in eights.

The present copy has a good impression of the rare frontispiece, and is beautifully bound

In Green Morocco, richly gilt, gilt leaves.

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GOMERSALL, (ROBERT.)—Poems. By Robert Gomersall.

London, Printed by M.F. for Iohn Marriot. M.DC.XXXIII.

Sm. 8vo, pp. 214.

This volume contains Robert Gomersall's collected poetical works. In addition to the frontispiece described in the article above, there is another also by Cecill prefixed to this volume, representing Sforza as a wolf sitting on a throne, with a ducal crown on his head, which a lion—with a standard covered with fleur-de-lys, emblematic of the French king—is attempting to wrest from off his head; below are several sheep dead, and the wolf in the act of worrying another; in the distance, a river and the towers of Milan. The first portion of the volume containing the Poems, extends only to sixteen pages, preceded by a prose address from "The Bookseller to the Reader," in which he says "Thus farre the author thought it not unfit to please thee and his youth: from hence forward, you must expect nothing from him but what shall relish of a bearded and austere devotion. And this, I trust, will be no small incitement to thy approbation of the worke since it is the last: All men we know, delight in *Benjamin*. One thing I must not forget to acquaint thee with: Some men (that would be wise without booke) have excepted against a passage in *Sforza*, concerning *Galeazzo*'s reuealing his wise counsells to his enemy, as a thing beyond probability or poetry: but but it shewes that they are short of History, for let them read almost the first leafe of *Guicciardin*, or the eighth book of *Commines*, they shall there



find what they carpe at here, and that this fond opennesse was *Galeazzos* and not the author's weaknesse; I would say somewhat of the Levite too, but it needs not, seeing the authours blasphemy is turned into the calumny of the ignorant detractor. But I beginne to talke rather like a maker then a seller of Bookes: I have nothing now more to adde, but this, love the author, and me for bringing you acquainted. Thine Iohn Marriot."

The Poems consist of "An Elegy upon the death of M<sup>tris</sup> Anne King"; A Latin Poem "In obitum Serenissimi Jacobi"; "To the Deane, from Flower in Northamptonshire, 1625, now the worthy Bishop of Norwich." This was Dr. Richard Corbet the poet. "To Mr. Holiday the Archdeacon of Oxon: from Flower 1625." "Vpon the death of his worthy friend Mr. Iohn Deane of New Colledge." "To his Detractors." "A Song for the Musicke lecture." "An Elegie upon the Noble Marchant, Mr. Fishborne." "Vpon a vertuous Magistrate." As a further specimen of Gomersall's verse we quote the little song for the Musick Lecture, which is light and pleasing.

Strike againe; ð no, no more  
   I implore,  
 Such another touch would be  
   My destiny.  
 What bewitching soundes are these  
   Which so please;  
 As that we beginne to feare  
   What we heare:  
 Sound yet lowder, raise a tone  
   Which to owne,  
 The coëstially Quire would be  
   Suitors t' yee;  
 Sound yet lowder that if Fate  
   Make this date  
 To my yeares, I yet may dye  
   Speedily,  
 And that this Ditty, sweetly strong  
 May be my Death and Fun'rall song.

The second portion of the volume commences with the following title, "*The Tragedie of Lodovick Sforza, Duke of Millan.* By Robert Gomersall. The second edition. Printed at London in the yeare M.DC.XXXIII.

Opposite to this are some lines "The Explanation of the Frontispiece." Then a dedication in prose "To his most worthie Friend, Mr. Francis Hide, Proctor of Oxford," followed by "The Argument," "The names of Actors," and "The Prologue." At the end of the play is "The Epilogue," and some

lines addressed "To the Ambitious." The subject of this play, as we learn from the Address to the Reader, is drawn from Guicciardini and P. de Communes. The scene is laid at Milan. It is doubtful whether it was ever acted or not. The first edition of it was printed in 1628.

The third portion has another title, "*The Levites Revenge*: Containing Poeticall Meditations vpon the 19. and 20. Chapters of Judges. By Robert Gomersall. The second edition. Printed at London in the yeare M.DC.XXXIII." This has "The explanation of the Frontispiece" and other introductory matter as described in the first edition, but varies from that at the end in having, in addition to the two sets of verses there mentioned, a Latin version of the latter set, headed "In illos qui Crastinum foelicioem putant Hendecasyllabon," and also eight other leaves of additional verse containing "An Elegy vpon the untimely yet Heroicall death of Gustavus Adolphus, the Victorious King of Sweden," &c. This is preceded by a short prose address "To the Reader" (one page), signed R. Gomersall. At the end is "The Epitaph in Latin," and an English translation, which conclude the volume.

Reed's copy of the present edition, No. 6879, sold for 1*l.* 6*s.*; and a second one, No. 6880, for 1*l.* 1*s.*; Dr. Bliss's ditto, pt. i, No. 1819, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, No. 1387, for 12*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i, No. 1350, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv, No. 903, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Bindley's ditto, 1*l.* 13*s.*, and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 306, 3*l.* 3*s.*

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to O 4 in eights.

Bound up along with the present copy is Brewer's *Lingua* of the edition of 1657.

In the original Calf binding, with both frontispieces.

GOSYNHYLL, (EDWARD.) — Here begynneth the Scole house of women: wherein euery man may reade a goodly prayse of the condicyons of women. Anno Domini M.D.L.X.

Colophon. Imprinted at London in Paules Church yearde at the Sygne of the Swane by John Kyng. 4to, pp. 32.  
Blk. lett. n.d.

The literature of the sixteenth century, both in this country and on the continent, was distinguished by a long series of controversial publications on



the perfections and imperfections of the female character. It is difficult to assign an origin for this unique literary warfare, or to deny that it had continued from the days of Boccacio. But certain it is that few tracts were so popular, few so eagerly purchased, and consequently few now more rare, than the works which issued from the press on this subject. The reader will more fully understand their character if they are described as a class, and for this reason we here insert notices of two of them by Edward Gosynhyll in the order in which they are supposed to have been published. It is necessary, however, to premise that no absolute certainty is attainable on this point in every case; for it frequently happens that nothing beyond a high probability can be reached.

It must be admitted that in Gosynhyll's pieces—who, as it will be seen, appears as a writer on both sides of the question—a considerable degree of humour is displayed; and the reader will recollect that at the period in which he wrote English satire was still in its infancy. Hall had not then rendered that style of writing classical; and Skelton was so much of a buffoon that any real wit couched in metre and language that might be accepted by the educated could not be otherwise than highly appreciated. We are speaking quite within bounds when we say that these recommendations, and many more, are to be found in Gosynhyll. He has seized the weak points of the fair sex with an unsparing hand, and displayed their failings most unmercifully. In his *Schole House of Women*, he of course only regards the worst side of their character, but in the *Praise of all Women*, he is scarcely less successful, and certainly far more so than several of his contemporaries who undertook to answer the former work.

But although we regard Gosynhyll's poems as the pieces best worthy of notice on the subject, yet it would be difficult to name any one of the tracts not deserving of a careful perusal. Several of them now appear to be lost, and some exist only in single copies. Amongst the latter is a tract printed by John Kynge entitled, "A Dialogue bytwene the Commune Secretary and Jalouzye touchynge the unstableness of Harlottes." It is a severe poem against married women, and replete with curious allusions. It would seem from some of these attacks, that, although the grounds of complaint were doubtlessly exaggerated, nuptial virtue was far less common in those days than it is at present.

Contrary to the expectation conveyed in the title, *The Schole house of women* is a humourous and severe poetical satire against the female sex, in seven line stanzas, written by Edward Gosynhyll, as we learn from

another work known to be his, entitled *The Prayse of all women, called Mulierum Pean*, 4to, *bl.* *lett.* n.d., in which it is said by ladies who are supposed to address the writer in a vision,

Consyder our grefe, and how we be blamed  
And all by a boke, that lately is past  
Whyche by reporte, by *the* was fyrst framed  
*The Scole of women, none auctor named*  
In prynte it is passed, lewdely compyled  
All women wherby be sore reuyled.

It is somewhat difficult now to say which of these works was first written, whether the satire against the sex, as given above, or the work in praise of women; since in the present poem the second stanza runs as follows:

A fole of late, contryued a boke  
And all in prayse of the femynye  
Who so taketh laboure, it to out loke  
Shal proue, all is but flaterye  
*Pehan he calleth it, it maye well be*  
The Pecooke is prowdest of hys fayre tayle  
And so ben all women of theyr apparayle

In these lines he seems to allude to *The Prayse of all women, called Mulierum Pean*, which was printed by William Myddylton, 4to, *bl.* *lett.*, without a date, but supposed to be about 1542. It appears, however, most probable that the attack in *The Scole house of women* was the first published, of which the first edition was printed by Thomas Petyt in 1541, 4to (see Dibdin's *Typ. Antiq.*, vol. iii, p. 510), and that it was answered by *The Prayse of all women, called Mulierum Pean*, printed by William Myddylton in 4to, about 1542; since there is another supposed answer to the attack entitled *A Dyalogue defensyue for women, agaynst malycyous detractours*, by Robert Vaghne, printed by Robert Wyer, 4to, *bl.* *lett.*, in 1542 (see Dibdin's *Typ. Antiq.*, vol. iii, p. 181), a copy of which was in the library of Mr. Heber, pt. iv, No. 2835, and another is in the possession of the Editor. There was another and later answer to this attack written by Edward More in a Poem entitled *A lylle and bryefe Treatyse called the Defence of Women, and especially of Englyshe women, made against the Schole howse of women*, 4to, *bl.* *lett.*, by John Kynge, 1560; from a passage in which it is evident that the author of the *Scole House* was not then known. I am aware that a difference of opinion exists respecting the date of the first edition of the *Scole House*, which may in some degree affect the argument as to the com-



parative priority of the two poems of Gosynhill. There is a variation between the date on the title-page of Petyt's edition of the *Schole House of Women* and the colophon, the first being dated in 1541 and the latter in 1561; and it has been argued in opposition to Dr. Dibdin, who maintains that the date on the title is correct, that it ought rather to be 1561 as it stands in the colophon, because More's answer was printed in 1560; and that More replied to Kynge's edition, which appeared in 1560, and printed his answer to it in the same year. (See *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. viii, No. 3038 and 3039.) We are disposed to agree with Dr. Dibdin, and that the latter date is only a misprint for the former. Be this, however, as it may, the reader will perhaps after all think that the subject in question is of no great importance, and will probably feel disposed to allow that the two Poems of Gosynhill may both have been written at the same period, and that the author may have been anxious to exercise his wit and ingenuity, like a special pleader, by trying to take both sides of the question. In fact, when we seriously consider the remarkable circumstance of simultaneous allusions in two poems to each other as being then in existence, the only solution that can be given is that they were both written, or at least corrected, at the same time. A more plausible supposition might be that the *Schole House* was first written, and that the allusion to the *Peane* was inserted afterwards when the *Prayse of all Women* had been composed. It is probably one of those little pieces of literary history of so frequent occurrence where a simple stratagem sufficiently obvious to the actors in it is almost inexplicable when left to the examination of a later age.

Mr. Utterson, in the Preface to his reprint of the *Schole House of women*, observes, "The writer, who, as Warton says, 'was wise enough to suppress his name,' would lead us to believe in the commencement of the poem, that it was in consequence of a silly panegyric on females that he undertook this task; but as I am not aware of any work now existing, answering to the title he gives it, it is difficult to say whether this be not merely a pretence." It appears from this passage that Mr. Utterson had not seen *The Prayse of all women*; nor, judging from his silence as to Gosynhill's name, does he seem to have been aware of his having been the author not only of the attack upon the fair sex, but also of the poem written in their praise.

The title of the present edition, by John Kynge, is within a handsome wood-cut architectural compartment, with figures at each side, and the initials T. R. of the artist's name between two cherubs at the bottom. The Poem commences without any introductory matter, on the reverse of the

title-page, and ends on Sig. D. iiii., after which are six separate stanzas, beginning,

Go forth lytell booke, be not a frayde  
To be accept, wyth them that are wyse  
And shewe them playne, what so be sayde  
In any parte, of this treatyse  
Doth not dysdayne, theyr honestyse  
But for the lewde, might haue a myrrour  
Here by to amende, theyr damnable errour.

Like as the preacher, doth discomende  
All vyces lyuyng, with mouth and wyll  
Or as the mynstrell, doth entende  
Wyth helpe of Lute, fynger or quyll  
Examply shewyng, to conuerte the yll  
Lyke so myne auctour, doth the same  
No creature lyuyng, spoken by name. &c.

On the reverse of Sig. D. iiii. "Here endeth the Scole house of women." Then follows the imprint as given before, and at the bottom of the page the printer's device, supported by two cherubs. This edition as well as the one printed by Petyt in 1541 [or 1561], of which the present appears to be a faithful reprint, were both unknown to Herbert. Robert Wyer also printed an edition of *The Scole Howse* in 12mo, no date, and as no book of Wyer's printing with a date is known later than 1542, I am disposed to assign a period not much later for this edition. See Dibdin's *Typ. Antiq.*, vol. iii. p. 183; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 19, respecting it. There was another and later one printed by John Alde "at the long Shop adioyning unto Saint Mildreds Church in the Pultrie," 4to, **bl.** *lctt.*, 1572, sixteen leaves. It was from this latter edition that this extremely rare and humorous satire on the fair sex was reprinted by Mr. Utterson in his *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, vol. ii, p. 51, in which volume he has also given More's answer to it, called *The Defence of women*, 4to, **bl.** *lctt.*, by John Kyng (1560), but which was unfortunately printed from an imperfect copy belonging to the late Mr. Douce. From More's poetical address before the work, "To hym that wrothe the Booke called the Schole Howse of Women,"

If thy name were knowen that wrytest in thys sorte  
By womenkind unnaturally, gyuyng evil reporte

\* \* \* \* \*

Ywys thou shulde exiled be, from women more and lesse  
And not wythout iust cause thou must thy selfe confesse.



it is evident that he was ignorant of the author's name; but this seems difficult to be reconciled with the fact that the author of *The Praysé of all women, called Mulierum Pean*, which was published at least fifteen or sixteen years before More's Poem, and in which he alludes to the blame cast upon him for writing the present work, *The Scole House of women*, to which the other was intended as a sort of amends, had his name publicly annexed to it, and is there expressly called Edward Gosynhyll. It is somewhat singular also that the allusion in the present poem to the word PEAN in the second stanza did not point out the other work of *Mulierum Pean*, nor at once suggest the name of the author, as a significant allusion is made to this work in More's preliminary address:

*Pean* to be a folysh worke thou dost testifye  
 Whych lyke a learned poet by the fygure onomatopei  
 Trāsformed thou hast into *pecock* as proude hys longe tayle:  
 Marck, I pray the well, how much there thou doest fayle  
*Pean* is more lyke in sounde in our mother tonge  
 To pehen then peacock, whose tayle is not so longe  
 Nor set with sundry colors, nor of so pleasaunt hewe  
 That she doth boast and brag theryn, is not thys ryght kewe?

But the reader may consult Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poetry*, who apparently was ignorant of the existence of this particular answer, *The Praysé of all women, called Mulierum Pean*, though he mentions two others in defence of the sex. See also Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iv, p. 337; Utterson's *Early Pop. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 51; Longman's *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 917; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, and *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. viii, No. 3038 and 3039, and pt. x, No. 3405. Lowndes does not mention the sale of a single copy.

The present is a fine and perfect copy, and is

Bound in Blue Morocco, gilt leaves, by Charles Lewis.

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GOSYNHYLL, (EDWARD.) The prayse of all women, called Mulierum Pean. Very fruytfull and delectable unto all the readers.

Loke and rede who that can. Thys boke is prayse to eche woman.

Colophon. Thus endeth thys frutfull treatese of the prease of women, called Mulierum Pean. Imprynted at London in Crede Lane, by John Kynge. n.d. 4to, pp. 40. **blk. lett.**

So much has already been said in the preceding article relating to the subject of this work, that little more need be added than that the Author of it is expressly declared in the last of four stanzas at the end of the volume entitled "The Authour" to be Edward Gosynhyll. It is also remarkable, as before observed, that it ascertains that Gosynhyll was also the writer of the preceding Satire of "the Scole House of Women," which is here avowed by him in these words, which form the opening stanzas of the Poem :

What time y<sup>e</sup> crabbe h<sup>r</sup> course had past  
And Phebus atteyned the Aquarye  
The selfe same tyme whā it frose fast  
A myddes the moneth of Januarye  
I in my bedde, and slepe in myne eye  
A sodeyne assemble before me dyd appere  
And women they semed by abyte aed chere.

Awake they sayde, sleepe not so fast  
Consyder our grafe, and howe we be blamed  
And all by a boke, that lately is past  
Whyche by reporte, by *the* was fyrst framed  
*The schol of women, none auctour named*  
In prynte it is passed, lewdely compylde  
All women wherby be sore reuyled.

Consyder therin, thyne owne good name  
Consyder also our infamy<sup>e</sup>  
Sende forth some other, contrary the same  
For thyne and ours, bothe honestye  
The Pean thou wrote, and lyeth the bye  
Be quycke herein, prolonge nat thus  
As thou wouldst our fauour, nowe do for us.

The title is within an architectural compartment with ornaments exactly similar to those in the last article. The Poem commences, without any prefatory notice, on the next leaf Sig. A ii—and is written like the other in seven line stanzas. It ends on the reverse of Sig. E iii—after which commence these four stanzas.

*The Authour to his book.*

Go forth lytell boke, God be thy spede  
Ordre thy selfe accordyngly  
Set nought by hyme that doth the rede  
In case he warble the to denye  
Nat one so good but he hath an enemye  
Hyde nat thy face for a proude cracke  
Let hym be knowen that dyd the make.



Go forthe queekely wyth pase demure  
 Of one prerogatyue sure thou arte  
 Set for to be in hye honour  
 In myddes of the whole femynyne herte  
 Nexte God thay wyll all take thy parte  
 Hyll the with sylke and lymme the with golde  
 Now passe on thy ways thou mayst be bolde.

Glory be thy garment so worthy thou arte  
 Of syluer the claspes, and of fyne golde  
 So true is thy processe in euery parte  
 In the hye Ierarchye thou may be enrolde  
 None other lyke the that euer was solde  
 Hyghest of all other in trueth is thy dytye  
 Lygth where thou shalte nowe farewell frō me.

Yf question be moued who is thyne authour  
 Be nat adorad to utter hys name  
 Say Edwarde Gosynhyll toke the labour  
 For woman hede the for to frame  
 Call hym thyne authour, do nat as shame  
 Thankes lokes he none for, yet would he be glad  
 A staffe to stande by that all women had.

The work concludes on the next leaf with the Colophon as follows :

Thus endeth thys frutfull treatese of the prease of women called Mulierum Pean.  
 Imprynted at London in Crede Lane, by John Kynge.

There was an edition of this work printed by William Myddlyton, n. d. (but supposed to be about 1542), 4to, **blf. ltt.** a copy of which is described in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 917, and priced 31*l.* 10*s.* I believe this to have been the same copy that was in the Duke of Roxburghe's library, No. 3287, which was bought for Mr. Hill for 25*l.*, and was afterwards sold in Midgley's collection in 1818, No. 333, for 22*l.* 1*s.*, and in Mr. Hibbert's ditto., No. 3482, 11*l.* 11*s.* There was a copy of the present edition by Kynge sold in Mr. Heber's sale, pt. iiiii., No. 790. I am not aware of any other than these two editions of this work, both of which are of the utmost rarity.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Utterson did not reprint *The Prayse of all women* in his *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, as it is quite as deserving of republication as either *The Schole House*, or *The Defence of Women*, by More, which he has there given.

See Dibdin's *Typog. Antig.*, vol. iiiii., p. 340; and Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 223, who was not aware of Gosynhyll's other work.

In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves, by Charles Lewis.

GOWER, (JOHN).—Jo. Gower de confessione Amantis.

Imprinted at London in Flete-strete by Thomas Berthelette the xii. daie of Marche. an. M.D.LIIII. Cum Privilegio. Folio, pp. 394, blk. lett.

It seems to be generally allowed that Gower was senior in years to Chaucer, and that he survived him at the least more than eight years, but that many of Chaucer's works had appeared before Gower had written any poem in English, although his sonnets in French, and probably his Latin poems, were anterior to those of Chaucer. But with regard to the two great works of each, the *De Confessione Amantis*, and the *Canterbury Tales*, we find that Gower's poem appeared before the latter, and probably gave rise to Chaucer's construction of his series of poetical stories in English verse. Not that he took his stories from Gower, but that both had gone to the same sources, and had each carried them out in their own way.

Gower is believed to have been well descended, and to have derived his extraction from the Gowers of Stitenham in the county of York. He was born about 1325, and is supposed to have received his education in one of the Inns of Court, where Chaucer afterwards found him highly esteemed in the profession of the law. That he was also of some wealth is proved from his having contributed largely to the rebuilding of the conventual Church of St. Mary Overies, in Southwark, which had been destroyed by a fire in 1212, and where he himself was afterwards buried. And also from his Will, dated in 1408, in which he leaves his valuable goods, and rents of his manors at Southwell in Nottinghamshire, and in Suffolk, to his wife. The great patron of Gower through life was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, uncle of Richard II., in the same manner in which Chaucer was patronized by John of Gaunt. He was noticed also by Richard II., and it was at the desire of that weak and unhappy monarch that he wrote his principal work. After the fall of Richard, on the accession of Henry IV., Gower paid his court to the new king, not without giving cause for some strong reflections on his fickleness, by carefully suppressing the compliments he had before paid to Richard, and retracting the praises he had expressed in his favour when his power to reward was at an end.

A long and intimate friendship existed between Gower and Chaucer, which is supposed to have been formed in their early days, and to have continued undiminished for more than forty years, but which was unfortunately dissolved before their death. The cause of this separation is



unknown, but it is impossible for us not to lament with Mr. Godwin, "that two men like Gower and Chaucer, with so many points of sympathy, with so great a similarity of pursuits, both lovers of learning, both inspired with taste, both cultivators and refiners of their native tongue, at a time when so few minds existed congenial with their own, that two such men, after having known each other so intimately, and mutually looked to each other for fellowship in amusement, and relief in adversity during so long a period, should afterward come to view each other with eyes of estrangement, indifference, and distaste."

Gower had the misfortune, along with other infirmities of old age, to lose his sight in the first year of Henry IV., but he still survived his loss for nearly eight years; and during that period, although weak and blind, and more than seventy years of age, he revised several parts of the *Confessio Amantis*, especially those referring to the unfortunate Richard II., and also wrote some of his later minor Latin Poems. He died at a very advanced age in 1408, and was buried in the Church of St. Saviour in Southwark, anciently the monastic Church of St. Mary Overies, which he had assisted in rebuilding, where in the north aisle his monument still remains, containing a recumbent effigy of himself, crowned with a garland on his head, and a collar of SS round his neck, his three principal works being represented as sustaining his head.

Warton says of Gower, that "his education was liberal and uncircumscribed, his course of reading extensive, and he tempered his severer studies with a knowledge of life. His language is tolerably perspicuous, and his versification often harmonious; but his poetry is of a grave and sententious turn. He has much good sense, solid reflection, and useful observation. For this reason he seems to have been characterized by Chaucer with the appellation of the *morall* Gower." And Mr. Hallam remarks, that he "had some effect in rendering the language less rude, and exciting a taste for verse; if he never rises, he never sinks low; he is always sensible, polished, perspicuous, and not prosaic in the worst sense of the word." Gower, says Mr. Godwin, "was not unworthy to be the fellow-labourer of Chaucer in the task of polishing our language; and there is a refinement of sentiment, and a gentle flow of expression in his English poetry, which sets him far above his successors of the fifteenth century." "He has the faults of his age; his versification is rude; and he seems insensible to the deformity of obtruding upon his readers whole pages of prosaic, feeble, flat, and unnecessary lines; but from this defect Chaucer himself was not exempt. Gower

was a phenomenon in the age in which he lived, and he received generally from his contemporaries, that species of consideration and homage to which his endowments entitled him."

Gower's earliest compositions appear to have been ballads in French, preserved in a folio *MS.* belonging to the Duke of Sutherland, which are highly spoken of, as more elegant and poetical than any of his subsequent productions either in French or English. His other works are *Speculum Meditantis*, a poem in Ten Books in French, treating of various subjects of virtue and vice, which was never printed, and *Vox Clamantis*, a poem on the insurrection of the Commons under Richard II., in Seven Books of elegiac verse written in Latin, and still existing only in manuscript. The *Confessio Amantis*, or Lovers Confession, is an English poem in Eight Books, and was first printed by Caxton, in 1483. It was written at the command of Richard II., who meeting Gower rowing on the Thames, near London, invited him into the royal barge, and after some conversation, requested him to write some new work. It was completed, as he informs us, in the sixteenth year of Richard II., or, in the year 1393. It is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, who is a priest of Venus, and is called Genius. In the course of his confession, he explains by a variety of opposite stories and illustrations from the classics and old chronicles, "all the evil affections of the heart, which tend to impede the progress or to counteract the success of the passion of love."

The first edition of the work was printed at Westminster, by William Caxton, and finished the second day of September, the first year of the reign of King Richard III., in 1483. It is fully described, with several extracts from it, by Dibdin in his *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. i, p. 177. A copy of this edition was bought at Mr. Willet's sale at Merley, No. 1059, for 315*l.*, by the Marquis of Blandford; and another at the Roxburghe ditto, No. 3240, for 336*l.*, by the Duke of Devonshire. There are perfect copies in the King's Library in the British Museum, in Lord Spenser's, and in the Lambeth Library. The second edition was printed by Thos. Berthelette in 1532, in folio, 5*ll.* *lett.*, and is described by Herbert, and in Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iii, p. 278. It is printed in double columns, and is a scarce book. Mr. Bright's copy, No. 2523, sold for 10*l.* 5*s.* The present one by the same printer is the third edition, and contains the same number of leaves, and has the same contents as the former. The title is within a neat plain border, on the back of which is the author's epigram on his book in six Latin verses, followed by a dedication "To the moste victorious and our moste gracious



Soueraigne lorde kyng Henry the viii. kyng of Englande and of France, Defeynder of the feyth, and lorde of Irelande &c." After this is an address "To the reder," containing an explanation of the cause of a difference in the prologue of Caxton's edition which is here followed, and the *MS.* copies of the poem; all that Gower had said in praise of Richard II. in the first copies being omitted in the later ones. This alteration began at the twenty third line, and the printer has given the seventy lines differing from the *MSS.* He mentions also that in other parts of the work, lines and columns, and even sometimes whole pages were left out, which were here restored. He quotes part of Chaucer's conclusion of "Troilus and Creseide" in testimony of Gower's abilities, and speaks of their being both contemporaries, "both excellently lerned, both great frendes together, and both alike endeauored themselues, and imploied their tyme so well and so vertuously, that for their so doynge, so longe as letters shall endure, this noble roilme shall be the better, ouer and beside their honest fame and renowme." He concludes with a description of Gower's monument in the monastery of St. Mary Overies, and that on the wall behind were painted three virgins, with crowns on their heads, Charity, Mercy, and Pity, each holding in hand a device in French. "And thereby hongeth a table wherein appereth, that who so euer praith for the soule of Iohn Gower, he shall so oft as he so doth haue a M. and D. daies of pardon." Then follows the Table of Contents, and the Prologue. The poem is printed in double columns, and with the Prologue is contained in 191 folios. It has no Colophon, but only the words "¶ Thus endeth De confessione Amantis."

From this long poem of more than thirty thousand lines, which few readers now-a-days, from its antiquated style and obsolete language, will feel inclined to peruse at length, we select a short passage or two, as specimens of a writer, who may be looked upon as one of the fathers of English poetry. And the first we give is taken from the tragical story of Canace in the Third Book:

She toke a penne on honde tho,  
Fro point to point and all the wo  
As ferforth as hir selfe it wote,  
Unto hir deadly frende she wrote:  
And tolde howe that hir fathers grace  
She myght for nothyng purchase.

And ouer that as thou shalt here,  
She wrote and said in this manere.

¶ O thou my sorowe, and my gladnes,  
 O thou my hele, and my sickenes,  
 O thou my wan hope, and my truste,  
 O thou my disease, and all my luste,  
 O thou my weale, O thou my wo,  
 O thou my frende, O thou my fo,  
 O thou my loue, O thou my hate,  
 For the mote I be deade algate,  
 Thilke ende maie I not asterte,  
 And yet with all myn holle herte,  
 While that there lasteth me any breath,  
 I woll the loue unto my death.

But of o thyng I shall the preie,  
 If that my litell sonne deie,  
 Let him be buried in my graue  
 Beside me, so shalte thou haue  
 Upon us both remembrance.  
 For thus it stondeth of my greuance  
 Nowe at this time, as thou shalte wite  
 With teares, and with inke write  
 This letter I haue in cares colde.

In my right honde my penne I holde,  
 And in my lefte my swerde I kepe,  
 And in my barme there lieth to wepe  
 Thy chylde and myn, whiche sobbath fast.  
 Nowe am I come unto my last.  
 Farewell: for I shall soone die,  
 And thinke howe I thy loue abie.

The pomell of the swerde to grounde  
 She set: and with the point a wounde  
 Through out hir herte anone she made,  
 And forth with all pale and fade  
 She fell downe dead fro ther she stooode.  
 The childe laie bathende in hir bloode,  
 Out rolled from the mother barme.  
 And for the bloud was hote and warme,  
 He basketh hym about therein  
 Ther was no boote for to wyne,  
 For whiche he can no pitee knowe.

Our next extract is taken from near the close of the work, and relates the speech of Venus concerning the assembly of lovers.



\* Genevra  
Arthur's queen.

The most matere of her speche  
It was of knighthode and of armes :  
And what it is to ligge in armes  
With loue, whan it is acheued.  
Ther was *Tristram*, which was beloued  
With bele *Isolde* : and *Lancelot*  
Stode with *Gonnor* : \* and *Galahot*  
With his lady : and as me thought  
I sawe where *Iason* with hym brought  
His loue whiche *Creusa* hight.  
And *Hercules* whiche mocheill might  
Was there, bearyng his great mace.  
And most of all in thilke place  
He peyneth hym to make chere  
With *Iolen*, which was hym dere.  
*Theseus* though he were untrew  
To loue, as all women knewe,  
Yet was he there netheles  
With *Phedra*, whiche to loue he ches.  
Of Grece eke there was *Thelamon*,  
Whiche fro the kyng *Laomedon*  
At *Troie* his doughter refte away  
*Eseonen*, as for his praie,  
Whiche take was, when *Iason* cam  
Fro *Colchos*, and the citee nam,  
In vengeance of the fyrste hate  
That made hem after to debate ;  
Whan *Priamus* the newe towne  
Hath made. And in a visiowne  
Me thought that I sigh also  
*Hector*, forth with his bretherne two,  
Hym selfe stode with *Penthasilee*,  
And nexte to hym I might see  
Where *Paris* stode with fayre *Helaine*.  
Whiche was his ioye soueraine.  
And *Troilus* stode with *Creseide* :  
But euer amonge though he pleide  
By semblant, he was heuy chered.  
For *Diomedes*, as hym was lered  
Claimeth to be his partinere.  
And thus full many a bachilere,  
A thousand mo then I can seyne,  
With yougth I sigh there well beseyne,  
Forth with her loues glad and blith.



And some I sigh, whiche ofte sithe  
 Compleynen hem in otherwise.  
 Amonge the whiche I saw *Narcise*,  
 And *Piramus*, that sory were.  
 The worthy greke also war there,  
*Achillies*, whiche for loue deied,  
*Agamemnon* eke as men seiéd,  
 And *Menelaie* the kynge also  
 I sigh, with many an other mo,  
 Which hadden be fortunéd sore  
 In loues cause : And ouermore  
 Of women in the same caas  
 With hem I sigh where *Dido* was  
 Forsake, whiche was with *Aenee*.  
 And *Phillis* eke I might see  
 Whom *Demophon* desceiued had.  
 And *Ariadne* hir sorowe lad,  
 For *Theseus* hir sister toke,  
 And hir unkindly forsoke.

The last quotation we shall give is a short address to Gower by Venus, who commands him to greet Chaucer as her disciple and poet, who in the flower of his youth had employed himself in composing songs and ditties to her honour.

And grete well *Chaucer*, whan ye mete,  
 As my disciple, and my poete.  
 For in the floures of his youth  
 In sondrie wise, as he well couth  
 Of ditees, and of songes glade,  
 The whiche he for my sake made,  
 The londe fulfilled is ouer all,  
 Wherof to hym in speciall  
 Aboue all other I am most holde.  
 For thy, nowe in his daies olde  
 Thou shalt hym tell this message,  
 That he upon his later age,  
 To sette an ende of all his werke,  
 As he whiche is myn owne clerke,  
 Do make his testament of loue,  
 As thou hast done thy shrifte aboue,  
 So that my courte it maie recorde.  
 ¶ Madame, I can me well accorde,  
 (Quod I) to telle as ye me bid.  
 And with that worde, it so betid



Out of sight all sodeynly,  
 Enclosed in a sterred skie,  
*Venus*, which is the quene of loue,  
 Was take in her place aboue,  
 More wist I not where she becam,  
 And thus my leue of hir I nam.

Gower was a great reader of romances, and of the voluminous old chronicles, and was well versed in Latin, French, and Italian. His great model seems to have been the *Romaunt de la Rose*, and his principal authorities were Colonna's *Tale of Troy*; the Romance of Sir Lancelot; the *Dictes and Sayinges of Philosophres*, translated by Antony Widville, Earl Rivers, printed by Caxton in 1477; and especially and above all, the *Gesta Romanorum*, from which was taken the tale of the three caskets, which Shakespeare introduced in the *Merchant of Venice*. The story of Apollinus of Tyre, considered one of his best tales, also taken from the same source, has furnished materials for Shakespeare's drama of *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, which was first acted about 1608, and was derived principally from Lawrence Twine's "*Patterne of painefull Aduentures: Containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befell vnto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter.*" London, n. d., 4to. Gower himself states that he took his main incidents from the *Pantheon, or the metrical chronicle of Godfrey of Viterbo*, printed in 1569.

For a full and critical account of Gower and his different productions, and the principal sources from whence he drew the materials of his poems, see Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, Sect. xix, p. 305. Consult also the *Biog. Brit.*; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. i, p. 169; Campbell's *Introd.*, pp. 32, 135; Phillips's *Theat. Poet.*, p. 12, edition 1800; Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*, vol. i, pp. 212, 333; Hallam's *Introd.*, vol. i, p. 63; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iii, p. 340; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 114; and *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 1. A modern edition of the *Confessio Amantis* with a new life of the Author, and a Glossary by Dr. Reinhard Pauli, was published in 1857, in 3 vols., 8vo, and it is included in the second volume of Chalmers' edition of the Poets.

Although this edition of 1554 is somewhat more frequently met with than the one in 1532, it is a scarce book, and copies bring good prices. Mr. Heber's copy, pt. iiiii, No. 1237, sold for 3*l.* 3*s.*; Rice's ditto, No. 835, 3*l.* 3*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i, No. 2169, 2*l.* 17*s.*; White Knight's ditto, No. 1958,

4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; Roxburghe ditto, No. 3241, 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 283, 9*l.* 9*s.*

Collation: Sig. \* six leaves, A to Z in sixes, and A a to I i 5 in ditto.

Fine Copy from Baron Bolland's Library.

Bound by H. Faulkner in Red Morocco,

Thick stamped binding — gilt leaves.

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GOWER, (JOHN.)—Jo. Gower de confessione Amantis.

Imprinted at London in Flete-strete by Thomas Berthelette  
the xii. daie of Marche, An. M.D.LIIII. Cum Privilegio.  
Folio, pp. 394. **blk. lett.**

Another copy of the same edition. Chalmers, in his life of this poet, says he was of the Middle Temple, and that he there met with, and acquired the friendship of, Chaucer, one ground of their mutual regard being probably that their political bias was the same. Chalmers mentions a third edition of the *Confessio Amantis* in 1544 by Berthelet, and a fourth in 1554 — but we believe this to be a mistake, — and that there were only two impressions by Berthelet, one printed in 1531, and the present one in 1554. So obsolete and neglected did this poet become, that two centuries and a half elapsed before another edition of his poem was presented to the public by Mr. Chalmers in his *Collection of the English Poets*, vol. ii, p. 1.

Collation: The same as before.

In the original Calf binding.

With the book, plate, and arms, of Thomas Barrett, Esq., of Lee in Kent.

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GRANGE, (JOHN.) — The Golden Aphroditis: A pleasant discourse penned by John Grange Gentleman, Student in the Common Lawe of England. Whereunto be annexed by the same Authour as well certayne Metres vpon sundry poyntes, as also diuers Pamphlets in prose, which he entituleth His GARDEN: pleasant to the eare, and delightful to the Reader, if he abuse not the scente of the floures.

Habet et musca splenem,  
Et formicæ sua bilis inest.

At London. Anno 1577. 4to, **blk lett.**

[Colophon. Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman.]



This very curious and entertaining volume, which may be considered one of the rarest in the whole range of Elizabethan poetry, no copy of it having occurred for sale during the present century, is inscribed by its author to the Lord Sturton. He calls himself in the title, "Gentleman, Student in the Common Lawe of England," but in his Dedication, which is written in a quaint, satirical, and alliterative style, he somewhat contradictorily says of himself, "I who of all other am to be reputed the moste vnlearned." At the present day, we have greatly to regret that our early authors so seldom condescended to give us any particulars of their own life, or even position in society, so that it is a mere chance to recover any biographical information respecting them. Grange is no exception, for he tells us nothing of himself in this Dedication, which being a long one, more than seven pages, might reasonably have been expected to contain some allusions which would have led us to form some estimate of his condition in life. He gives, however, a curious anecdote respecting the title of his work, which deserves an extract:

Thus in euery corner of the house I looke to finde a bayting dogge, and not without a cause, for I know they can not speake so euill of me as my penne deserueth. But yet whatsoeuer they say, the blinde man may see in this glasse, what apische wittes women haue to inuestigate by interrogatiue similitudes, the perfect meaning and the sure grounde of their louers harte: and those whiche haue their cleare sight to looke stedfastly herein, shall see perchance an Ape whipped, which somewhat may delight him. Wherevpon certen yong Gentlemen, and those of my professed friendes (well viewing this worke) requested me earnestly to haue intituled it *A nettle for an Ape*, but yet (being somewhat wedded, as most fooles are, to mine own opinion, who would hardly forgoe their bable for the Tower of London) I thought it good (somewhat to stop a zailous mouth) to settle a more cleanly name vpon it, that is, *Golden Aphroditis*. For if the other had stooode, who most had bene bitten herewith peradventure would haue sought all the meanes they could to haue turned this whippe for my owne tale.

Taking Grange's assertion that he was considered "vnlearned" in its literal sense, we must either conclude he was a young author, or one who had only recently turned his attention to study. In some verses prefixed "in commendation of the Auctor" by W. S., who could not have been Shakespeare, but who may have very likely been William Smith, or William Seymour of Gray's Inn, who wrote some verses prefixed to Kendall's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, the same year (1577), there appears to be some confirmation of this,

Thy learning doth bewray itselfe, and worthie prayse doth craue  
Who so thee knew, *did little thinke suche learning thee to haue.*

"The Epistle Dedicatorie" is followed by some verses by the author in the long Alexandrine metre, entitled "To the Courtelike Dames and Ladies-like Gentlewomen, the Authour sendeth greeting," filling two pages, and by a short copy of verses inscribed "Cinguam." The introductory portion is closed by double acrostical verses by "C. G. Maister of Arte, in the prayse of the Authour" and by "W. S. in commendation of the Aucthor." The *Golden Aphroditis* is a tale of love, written chiefly in prose, but interspersed with various pieces of poetry composed in different metres. It is carried on for the most part in a dialogue between N. O. the male gallant, and a female, the daughter of Diana, by Endymion, styled A. O., that is, "Alpha and Omega, the firste and the laste that euer she should beare," concerning the birth and origin of whom there is a curious and not over delicate story told. The whole tale is written in a highly pedantic and quaint manner, full of classical, mythological, and unnatural conceits, and is injured by the constant straining after effect, and laborious trifling which disfigures so much of the early literature of the ages of Queen Elizabeth.

Of so rare and singular a work, the reader no doubt will desire to see a short specimen, which we select from the account of the first meeting of the two lovers at her gorgeous mansion, at which he had been invited to sojourn for the night.

At the time this proffer was made, they were in the sight of the house, which being most gorgeously adorned with highe poyntes, curious turrets, and fewe glasse windowes ronde about, inflamed his hart with a great desire to viewe the situation, and not onely the rules and principles, but also the chiefest poynts and most curious workemanship thlorow the deuice of Geometry whiche therein were used, whiche sure he had no sooner entered, but the regall pompe and princely furniture, seemed in all poyntes corespondent to the braue paynting, and the curious workemanship of the bartlets and turrets without. But I will omit this sumptuous buylding (least while I seeme to prayse it at the full) not giuing it its true title, I deminish the glory thereof, and speake of his friendly intertaynement, because it appertayneth partely to my charge. At Sir N. O. his first entraunce into the house, *Alpha Omega* taking him by the hande and bidding him according to the rules of courtesie moste hartely welcome, shewed him all the commodities of the house, and ledde him into a fayre large gallerie lying on the west side of the house, where first desirous to know his name, his natie coutry and linage, and after great parlance more (which were too tedious here to recite:) the borde beyng couered after a statly manner, supper drewe neare, whereof beyng warned by the Steward of the house, she desired him to take a small repast, who (thanking hir for hir curtesie) sat downe as he was placed of the Grome, whiche was at the vpper end of the borde, nexte to his Ladie, on whome he many a sheepish



eye did cast. What should I here bryng in the number and sortes of dayntie dishes, or the curious caruyng and seruice at the borde? y<sup>e</sup> shewyng whereof is as easie as the numbring of the starres in the skies, or the telling of the sandes in the seas. Yet thinke I it good and *opere precium*, here to reduce their pretie Poëms and Poëtically Pamphlets conueyed from the one to the other, for he that seeketh the grounde and pithe therof, shall fynd *aliquid salis* in them (as the prouerbe goeth). First *N. O.* marking greatly hir behaiour and gestures oft tymes cast his glauncing eyes (as he thought) by stealth vpon hir, winking muche withall: wherat *A. O.* maruelling, asked him if the light of the candle dased his eyes. To whom he replied thus: Not so (dere dame) I winke for feare, least my too much contemplation of thy wonderful beautie dazy my greedy eyes, for by prooffe I fynd it not ouer easy to clyme the Egles nest, and thy great curtesie is a ready repulse to my rudenesse; yet beare with my blynking folly: for it is great good will that grauelleth me, and the feare of repulse maketh my heart to freese. Wherefore I beseech thee, graüt *fire in time to thaw*. Good sir, (quoth she) *to find fire in frost, I count it better lost*. I graunt (said *N. O.*) who findeth fire in frost, he finds, but yet he liues by losse: but who findeth *frost in fire*, hee gapeth for good lucke. And yet although for feare my hart doth freese, and craueth your liuely countenance to thawe the same, yet hath the trump of thy beautie kindled suche sparkes of hote burning coales, as not all the water in the sea is able, yet one drop of the deaw of thy liuely countenance may quench the same. Wherefore as after a maner I craued fire to thaw my fearful freesing; so now (as inforced to the same) I craue the liuely deaw of thy countenance to quench or lay the heat of these my kindling coales. Wherat with simpering lyps she smyled; thinking he could not perceyue hir, but therof she was deceyued. Which cheared him on further to haue sayd, but that the boord being discovered, the sweete musicke and melodious harmonie called vppon them to daunce. His Ladie lykewise (maruelling at his *Ephonicall* tounge) tooke him by the hand, crauing him to lead hir to a gallyarde: wherof (I dare sweare not mislyking) he granted hir request, fulfilled hir demaunde; they traced (as neare as I can remember *Apollo* his wordes) the gracious galliardes dedicated to the Goddes, and afterwards those measures, whose footing and gestures serued best his turne, and some of their hearts likewise daunced priuily loth to departe. But (their legges fainting) he gaue his ladie the *Zueado dez. labros*, and led hir again to the place from whence she yelded hir selfe. Soone after the companie leauing their pastance (the Chamberlaine willing to shew him his chamber) he curteously bid his Ladie good night.

Grange is fond of trying experiments in various metres in his poems, and as examples of his facile ingenuity in these respects, and of his merits as a writer of verse, the following lines by *N. O.* in commendation of his Lady, may be quoted.

Ye Muses nine  
With grace deuine  
My wittes to shrine  
Giue not consent.

But ayding hand  
To beare my band  
Through sea and land  
For good intent

To rime not rayle  
 Hold vp my sayle  
 Let not breath faile  
 The vertuous mode

With trumpe to blase  
 The condigne phrase  
 Of hyr who stayed  
 Where vertue stooode.

Take also the succeeding duet between the lovers :

*She.* What man doth longer thinke, than he  
 the weary winters nighte,  
 Whose cares forbiddes his eyes to sleepe?  
 what is the greater spighte  
 To him who thinkes he sayles in seas,  
 whose waues of honey are,  
 Yet time purloynes his former ioy,  
 And brings him to despayre?

*He.* With gasing eyes for him to looke  
 whiche hath no care to come  
 To serue where acceptance is  
 (as Ladies deale by some)  
 To be in bed and not to sleepe,  
 what greater griefe then this?  
 To die for wante of foode, and yet  
 he feedes on daintie dishe?

*She.* To rue and rage, to frie and freese,  
 these are the louers panges:  
 Who dies himselfe and liues in hir  
 his life in suspence hangs.  
 Yet if he liue in after hope  
 his Ladies loue to gain,  
 Then holdes his harte, and rendeth not  
 by direfull darte in twayne.

*He.* Hope looketh for requitance made  
 whiche oftentimes doth fayle,  
 Or else to gayne his harte againe  
 which were a luckie gayle.  
 But lesse than seldome seene it is,  
 what giuen doth not returne,  
 From women's handes, who rather had  
 to frie then else to turne.

*She.* But what if neyther seeme to come,  
 and hope beginnes to faynte?  
 Then seeme they all to weepe and wayle,  
 and teares with streakes doth paynte



Their lether cheekes are (profe declares)  
 stale nature to provoke,  
 Whose harte opprest with scalding sighes,  
 their throates doth seeme to choke.

*He.* Thus witlesse wightes doe breede their woe :  
 yea, riper yeares and setled heddes  
 Herein doe wante their skoking pointes,  
 whose glauncing eyes by rule forbeddes.  
 Thus trapte they let these wordes to flie :  
 oh ! get my graue in readinesse,  
 Remedillesse I die, I die,  
 I die remedillesse.

We feel somewhat surprised that none of Grange's poems are introduced either in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*, or in *England's Helicon* — those general repositories of the poetry of the age. There is one Poem entitled "Faure Phillis and her Shepheard" in the latter work, with the initials I. G., usually supposed to have been written by John Gough, the dramatic author, which might possibly be penned by Grange, but it is not contained in the present volume, nor is it very much in his style. Grange, however, is mentioned with praise by Webbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, 4to, and a reference is made to the present work by that writer, who, in speaking of "the sundrie kindes of rare deuises and pretty inuentions which come from y<sup>e</sup> fine poetically veine of manie in strange and vnaccustomed manner as in the song of Colin, sung by Cuddie in the *Shepheardes Calender*, where is a singular rare deuise of a dittie framed vpon six wordes, most prettilie turned and wounde vppe together. A deuise not much vnlike vnto the same, is vsed by some, who taking the last wordes of a certaine number of verses, as it were by the rebound of an Echo, shall make them fall out in some prettie sence. Of this sorte there are some deuised by Iohn Graunge, which, because they be not long I wyll rehearse one.

If feare oppresse how then may hope me shielde ?  
 Denyall sayes, vayne hope hath pleased well,  
 But as such hope, thou wouldest not be thine,  
 So would I not the like to rule my harte.  
 For if thou louest, it biddes thee graunt forth with  
 Whiche is the ioy whereof I liue in hope.

Here if you take the last worde of euerie verse, and place them orderlie together, you shall have this sentence : *Shielde well thine harte with hope.*" Of these Echoes, Webbe says, that there were several very delicate per-

formances of this kind privately passing among some of the finest Poets of his time, who kept them privily to themselves, and would not let them come abroad.

At the end of the first part is a sort of Postscript, entitled "The conclusion of this Booke, and an Introduction of the Booke following," addressed as before to Lord Sturton, in which, near the close, the author thus alludes to the writings of Skelton and Erasmus.

But who so marketh well my glosing stile, shall finde *Aliquid salis* (as the Prouerb goeth) in the meanest or basest point therof. For if they could content themselues stil with one coate as *Dionisius of Tiracusa* did, being called from a prinate man to be a King, (that is) if they could diligently reade this pleasant volume, and be drawne neyther one way nor other with the reading therof, then should they finde some taste therein: whereas otherwise it wil seeme but an vnsauory morsell of meate to digest. For by what meanes could *Skelton* that Laureat poet, or *Erasmus* that great and learned clarke haue vttered their mindes so well at large, as thorowe their clokes of mery conceytes in wryting of toyes and foolish theames? as *Skelton* did by *Speake Parrot*, *Ware the hauke*, *The Tunning of Elynour Rummung*, *Why come ye not to the Courte*, *Phillip Sparrowe*, and such like, yet what greater sense or better matter can be, than is in this ragged ryme contayned? or who would haue hearde his fault so playnely tolde him if not in suche gibyng sorte? Also *Erasmus* vnder his prayse of folly, what matters hath he touched therein, euen the chieftest poyntes whiche pertayneth to mans salvation? And sure in my minde he shewed no greater learnyng in any one booke of his penning than he did in this.

This first part closes on Sig. N 4, and on Sig. O 1 is a new title enclosed within a border, and noticed in the former one.

"Granges Garden: Conteyning as well certaine verses vpon sundry poyntes, in metre, as also diuerse Pamphlets in prose; Pleasant to the eare, and delightfull to the Reader, if he abuse not the scent of the Floures."

This portion is chiefly in verse, and consists of a number of short poems on different subjects written in various metres, the titles of which are given by Mr. Park in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 383. The following lines form the opening of one of the longest pieces in the collection, entitled "The description of the loue of a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman."

In the tyme of Lady *Ver*, the sweete and fragrant smell  
Of each delight, it doth a rangyng foote compell.  
For when the Aprill showers descend with westerne windes,  
Each hearbe, ech floure, and plante, doe florish in their kindes.  
Each leafe vpon the tree, the grasse vpon the ground,  
The Hatherne buddes new sprung, on earth what may be founde,



Doth yelde as pleasant scentes, as nature can deuise :  
 All things in lusty greene, appeares displaying wise.  
 And euery birde that liues, then strayneth forth his voyce :  
 So that of each delight, each man may take his choyce.  
 Thus in this merry moneth, he tooke delight to vewe,  
 Ought that of nature was, most plesaunt in his hewe.  
 Yea, many a tyme and oft, in springs and groves alone,  
 Himselfe he would apply, as yet where none had gone.  
 There in distilling wise, she tooke delight to see  
 The chirping birdes full ofte, from bushe to bushe to flee.  
 Whose warbling notes him thought, inforced to beleue,  
 That nothing vnder Sunne, such merry liues did liue.  
 In euery bushe againe, the Primerose did appeere,  
 The Violet at hande was prest to be his feere :  
 Which cast such fragrant smelles, amid this pleasant spring,  
 That eu'ry bushe it did, a newe delight forth bring.  
 But walking all alone, in this his whole delight,  
 The Primerose as him thought, and Violet did fight ;  
 Wherewith as one amaz'de, at large he them behelde,  
 Hoping at length to see, the one or other yelde.  
 But lighting in a wayne, which fortune had not tryed,  
 Beholde, euen neare at hande, a damsell he espied,  
 Whose beauty was so braue, and eke so christall cleere,  
 That nature could not frame, the like to be hyr peere.  
 Hir peere I neuer sawe, for beautie in the face,  
 The like was neuer seene, such was hir comely face,  
 And where he tooke delight, before in fragrant scente,  
 Now hir to gaze vpon, his minde was wholly bente.  
 And has good fortune would, he stooode behind a bushe,  
 Where well he might beholde, and neede not starte the thrushe.  
 For while she tooke delight, to vewe this pleasant felde,  
 He did obtayne his will, at large he hir behelde.  
 And nought she did suspect, for here he lay vnknowne,  
 Vntill such time as loue, his kindling coles had blowne.  
 Hir rounde and cherry lippes, and eke hir skarlet hewe,  
 Hir crymson cheekes was cause the more he did them vewe.  
 Hir rosed lookes him thought, his tentiue eares forth tolde,  
 The more that them he did, the more he should beholde.  
 So fell it forth at length, he could not haue his fill,  
 The more he did her vewe, the more he wisht his will.  
 When long he vewed had through many a pleasant tune,  
 Him thought this Aprill month, was turned to ioly June.  
 For in her face him thought, the redde rose and the white,  
 In liuely forme did seeme, with other for to fighte.

The story of the lovers is a melancholy one, for the lady on hearing falsely that her adored had betrothed himself to another fair dame

tooke hir dyrefull knife

And to hir harte it thrust, to ende hir lothsome life.

while he followed the like example, and the next poem in the collection is "A Song whiche the Gentlewoman made, before she slewe hir selfe." The concluding poems are "J. G. biddeth his friende A. T. good morrowe," "His good night to the same A. T.," and "His farewell to the same." The volume closes with an Epilogue in which the author alludes to his being "but yong of yeares," and having brought the reader "into his rude Garden so," says he, "(turnyng the key) here will I leaue you, to choose what flowers shall like you beste. My penne is stubbed, my paper spent, my inke wasted, my wittes granelled, and (to be shorte) tyme calleth me away: wherefore standing to your curtesies, and hoping of your good acceptance thereof, wishyng to you as to myselfe, in haste I bidde you Farewell." Then the Colophon "Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman."

There is a long article on this work by Mr. Park in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 278. See also Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 223; Collier's extracts from the *Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 59; and Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 990. It is evident that the copy of this work used by Herbert, wanting the general title, and that the one to Grange's Garden given by him at length, had been removed from its proper place, and taken to supply the loss of the first title. Lowndes is unable to refer to the sale of any copy, none such, as we have before stated, having occurred for a period of more than sixty years in our sale catalogues. There is a copy in Malone's collection in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and another in the Douce collection in the same library.

Collation: Sig. A to S 4, in fours.

Bound by F. Bedford. In Olive Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

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GREENE, (ROBERT.) — Morando. The Tritameron of Loue: The first and second part. Wherein certaine pleasant conceites, vttered by diuers worthie personages, are perfectly discoursed, and three doubtfull questions of Loue, most pithely and pleasantly discussed: shewing to the wise how to vse Loue, and to the fond, how to eschew Lust: and yeelding to all both pleasure and profit.



By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge.

London, Printed by Iohn Wolfe for Edward White, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the litle North doore of Paules, at the Signe of the Gunne. 1587. 4to, blkt. lett.

The first edition of this work appeared in 1584, and contained only the first part. In the present impression a second part was added. The dedication "To the Right Honorable Phillip, Earle of Arundell," is followed by a short address "To the Gentlemen Readers." We quote a portion of the former as a specimen of Greene's sententious manner, copious command of language, and varied and classical learning.

The Emperour *Domitian* (Right Honourable) made him nets to catch Flies, lest happily he might be found idle. *Caligula* being wearied with weightie affaires, would (to passe away the time) gather Cockles. The *Persian* Kings sometimes shaued stickes. *Virgill* chose rather to reade rude *Ennius*, then to be found without a Booke in his hand. Time wisheth rather to be spent in vaine toies, then in idle thoughts, the one driueth away fantasies, the other breedeth Melancholie. *Mercurie* vouchsafed once to drinke of *Philemons* Earthen pot. *Apollo* gaue Oracles at *Delphos*, as well to the poore man for his mite, as to the rich man for his treasure. *Philip* thought well of the water which a poor Shepheard offred to him in a greasie Bottle: dustie bindes the Subiect to present, and courtesie the Prince to accept: in the one, will is an excuse, in the other, courtesie a bountifull reward. *Apelles* (right Honourable) presented *Alexander* with the counterfaite of *Campaspe*, the face not fully finished, because he liked the picture; and I offer this pamphlet unto your Lordship, not well furnished, because you are a louer of learning.

*Zeusis* painting *Triton*, drew onely his face, the rest he hid with the tumbling waues of the Sea. And I setting foorth *Morandos* discourse, shew onely his bare talke, the rest I rudely shadow with an imperfect tale. The *Persians* caused their Apes alwaies to maske in cloth of Golde, to couer their deformitie. *Timocles* caused his Poppingay to perke vnder a Dragon of Brasse, that the portraiture might defend her from the Vultures tyranny: and I seeke to shrowde my simple woorke under your Honours winges, thinking one dramme of your Lordships fauoure sufficient to fence me from the venomous teeth of those byting Vipers, who seeke to discredite all, hauing themselves no credite at all.

The Three dayes of Discourse are not, like some others of Greene's works, a tale or romance of his own fertile invention, but rather a kind of discussion on various points relating to love. The first day's discussion being on the common proverb "Amor fa molto, ma argento fa tutto — Love doth much, but money doth all"; the second, "whether it be good to love or no"; and the third, "whether by natural constitution, women are more subject unto

love then men." In all of which he makes a profuse display of his classical learning, tending indeed to exhibit the vast extent of his reading, but rendering the arguments somewhat tedious, at least, to modern readers. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the profusion of classical references was one of the chief characteristics of the serious writings of the time.

The title to the second part is within a woodcut border, having female figures at the sides, with the royal arms at the top, and a phoenix at the bottom. The subject of the contents of this portion is thus given in the title. "The Second part of the Tritameron of Loue. Wherein is set forth a delightfull discouerie of Fortune and Friendship newly adjoyned." On the latter subject, the usual examples of Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pithias, and other well known instances are given, and in this part are three short pieces in verse: the first of these, "The description of Silvestros Ladie," we here annex:

Her stature like the tall straight Cedar trees  
Whose stately bulkes doth fame th' Arabian groues,  
A pace like princelie *Iuno* when she braued  
The Queene of Loue, fore *Paris* in the Vale,  
A front beset with Loue, and courtesie,  
A face like modest *Pallas* when she blusht:  
A seelie shepheard should be beauties Iudge:  
A lip swete ruby red grac'd with delight,  
A cheek where in for interchaunge of hue  
A wrangling strife 'twixt *Lyllie* and the Rose,  
Her eyes two twinkling starres in winter nights  
When chilling frost doth cleare the azurd skye:  
Her haire of golden hue doth dim the beames  
That proud *Apollo* giueth from his coach:  
The Cnydian doues whose white and snowie pens  
Doth staine the siluer streaming Iuory  
May not compare with those two mouing hils  
Which topt with prettie teates discouers down a vale  
Where in the God of loue may daigne to sleepe:  
A foot like *Thetis*, when she tript the sands  
To steale to *Neptunes* fauor with his steps.

To be briefe, Madam,

A peece despiht of Beautie fram'de  
To shew what Natures linage could affoorde.

A copy of the first edition was in Heber's *Catal.*, pt. iiiii, No. 795, and is now with a large assemblage of Greene's Works in the choice collection of the late William H. Miller, Esq., at Britwell House. This second



edition is almost equally rare with the first, and has seldom occurred for sale. Lowndes, who calls the book by mistake *Monardo* for Morando, (repeated in *Cens. Liter.*, and in Collier's edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*) is unable to refer to a copy of either editions. See Beloe's *Lit. Anecd.*, vol. iii, p. 176; Dyce's edition of Greene's Works, vol. i, p. cii. There is a copy in the King's collection in the British Museum, and another in the Malone Library at Oxford. The present is a remarkably fine and clean copy, with the blank leaf before the title containing Sig. A 1, so often wanting, and formerly belonging to Henrye Giffarde Bellingham, whose autograph is on the title page.

Collation: Title page A 2., A to L inclusive in fours.

Bound in Dark Green Morocco — gilt leaves.

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GREENE, (ROBERT.)—Greenes Arcadia. Or Menaphon: Camillaes Alarum to slumbering Euphues in his melancholy Cell at Silexedra. Wherein are deciphered, the variable effects of Fortune, the wonder of Loue, the triumphs of inconstant Time. A worke worthy the yongest eares for pleasure or the grauest censures for principles.

By Robertus Greene, in Artibus Magister.

Omne tulit punctum.

London Printed for Iohn Smethwicke and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard vnder the Diall in Fleete streete. 1610. 4to, ~~blk.~~ lctt.

Another interesting and popular tale by Greene, written when he was probably (if born in 1560) about twenty-six years of age. It was first printed in 1587, and went through at least seven editions in the course of a few years. The name of the work may perhaps have been adopted from the more celebrated romance of Sir Philip Sidney. The interest attached to the present volume is much increased by the singular and well known letter of Thomas Nash, the friend of Greene, prefixed to it, addressed "To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities." In this curious and interesting epistle, Nash has left us some valuable notices of several of our early writers, and, when not disfigured by personal animosity, some just criticisms and remarks. Although inferior in point of style to the purer language of

Greene, and occasionally tinged with prejudice and severity, it will ever be considered as an interesting addition to our slender stores of the literary information of that period. In that epistle, which has been reprinted both in *Cens. Liter.*, and in the first vol. of *Archaica*, Nash thus speaks of the present work, and of its author:—"I come (sweet friend) to thy *Arcadian Menaphon*, whose attyre (though not so stately yet comely) doth entitle thee above all other, to that *temperatum dicendi genus*, which *Tully* in his *Orator* termeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they please) praise the mountayne that in seuen yeeres bringeth forth a mouse, or the Italiane pen, that of a packet of pilfries, affords the presse a pamphlet or two in an age, and then, in disguised array vaunts Ouids and Plutarchs plumes as their owne: but giue mee the man whose extemporall veine in any humour, will excell our greatest Art-Masters deliberate thoughts, whose inuentions, quicker then his eye, will challenge the prowdest rhetorician, to the contention of like perfection, with like expedition." At the end of this epistle by Nash are some pleasing lines without any title by Henry Vpcher.

This work is more than usually full of classical and pedantic allusions, and of the new style of writing then so prevalent, termed Euphuism, which brought down upon Greene from his bitter opponent Harvey the opprobrious epithet of "the Ape of Euphues." The story which is founded on a consultation of the Oracle at Delphos, that results rather in doubt than in comfort, is extremely improbable and unnatural, and very difficult to unravel: and though abounding with beautiful passages, and occasional great sweetness of language, it displays Greene's usual want of taste, and coarseness of ideas; the latter, however, being somewhat excusable on the ground of general practise of contemporary writers. But as an abstract of the story has been already inserted in the reprint of this work in the first vol. of *Archaica*, it will be unnecessary to repeat it here. We prefer presenting our readers with a short extract from the prose portion of the romance.

All this while *Menaphon* sate amongst the shrubs fixing his eyes on the glorious object of her face: he noted her tresses, which hee compared to the coloured Hiacinth of *Arcadia*, her browes to the mountain snows that lie on the hills: her eies to the gray glisten of *Titans* gorgeous mantle, her alabaster necke to the whitenesse of his flockes, her teares to pearle, her face to borders of lillies interseamed with roses: to be briefe, our Shepheard *Menaphon* that heretofore was an Atheist to loue, and as the *Thessalian* of *Bacchus*, so hee a contemner of *Venus*, was now by the wilie shaft of *Cupid* so intangled in the perfection and beauteous excellencie of *Sephestia*; as now he swore, no benigne planet but *Venus*, no god but *Cupid*, no exquisite deitie but Loue. Being thus fettered with the pliant perswasions of fancie, impatient in his new



affections, as the horse that neuer before felt the spurre, he could not bridle his new conceiued amours, but watching when they should depart, perceiuing by the gestures of the old man, and the teares of the gentlewoman, that they were distrest, thought to offer any helpe that lay within the compasse of his abilitie, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Leauing these amorous shepherds busie in their loues, let us returne at length to the prettie babie *Samelas* childe, whom *Menaphon* had put to nurse in the country. This infant being by nature beautiful, and by birth noble, euen in his cradle exprest to the eyes of the gazers, such glorious presages of his approaching fortunes, as if another *Alciades* (the arm-strong darling of the doubled night) by wrestling with snakes in his swaddling clowtes, should prophesy to the world the approaching wonders of his prowess: so did his fiery looks reflect terror to the weak beholders of his ingrafted nobilitie, as if some God twice-borne, like to the Thracian *Bacchus*, forsaking his heauen-borne deitie, should delude our eies with the alternate form of his infancie. Five yeeres had full run their monthly reuolution, when as this beauteous boy began to shew himselfe among the shepheards children, with whom he had no sooner contracted familiar acquaintance, but strait he was chosen Lord of the May-game, king of their sports, and Ring-leader to their reuels, insomuch that his tender mother beholding him by chance, mounted in his Kingly Maiestie, and imitating honourable iustice in his gamesome exercise of discipline, with teares of ioy tooke up these propheticall termes: “Well do I see, where God and Fate hath vowed felicitie, no aduerse fortune may expell prosperity. *Plousidippus*, thou art young, thy lookes high, and thy thoughts hautie; souerainety is seated in thine eies, and honor in thy hart: I feare this fire will haue his flame, and then am I undone in thee my Son: my country life (sweet country life) in thy proude soaring hopes, dispoiled and disroabed of the disguised array of his rest, must returne russett weedes to the folds where I left my feares, and haste to the court of my hell, there to inuest me with my wonted cares: How now, *Samela*, wilt thou be a Sybil of mishaps to thy selfe: The angry heauens that haue eterniz’d thy exile, haue establisht thy content in *Arcady*, my content in *Arcady*, that we may be no longer then my *Plousidippus* daies in *Arcady*, which I haue cause to feare: for the whelpes of the Lyon are no longer harmlesse, then when they are whelpes, and babes are no longer to be awed then while they are babes. I, but nature,” and therewith she paused, being interrupted by a tumult of boyes, that by yong *Plousidippus* command fell upon one of their fellowes, and beat him most cruelly for playing false play at Nine-holes: which she espying through the lattice window, could not chuse but smile aboue measure: but when shee saw him in his childish tearmes condemne one to death for despising the authoritie bequeathed him by the rest of the boyes, then she bethought her of the Persian *Cyrus*, that deposed his Grandfather *Astyages*, whose use it was, at like age, to imitate maiestie in like manner.

This volume contains an unusual number of Greene’s poetical pieces, amounting in all to fourteen, some of them of considerable length. They are chiefly of a pastoral kind, and many of them exhibit a pleasing and fertile fancy, and are superior to much of the lighter fugitive poetry of that

period. Several of these songs have been printed in the modern selections from our early poets of Ellis, Campbell, Chalmers, and others; but a specimen or two, although they have already appeared, may probably afford gratification to others who have not seen them. The first is a beautiful and affecting Song from Sephestia to her child, with which she lulled him to sleep, after their escape from a shipwreck.

*Sephestias Song to her childe.*

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee  
When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee.

Mothers wagge, pretty boy,  
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy.

When thy father first did see  
Such a boy by him and mee,  
Hee was glad, I was woe,  
Fortune change made him so :  
When he had left this pretty boy,  
Last his sorrow, first his ioy :

Weepe not, my wanton, smile vpon my knee;  
When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee.

Streaming teares that neuer stint,  
Like pearle drops from a flint,  
Fell by course from his eyes  
That one anothers place supplies :  
Thus he griued in euerie part  
Teares of bloud fell from his heart,  
When he left his prettie boy,  
Fathers Sorrow, Fathers ioy.

Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee,  
When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee.

The wanton smilde, Father wept,  
Mother cryde, baby lept :  
More he crownde, more he cryde  
Nature could not sorrow hide.  
He must goe, he must kisse,  
Childe and mother, baby blisse :  
For he left his pretty boy,  
Fathers sorrow, Fathers ioy.

Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee,  
When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee.

The next is also radiant with beautiful and poetical fancy, expressed in easy and flowing language.





Achylles, discovering in foure discourses, interlaced with diuerse delightfull Tragedies, the vertues necessary to be incident in euery gentleman: had in question at the siege of Troy betwixt sondry Grecian and Troian Lords: especially debated to discover the perfection of a Souldier.

Containing mirth to purge melancholy, holsome precepts to profit maners, neither unsauerie to youth for delight, nor offensive to age for scurilitie.

*Ea habentur optima quæ et iucunda, honesta, et utilia.*

Robertus Greene, In artibus magister.

London. Printed by Ihon Wolfe for Edward White, and are to bee sold at his shop, at the litle North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gunne. 1587. 4to, **blk. lett.**

It appears that there were only two editions printed of this tract of Greene's; the first and present one in 1587, and the second in 1634. It is dedicated "To the Right Honorable Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, Vicount of Hereford and Bourghchier, Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Bourghchier and Louayne, Maister of the Queenes maiesties horse," wherein Greene says, that "vnder the shadow of a philosophicall combat betweene Hector and Achilles, imitating Tullies orator, Platoes comonwealth, and Baldessars courtier, he aymeth at the exquisite portraiture of a perfect martialist, consisting (sayth hee) in three principall pointes; wisdom to gouerne; fortitude to perfourme; liberalitie to incourage." He alludes to Lord Essex's courage and valour in the wars in the Low Countries, and hopes that the subject of his work, "for that it treateth of martiall discipline," would be found acceptable to his lordship. After this dedicatory Epistle there is a short address "To the Reader," which is omitted in the subsequent edition. The subject of the piece, which is called a "Sophomachia," is taken from the history of the Trojan war, and seems intended apparently to exhibit the extensive classical learning and acquirements of the ingenious author. It supposes that during a friendly truce of thirty days between the two contending armies, after two years of the siege had passed over, the Trojan ladies Andromache, Cassandra, and Polixena, accompanied by Hector, Troilus, Æneas, Helanus and others, went to see the Grecian tents, peopled with their enemies; and were sumptuously enter-



tained by Achilles in his tent with his companions Ulysses, Diomedes, Patroclus and others, together with the Grecian ladies. Whilst these in return, Iphigenia, Briseis and Cressida, accompanied by the Grecian generals, pay a visit to the city of Troy, and are entertained in their turn by King Priamus and Hector. The tale supposes that during this friendly interchange of visits the parties enter into some learned discussions, and that these are "interlaced" with the four Tragedies mentioned in the title: "Ulysses Tale. A Tragedy.—Helenus his Tragedie.—Hectors Tragedie.—Achilles Tragedie." These are short stories, each intended to illustrate some virtue in the character of a perfect soldier, wisdom, fortitude, liberality, &c., and have each of them a Latin motto prefixed. The whole of the book is in prose, and the language is occasionally embellished with that exuberance of ornament for which the writings of Greene are distinguished. "The third discourse," relating the visit of the Greeks to the Trojan city, commences thus picturesquely:

The gladsome rayes of Phœbus had no sooner shaken off, by the consent of blushing Aurora, the dusky and darksome mantle that denied Tellus and Flora the benefits of Tytan, but the Grecian Ladies, and especially Cressida, who all that night had smothered in her thoughts the perfection of Troilus, were up and at the pavilion of Achilles, to waken him from his drowsie rest: whose dreames were but sweete slumbers conceived by imagination of the beauty of his fayer Polixena: The worthy Capayne glad he had such pretty Cocks to crow him from his dreames, hied him out of his bed, and with as much speede as might bee, sending for Vlisses, Diomedes, Patroclus, Nestor and the rest, after a small desiune, for feare of the ayer, they mounted with the Ladies, and trotted on a solemne pace towards Troy.

Hector hauing by his espials understanding of their comming, accompanied with a worthy troupe of Troians, went to meete them, hauing before him upon white Arabian Coursers three hundreth gentlemen, clad in purple Bisse, their Hats plumed with crimson Feathers, that reached to the Arcons of their Saddles, their Coparisons interpointed with broken Launces spotted with bloode, about the borders was written this sentence:

*Hæc fortis sunt insignia.*

Next to these, Hector, whose countenance threatned warres, and in whose face appeared a map of martiall exploits, framing his collours to his thoughts, was seated on a black Barbarian Gennet, whose furniture was black Veluct, set with Adamants, interseamed with fluds, wherein were Salamanders bathing in content: there was imbrodered in letters figured with Pearle, this,

*Sic pro Marte.*

Hector thus in his Furniture mette Achilles, and the Ladies, whom after friendly salutations, and a second repaying of thanks for their good cheere, they conducted to the Citty: where they no sooner entred the gate, but Hecuba, the stately Troian

Queene, attended on by Penthesilea the princesse of the Amazons, hir daughters and other Ladies of great dignity, met them with most royall intertaynement; whom after generally they had saluted, with a particular welcome, they accompanied to the temple of Pallas, where aged Priamus with six and thirty other kinges his allied friends, amazed the Grecians with the sight of their maiesty: in so much, that Achilles as a man in a trauunce, confessed in his thoughtes, that this citty was *Microcosmos*, a little Worlde, in respect of the Cytties of Greece.

Although the style and language of Greene is generally rich and fluent, we occasionally meet with a coarseness and vulgarity of expression that jar strongly upon the ear, and betray the carelessness and haste with which he committed his numerous productions to the press. What can be less like his higher style, for instance, than the following sentence, which occurs near the commencement of this piece: "Polixena, who, as she was fayre, so shee was wyse, seeing how clarkely Achilles began to claw hir by the Elbowe, willing to let him knowe shee was able to espie a pad in the straw, cut him off in the midst of his talke with this answere."

We are unable to trace the sale or possession of a single copy of this first edition of 1587, which is of great rarity, with the exception of one in the King's Library in the British Museum, and the present copy. See Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. ii, p. 179.

Collation: Title A 1, A to M 3 inclusive, in fours.

Fine copy. Bound in Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

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GREENE, (ROBERT.)—Euphues his Censure to Philantus. Wherein is presented a Philosophical combat betweene *Hector* and *Achilles*, discouered in foure discourses, interlaced with diuers delightfull Tragedies, the vertues necessary to be incident in every gentleman; had in question &c. &c.

Ea habentur optima quæ et iucunda, honesta, et utilia.

Robertus Greene, in Artibus Magister.

London, Printed by Eliz: All-de. dwelling neere Christ-Church. 1634. 4to, blk. lett.

With the exception of the short address "To the Reader," which is omitted in this edition, it corresponds in its contents with the preceding. The orthography is slightly different, and the pages contain more lines than in the former impression. It is also somewhat larger in size than any of the other blk. lett. volumes of the works of Greene.



Copies of the present impression sold in the Roxburghe sale, No. 6667, for 4*l.* 5*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i, No. 2146, 1*l.* 16*s.*; Midgley's ditto, No. 337, 2*l.* 18*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iii, No. 799, 2*l.* 3*s.*; Freeling's ditto, No. 1253, 4*l.* 10*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. iii, No. 283, 3*l.* 1*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 301, 7*l.* 7*s.*

Collation: Title A 1, A to K 4 inclusive, in fours.

The Heber copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.

In Green Morocco, with broad border of gold, and gilt leaves.

GREENE, (ROBERT.) — The Spanish Masquerado. Wherein vnder a pleasant deuise, is discouered effectuellie in certaine breefe sentences and Mottos, the pride and insolencie of the Spanish estate: with the disgrace conceiued by their losse, and the dismaied confusion of their troubled thoughtes. Whereunto by the Author, for the better understanding of his deuice, is added a breefe glosse.

By Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister.

Twelue Articles of the state of Spaine. The Cardinals sollicite all. The King grauntes all. The Nobles confirme all. The Pope determines all. The Cleargie disposeth all. The Duke of *Medina* hopes for all. *Alonso* receiues all. The Indians minister all. The Souldiours eat all. The people paie all. The Monkes and Friers consume all. And the deuill at length wil cary away all.

Printed at London by Roger Ward, for Thomas Cadman. 1589. 4to, *blk.* *lctt.*

The ever memorable defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 was the occasion that called forth this production of Greene in the following year. It does not appear to have ever been reprinted; a circumstance, indeed, that might have been anticipated from its somewhat temporary character, for though in one sense it is most creditable to its Author, when regarded as a popular and patriotic work, the vivacity which distinguishes most of his other pieces is here wanting. It is dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull M. Hugh offley, Sheriffe of the Citie of London," after which are eight lines in French

called a "Sonnet" by Thomas Lodge — a short address "To the Gentlemen Readers," and "The Table of Contents with the Mottos." In the address, speaking of his former tracts, Greene says, "Hitherto, Gentlemen, I haue writte of loues, and I haue found you fauorable at the least smiling of my labours, with a plausible silence; now least I might be thought to tie myselfe wholly to amorous conceites, I haue adventured to discouer my conscience in Religion." The Mottos are twelve in number, and form the headings of different Sections which contain the Glosses. The latter are full of loyal and enthusiastic feelings which then animated every breast in favour of Elizabeth and her brave admirals and commanders, and in order that the reader may be better enabled to judge of the nature of the tract, we select for his perusal two of the Mottos with their Glosses.

The Duke of Medina, Captaine general of the Armie and Spanish forces, rydeth on a Iennet, with one foote out of the Stirrup, his cappe pulde ouer his eies, and his points vntrust: to him is said. *Pillulæ Britanicæ in dissenteriam te coniecuerunt.*

*Glossa.*

When *Julius Cæsar* was sent by the Senate Dictator against the Gaules, his friende *Lepidus* asking him whether he now iournyed: *In Galliam* (quoth he) *quæsiturus aut sepulchrum aut honorem.* This valiant resolution of Cæsar was not found in the Duke of *Medinia Salonia*, for though he was sent by his Prince and Soueraigne, as Generall of all his Forces, yet hee chose rather to returne with dishonour, then with valiant *Cæsar* to seeke a Sepulcher in *England*: For comming with a mightie Fleete, well prouided with martiall furniture such as might haue amazed the greatest Monarch in the whole world to encounter: comming with as greate a braue towards *England*, as *Xerxes* against *Lacedemonia*: setting up his Streamers as Commaunders that *Eolus* should be fauorable to his Navie. And with him the Admirall *Don Martinas de Ricaldo*, *Pedro de Valdes*, *Martin Bretendona*, *Gomes de Medina*, and others, whose Hieroglyphicall Simbols, Emblems, impresses, and deuises did prognosticate (as they supposed) their triumphant victorie, and our dishonorable and miserable ouerthrowe, playing at dice for our Noblemen and Knights, and deuiding our Land into portions: *Medina* and *Ricaldo* sytting thus as Princes of the Sea, brauing *Neptune* in our straights: no sooner came alongst our Coasts, and were encountred with our Fleete, filled with noble men of invincible courage, but *Medina* the great Champion of *Spaine*, tooke the lower end of the ship, *Ricaldo* his bed, whereas our Lord Admirall, the Lord *Charles Howard*, stood upon the upper decke, resolutely and valiantly encouraging his men to fight for the honour of their Countrie. The Lord *Henry Seymer*, a nobleman of worthy prowesse, standing in the face of the Enemie to put oile in the flame, and valour in an English heart, taught the Spaniards with Bullet, that the noble men of *England*, fiered with sparkes of honour, counted life no more but a debt, euery houre due unto nature. With him the Lord *Thomas Haword* whose forward resolution the Spaniards may reporte in *Spaine*, to their great dishonour. Next these,



that worthy Gentleman, that famous Cavalier, the terror of *Spaine*, that fortunate Knight, Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, bestirred himselfe, as his wonted manner, not fearfully as *Medina*, but valiantly standing in the fore roome, deliuered with Cannon his Ambassage to the Enemie. With him Sir *Martin Frobushur*, Sir *Roger Townesend*, and others which I omit, not as men of lesse valour, but for brevities sake. Then let us note and reioyce, how our nobles of *England*, and worthy Knightes behaved themselves, how God inserting courage in their mindes, fought for us and the trueth, and how striking a terror and cowardize into the Lordes of *Spaine*, as unto *Senacherib* and his hoste, bending their forces againste *Samaria*, the Lorde of *Medina* hasted out of our Seas, and our Fleete held them long in chase, spoyling and praying on their Shippes daily.

Thus the great Generall of *Spaine* was content to pockette vpe this Dishonour to saue his life, and therefore must abide the reproachfull taunt that our English Pilles hath caste him into a laske, and such a flyre, as hath defiled all his honour: then (for me) let him have the deserued scoffe

Pillulæ Britannicæ in dessenteriam te coniecerunt. *Don Martines de Ricaldo*, chiefe Admirall of the Fleete, standing in the Hauen, and seeing his tattered Shippes, considering what goodlye Vessels were taken and drowned, and what store of men and munition they had lost, leaning his backe against a broken ancker, and shaking of his head: saith thus: O Neptune, quantas epulas una cœna deuorasti?

*Glossa.*

Although *Don Martines*, for his expert skill in Navigation, and pollicie in nauall fight, was elected chiefe Admirall of the Spanish Fleete, yet such his fate, his fortune, or his little courage, that comming to *England*, as proudly as the Turke came into the Gulfe; yet he went away worse dishonoured then *Caligula*, that instead of Bat-taile, gathered Cockles on the westerne shoare.

Six yeare at the least he was greatesse Commaunder for furniture necessarie for this intended Fleete, which no doubt he stuffed and stored to the full, gathering together such prouision, as if he shoulde with the Gigantes, intend warre against *Mars* and *Iupiter*: Hee had in his Fleete, of Gallions, Hulkes, Pataches, Zabres, Galeases, and Gallies 130. The receit being 57868 Tunnes, Souldiours 19295 Mariners 8450. And of great brazen Peeeces 2630. Prouided thus, as might be supposed, for the conquest either of *Asia* or *Africa* hee wendeth his course against *England*, a little Iland, where as S. Augustine saith, there be people with Angels faces, so the Inhabitantes haue the courage and heartes of Lions: which poore *Don Martines* tried true: For GOD using ELIZABETH his seruant and her subiectes, as his instrumentes, to punish the enemies of his trueth, no sooner came this proud *Holofernes* into our seas, but the Mice crept out of the little *Betulia*, *Iudith* sitting peaceably in her royall seat, and incounting fiercely with their Foes, taught them that God fought on their side, then not to be daunted with multitudes: and *Martines* fearfull, shrunk away. But God who holdeth reuenge in his hand, let loose the windes, and threwe a storme into the sea, that many of their shippes which escaped our handes, perished on the Rockes: using the Sea for reuenge, as he did against *Pharao*, when he persecuted the children

of *Israell*: So that *Don Ricaldo* with dishonour, passed into *Spaine*, and our Admirall returned with glorious triumph into *England*, bringing home Shippes, Prisoners and Furniture, that our English shoares sounded with Echoes of triumphs, and every mouth was filled with the praises of the Lord *Charles Howard*, while *Ricaldo* dismaied at his misfortune, and his tattered shippes, saith: "O Neptune, quantes epulas una cœna deuorasti?"

The concluding sentences of the tract only lead us to regret that one who could write so well and so feelingly on the subject of religion, should not have placed more restraint upon his own conduct, but should so utterly have abandoned all sense of religion, and fallen so low in the abyss of vice and wickedness.

Let Englishmen then shrouded under the wings of the most highest, not feare what thousands can doe against them: nay let them giue thanks to God who hath blest us with such a Prince as makes us eat fruites of our owne vineyard, and drinke of the water of our owne welles: our Cities are full of ioy, and our children are seene sporting in the streetes: peace and plentie flourisheth in *England*, and all our Land floweth with milke and honie: nay more, that heauenly Manna the foode of our soules, the Gospel of our Saviour Christ, is franckly, freely and truly not only preached, but louingly imbraced by the Queene and her Subiectes.

Seeing then wee are euery way blest and fauoured from aboue; that the Lorde our mercifull God maketh *ENGLAND* like *EDEN*, a second Paradise: let us feare to offend him, and be zealous to execute the tenour of his commaundementes, then shall we be sure his Maiestie will send our Queene long life, his Church to haue faithfull ministers, and our Realme perfect Subiectes, and shroude us against *Spaine*, the Pope, and all other enemies of his Gospell. Finis.

Beloe has given a short account of this work in his *Lit. Anecd.*, vol. ii, p. 173, and has introduced one of the many curious anecdotes scattered throughout the piece, but he is wrong in stating that it was often republished, this being the only known edition. There is a copy of this work in the British Museum, and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 289, 7l. 7s.; Inglis, No. 711, 3l. 15s.; Freeling, No. 1259, 5l. 2s. 6d.; Heber, pt. iv, No. 806, 1l. 11s. 6d.; Gordonstonn, No. 1042, 3l. 3s.; Utterson, No. 900; Perry, pt. i, No. 2137, 2l. 5s.; Jolly, pt. iii, No. 268, 1l. 19s.

The Freeling copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.

In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

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GREENE, (ROBERT.)—Greenes Neuer too Late. Both Partes.

Sent to all youthfull Gentlemen, deciphering in a true English Historie, those particular vanities, that with their Frostie



vapours, nip the blossomes of every briar, from attaining to his intended perfection. As pleasant as profitable, being a right Pumice stone, apt to race out idlenesse with delight and folly with admonition.

By Robert Greene, In artibus Magister.

Omne tulit punctum.

London Printed by William Stansby, for Iohn Smithwicke, and are to bee sold at his Shop in St. Dunstones Church yard in Fleete-streete vnder the Diall. 1631. 4to, ~~blk.~~ *lett.*

In this pamphlet, Greene, touched with a feeling of repentance for his profligacy and impiety, laments under a feigned name the faults and errors his misguided youth; and in the portrait he has drawn in this tale of a wife's fidelity, and of a husband's desertion, wickedness, and subsequent repentance, he is supposed to have shadowed forth his own evil treatment of his wife, and short and dissolute career. But Mr. Collier has justly remarked that in these tales it becomes very difficult to separate the truth from the fiction. Greene, in the title, states that it is a *true* history, and the circumstances of the story in many points so nearly resemble his own, that we may naturally conclude it was passing before his mind when he wrote the history of the Palmer. We find him occasionally relinquishing his disguise, and speaking in his own person. Thus he talks of Francesco as being resident in London, not Troynovant; and at the end of the first part, he says, "Therefore, as soone as it may be, Gentlemen, looke for Francescoes further Fortunes, and after that my Farewell to Follies: and then adue to amorous Pamphlets": thus identifying himself, as it were, with the story and its subjects.

The work is dedicated, like the *Quip for an Vpstart Courtier*, "To the right Worshipfull Tho: Barnaby Esquire," after which is a short address "To the Gentlemen Readers," and commendatory verses of four six-line stanzas, and three similar stanzas by Ralph Sidney and Rich. Hake Gent., the former being styled "A Madrigall to wanton Louers." A full and elaborate outline of the story, with several extracts, has been given by Mr. Haslewood in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 271, so that any lengthened account of it here is rendered unnecessary. It was one of Greene's most popular tales, and went through several editions. The circumstance of its alluding

to the thoughtless and dissipated career of the Author under the character of the Pilgrim might probably add to its interest and great popularity. It is enriched with several pieces of poetry, some of which are among the best attempts of Greene, and are full of harmony and felicity of expression. The following Ode possesses much grace and beauty, both of thought and harmonious versification.

*Isabels Ode.*

Sitting by a Rivers side  
 Where a silent stream did glide  
 Banckt about with choice of flowers  
 Such as spring from Aprill showers  
 When faire *Iris* smiling, shewes  
 All her riches in her dewes  
 Thick leaved trees so were planted  
 As not Art nor Nature wanted  
 Bordering all the brooke with shade  
 As if *Venus* there had made  
 By *Flora's* wile, a curious boure  
 To dally with her paramoure.  
 As this current, as I gazd  
 Eyes intrapt, minde amazde  
 I might see in my ken  
 Such a flame as fiereth men  
 Such a fire as doth frie  
 With one blaze both heart and eye  
 Such a heate as doth prove  
 No heate like to the heate of love.  
 Bright she was, for 'twas a she,  
 That trac'd her steps towards me:  
 On her head, she ware a bay  
 To fence Phœbus light away:  
 In her face one might descry  
 The curious beantie of the skie.  
 Her eyes carried darts of fire  
 Featherd all with swift desire:  
 Yet forth these fiery darts did passe  
 Pearled teares as bright as glasse  
 That wonder 'twas in her eyne  
 Fire and water should combine:  
 If th' old Saw did not borrow  
 Fire is love, and water sorrow.  
 Downe she sate, pale and sad,  
 No mirth in her lookes she had,



Face and eyes shew'd distresse  
 Inward sighes discourst no lesse :  
 Head and hand might I see  
 Elbow leaned on her knee  
 Last she breathed out this Saw,  
 Oh! that loue hath no law,  
 Love inforceth with constraint,  
 Loue delighteth with complaint,  
 Who so loves, hates his life,  
 For loves peace is mind's strife.  
 Love doth feede on beauties fare  
 Every dish sawo'd with care :  
 Chiefely women, reason why,  
 Love is hatcht in their eye :  
 Thence it steppeth to the hart  
 There it poysneth euery part  
 Mind and heart, eye and thought.  
 Till sweet loue their woes haue wrought  
 Then repentant they gan cry  
 Oh, my hart that tewed mine eye.  
 Thus shee said, and then shee rose  
 Face and mind both full of woes :  
 Flinging thence with this Saw  
 Fie on loue that hath no law.

The stillness and lassitude of a hot summer's day are well described in the commencement of the following Canzone.

*Canzone.*

As when the Sunne sate lordly in his pride  
 Not shadowed with the vaile of any cloude  
 The welkin had no racke that seem'd to guide  
 No duskie vapour did bright *Phœbus* shroude  
 No blemish did eclipse the beaueous skie  
 From setting forth heavens secret searching eye.  
 No blustering wind did shake the shadie trees  
 Each leaf lay still and silent in the wood,  
 The birds were musicall; the labouring Bees  
 That in the summer heap their winters good  
 Plied to the hives sweet honey from those flowers  
 Whereout the Serpent strengthens all his powers.  
 The Lyon laid and stretcht him in the lawnes,  
 No storme did hold the Leopard from his prey  
 The fallow fields were full of wanton Fawnes  
 The plow-swaines neuer saw a fairer day :

For every beast and bird did take delight;  
 To see the quiet heauens to shine so bright.  
 When thus the windes lay sleeping in the Cauces,  
 The ayre was silent in her concaue spheare,  
 And *Neptune* with a Calme did please the slaues,  
 Ready to wash the neuer drenched Beare,  
 Then did the change of my affects begin  
 And wanton love assai'd to snare me in.

The last poetical piece is one of some length at the close of the tale on the twelve signs of the Zodiac, but too long for quotation.

The earliest edition of this work was published in 1590, and was followed by others in 1600, 1607, 1616, 1631, and one without any date. A copy of this edition produced at the Roxburghe Sale, No. 6657, 5*l.* 5*s.*; of the others, edition 1607, *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 931, 2*l.* 16*s.*; edition 1631, Bindley, pt. ii, No. 1649, 5*l.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 302, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Trip-hook, No. 1815, 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; Freeling's do., No. 1264, 3*l.* 7*s.*; Chalmers', pt. i, No. 1966; Gardner's do., No. 858.

Collation: Title A 1, A to Q 4 inclusive, in fours.

The Freeling copy. Bound by Black.

In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

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GREENE, (ROBERT.)—A notable Discouery of Coosenage. Now daily practised by sundry lewd persons called Connie-catchers, and Crosse-byters: Plainely laying open those pernicious sleights that hath brought many ignorant men to confusion. Written for the general benefit of all Gentlemen, Citizens, Aprentises, Countrey Farmers and Yeomen, that may hap to fall into the company of such coosening companions. With a delightfull discourse of the coosnage of Colliers.

Nascimur pro patria.

By R. Greene, Maister of Arts.

London Printed by Thomas Scarlet for Thomas Nelson.

1592. 4to, blk. lctt.

The undoubted genius of Robert Greene, and the reformation of character that would in all probability have attended a more lengthened career, had his life been spared, if we may judge from his eloquent and touching



language, when he was leaving the present scene, render us reluctant to be constantly dragging to the surface those unfortunate traits by which he became so notorious; but an allusion to them in the present place becomes somewhat a matter of necessity, inasmuch as they in themselves lend authority to the statements contained in his very rare and curious tracts, which relate to the idle and discreditable classes of Elizabethan society. There can be little doubt but that he often described phases of rascality and vice that had either fallen under his own personal observation, or in which he had been himself an actor. With these brief observations on the degradation of a mind fitted for far nobler purposes, a subject even now contemplated with pain after this long absence of time, we proceed without further preface to the consideration of this class of Greene's productions, merely premising, however, that in these attempts to expose the fraudulent cheats and cunning practices of his licentious associates, Greene seems to have taken to himself considerable praise for his exertions, and considers that he was thereby doing his country great service in the detection of such nefarious cheats. In *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, published in 1592, whilst blaming himself for the "Varieties of penning Plaies and other trifling Pamphlets of Love" which he had written, he fervently thanks God for putting it into his mind to lay open the "most horrible Coosenages of the common Conny-Catchers, Cooseners, and Crosse-Biters," and believes that he was thus very essentially benefiting society at large.

The present work is the first of the series of pieces on this subject. On the title is a curious woodcut of a rabbit or coney sitting up with the five of clubs in the right hand, and three of spades in the left, a tankard and goblet at each side, and some dice on the ground. This is the second edition, the first having been printed the year before. It is preceded by an address "To the Reader," in which he states how he "left his studie in Whittington Colledge (*i.e.*, Newgate builded by one Whittington), and traced the countrie to grow famous in his facultie, so that he was so expert in the *Art of Coney-catching* by his continual practise, that that learned Philosopher Jacke Cuttes, whose deepe insight into this science had drawn him thrice through euery gaole in England, meeting of him at Maidstone, gave him the bucklers, as the subtelest that euer he sawe in that quaint and mysticall forme of Foolosophie." This is signed "Yours in cardes and dice, Cuthbert Cony-catcher." The first portion of the tract is on "The Arte of Conni-catching," then "A Table of the words of Art used in effecting these base villanies. Wherein is discoured the nature of every tearme, being proper to none, but

to the Professors thereof," next, "The Art of Cross-biting," and at the end "A pleasant discovery of the cosenage of Colliers." This last portion is not in black letter. The work will not well admit of quotation, but a short extract, "How a Cookes wife in London did lately serue a Collier for his cosenage," will serve to shew the nature of the work.

It chanced this summer that a load of coles came foorth of Kent to Billingsgate, and a leger bought them, who thinking to deceiue the citizens, as he did those in the Suburbs, furnished himselfe with a couple of sacks, and comes up S. Mary hil to sell them. A Cookes wife bargayned with the Collier for his coles, and they agreed upon fourteen pence for the couple: which done, he carried in the coles and shot them: And when the wife sawe them, and perceyuing there was scarcee five bushels for eyght, shee cals a little girle to her, and bade her go for the Constable: for thou cosening rogne, quoth shee, (speaking to the Collier) I will teach thee how thou shalt cozen me with thy false sakes, howsoeuer thou doest others, and I will haue thee before my L. Mayor. With that she caught a spit in her hand, and swore if he offred to stirre, she would therewith broach him. At which word the Collier was amazed, and the feare of the Pillory put him in such a fright, that he sayd he would go to his bote, and returne againe to answere whatsoeuer she durst obiect against him, and for pledge thereof (quoth the Collier) keepe my sacks, your money, and the coles also. Whereupon the woman let him goe: but as soone as the Collier was out of dores, it was needelesse to byd him runne, for downe he gets to his Bote, and away he thrustes from Billingsgate, and so immediately went downe to Wapping, and neuer after durst returne to the Cookes wife to demandaund eyther money, sacks, or coles.

There is a copy of this work in the British Museum. Steevens' *Catal.*, No. 882; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 933, 2l. 3s.; Freeling's do., No. 1265, 4l. 12s. This is the same copy from each of these collections.

Collation: Title A 1, A to D 4 in fours, thirty-two pages.

Bound by Charles Lewis.

In Green Morocco, with broad border of gold, gilt leaves.

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GREENE, (ROBERT.)—The Groundworke of Conny-catching: the manner of their Pedlers-French, and the meanes to understand the same, with the cunning slights of the Counterfeit Cranke. Therein are handled the practises of the Visiter, the fetches of the Shifter and Rufflar, the deceits of their Doxes, the deuises of Priggers, the names of the base loytering Losels, and the meanes of euery Blackeart-man shifts, with the re-proofe of all their diuellish practises. Done by a Justice of



Peace of great authoritie, who hath had the examining of diuers of them.

Without date, place, or printers name. 4to, blk. lett.

Although this tract is usually numbered amongst Greene's pieces on this subject, and there is little doubt it was published by him, yet it is in reality little more than a reprint, with some variations, of portions of Harman's work, *The Caveat for Common Cursitors*, printed in 1567, who was also himself indebted, in a slight degree, to an earlier and less extensive work, *The Fraternitie of Vagabonds*, 4to, for some of his material. It is without any imprint, and has a singular woodcut on the title, in three divisions, representing in the upper part a magistrate or judge, a cat of nine tails, a birch tree, and a gallows; in the middle portion, the cony with the cards in his hands, as in the preceding work, a professional fool and a woman with a rabbit or coney in her hand, and a coney with some instruments in one hand apparently picking a lock in a house; at the bottom, a coney armed with a shield and large sword raised aloft, and a woman talking with a coney dressed up with a sword at his side. In the course of the work there are two other wood cuts of a singular kind, the first covering the whole page, represents "An upright man Nicolas Blunt," and "The Counterfet Cranke Nicolas Geninges"; and the other, of the Cranke making his escape, without his clothes, over the fields to his own house. A fac-simile of the latter cut was given by Mr. Collier in his *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 141.

The volume commences with an address "To the Gentle Readers," containing a list of the characters that form the subject of the different chapters; then "A new kind of shifting sleight, practised at this day by some of this Cony-catching crue, in Innes or vittailing houses, but especially in Faires or Markets"; followed by a second address "To the Reader," in which is introduced a list of the canting language, and a dialogue between an upright man and a rogue, "shewing the manner of their canting speech." The latter is quoted at length by Dr. Bliss at the end of his edition of Bishop Earle's *Microcosmography*, in his account of Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursetors*, p. 253, and he has also given one of the characters, "A Prygger of Prauncers," or a horse stealer. Harman's work having been reprinted, a short extract from the present tract will be sufficient to shew the nature and style of the work.

*A Iarkeman and a Patrico. Cap. 15.*

For as much as these two names, a Iarkeman and a Patrico be in the olde briefe of

Vagabonds, and set forth as two kinds of euill doers, you shall understand that a Jarkeman hath his name of a Jarke, which is a seale in their language, as one should make writings and set seales for licences and pasports. And for trueth there is none that goeth about the country of them, that can either write so good and faire a hand, or indite so learnedly as I haue seene and handled a number of them: but haue the same made in good townes, as what cannot be had for money (as the prouerbe saith) *Omnia venalia Romæ*, and manie hath confessed the same to me. Now also there is a Patrico, and not a Patriarcha, which in their language is a Priest that should make marriages till death depart, but they haue no such I am well assured, for I put you out of doubt that not one amongst a hundred of them are married, for they take lechery for no sinne, but naturall fellowship and good likeing loue, so that I will not blot my booke with these two that be not.

Samuel Rowlands, in his *Martin Mark-all*, complains of the imposition attempted to be palmed upon the public, in attributing this work to Greene as an original piece, which was "made at first by one Master Harman a Justice of Peace in Kent in Queene Maries daies." But Rowlands' tract is chiefly directed against the Belman of London.

Collation: Title A 1, A to F 4 inclusive, in fours, one leaf additional after the title, marked \*.

The Freeling copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.

In Green Morocco, with broad border of gold, and gilt leaves.

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GREENE, (ROBERT.) — Greenes Ghost Haunting Conie-Catchers.

Wherein is set downe, The Arte of Humouring. The Arte of carrying Stones. Will. St. Lift. Ia. Foot. Law. Ned Bro. Catch. And Blacke Robins Kindnesse. With the conceits of Doctor Pinch-backe a notable make-shift. Ten times more pleasant then any thing yet published of this matter.

Non ad imitandum, sed ad evitandum.

London, Printed for R. Iackson and I. North, and are to be sold in Fleet streete, a little aboue the Conduit. 1602. 4to, blk. lett.

We have included this work among the productions of Greene on this subject, although it is generally supposed to be written by Samuel Rowlands. In "The Epistle Dedicatorie to all Gentlemen, Merchants, Apprentises, Farmers, and plaine countrimen," which is subscribed S. R., supposed to be



Samuel Rowlands, he says, "The bookes that were not long ago set forth, concerning Conie-catching and crosse-biting, and the discoverie of each (if anie sparke of grace were) might haue beene so manie restraints and bridles to call them from that abominable life, but they that are giuen ouer to their owne hearts lust, with all their might inueigh both against them and their Authour.

I haue therefore, Gentlemen, as one inforced (*amore patriæ*) taken in hand to publish this little Pamphlet, (which by a very kind friend came by a chance to my hands, and adding somewhat of mine owne knowledge, and vpon very credible information) most necessarie in my mind for the good of the common wealth, both for all men to see, what grosse villanies are now practised in the bright Sunneshine, that thereby they may be forewarned to take heede how they converse with such cosoning companions: as also a iust checke and controll to such wicked liuers, that they perceiuing their goodnesse set abroch, may with remorse and penitencie forsake their abominable course of life, and betake them to a more honest and ciuill behaviour." The dedication is followed by a short metrical address of sixteen lines "To the Reader."

As a further evidence that this tract was written by another person, and not by Greene, we may quote the opening sentences of the work in which allusion is made to the two Pamphlets already published by that writer on the subject of Conie-catching.

There hath beene of late daies published two merrie and pithie Pamphlets of the arte of Conicatching, wherein the Author hath sufficiently expressed his experiëce, as also his loue to his Countrie. Neuerthelesse with the Authors leaue, I will ouerlook some lawe tearmes expressed in the first part of Conicatching: whereunto, as the Author saith, is necessarilie required three parties: The *Setter*, the *Verser*, and the *Barnacle*. Indeed I haue heard some retainers to this ancient trade dispute of his proceedings in this case, and by them in a full Synode of quart pots, it was thorowlie examined and concluded, that there were no such names, as he hath set downe, nor any cheating Arte so christened as Conicatching. Marie, in effect there is the like underhand traffique daylie used and experienced among some fewe start up Gallants disperst about the suburbs of London, who tearme him that drawes the fish to the bait, the *Beater*, and not the *Setter*: the *Tauerne* where they go, the *Bush*, and the foole so caught, the *Bird*. As for Conicatching, they cleape it *Bat fowling*, the wine, the *Strap*, and the cards, the *Lime twigs*. Now for the compassing of a woodcocke to worke on, and the fetching him into the wine bench of his wracke, is right beating the bush. The good asse is he will be dealt upon, stouping to the lure if he be so wise as to keep aloofe, a Haggard: and he whom he makes Verses the Retrifer, and the Barnacle the Pot hunter.

But all this breakes no square, so long as *ſc* we concurre in eodem subiecto: yet I

wish that as he hath looked into these wicked actions opened therein, so he had also looked into other grosse sinnes, which are seeded in the hearts of sundrie persons. Extortion had beene a large theame to have wrought upon: and with the Usurers bagges full of gold, he might haue handled another pretie Treatise: He might haue brought forth Justice weying bread, and the Baker putting his eares in the ballance to make euen weight. He should haue personated the Thames most pittifully complaining, what monstrous hauocke the Brewers make of her water, without all remorse or compassion: and how they put in willowe leaues and broome buds into their wort instead of hoppes. So likewise a Christian exhortation to mother *Bunch* would not have done amisse, that she should not mixe lime with her Ale, to make it mightie, or cozen the Queenes liege people of their drink, by fubbing them off with these slender wasted black pots and Cannes, that will hold little more than a Sering. A profitable Treatise might haue also been published for such companions to looke into, as for good fellowship will not sticke to lend two or three false oathes to defeate the widdow and fatherlesse of their right, though in short space after they lose their ears for their labour.

The writer then proceeds to relate many singular and amusing instances of cosenage and cheating, some of them not of the most delicate kind, and at the close of this part commences "The notable, slie, and deceitfull pranks of Doctor Pinchbacke," which occupies the remainder of the volume. There is much broad humour in this tract, and some of the tricks and modes of cheating described are similar to what are practised at the present day, in proof of which we may give the following example of what is now termed "ringing the changes."

*A slie tricke of Cosenage lately done in Cheapside.*

There is a kind of Lift called Chopchain, as when a Gentleman like a bat fowler hath hired a chain for a day or two upon his credit, or hath some of his friends bound for the restoring of it againe, goes to S. Martines, and buyes for a little money another copper chaine, as like it as maie be: then comes he to the Goldsmith, and upon the right chaine offers to borrow twentie pounds: the Goldsmith toucheth it to see if it be counterfeit or no: then finding it good, he tenderth him his money: which the whilest he is doing, and that both money and chaine lies yet upon the stall, what doth me he, but fumbles and plaies with the linkes carelessly, as if he minded another matter, so by a fine tricke of Legerdemaine gathers it up into his hand, and chops the copper chaine in place, leauing him that pawne for his twentie pounds.

Collation: Title, A 1, A to G 2, inclusive in fours.

Copies of this first edition of this work have sold in the Roxburghe sale, No. 6655, for 2*l.* 5*s.*; North's, pt. iii, No. 747, 2*l.* 14*s.*; Reed's, No. 2173, 3*l.*; Freeling's, No. 1283, 3*l.* 5*s.*; Strettell's, No. 1034, 3*l.* 10*s.*; Inglis's, No. 712, 3*l.* 10*s.*

The Freeling copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.

In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.



GREENE, (ROBERT.)—Greene's Ghost Haunting Cony-catchers :  
Wherein is set downe The Art of Humouring. The Art of  
carrying stones &c. &c.

London, Printed for Francis Williams. 1626. 4to, **blt.**  
**lett.**

The present is the third and last known edition of this tract, the second  
having been printed in 1606. The contents are exactly similar to the  
preceding.

Sold in Bindley's Collection, pt. ii, No. 1651, for 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Perry's ditto,  
pt. i, No. 2143, 3*l.* 15*s.*; Gordonstoun ditto, No. 1047, 4*l.* 7*s.*; Midgley's  
ditto, No. 345, 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Jolley ditto, pt. iii, No. 279, 3*l.* 10*s.*; Jolley, 4*l.*  
10*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 270, 7*l.* 7*s.*

Collotion: A to G in fours, A 1 and G 4 blank.

From the Libraries of Bindley and Jolley. Fine copy.

Bound in Venetian Morocco, gilt leaves.

GREENE, (ROBERT.)—Questions concernyng Conie-hood, and the  
Nature of the Conie. Of which, under the Moderatorship of  
Honie Mouth Stengler, Conie-Catcher; Merie-Pate, the  
Knaue of Clubbes, being Aunswerer. To take degree in the  
same facultie shal be disputed: In the afternoon-howers,  
evenings, and night-times, amongst a great Concourse of all  
Studentes in the same Facultie, these next eating, playing and  
bibbing Kalendes, in the Regent house of Phantastiques. As  
they were studiouslie acted in Germanie.

Smiling, who tells a profitable *Trueth*

In sweet *Conceit*, enfouldes a needfull *Purge*,

Rude *Bobbes* are bitter, *Pleasure* plastereth *Ruthe*,

Which iust *Remorse* from guilty *Soule* might urge.

But he, which takes no warning, fowle or fayre

Gulled with *Gobbes*, I wish him blacke *Dispaire*.

Read, vnderstand, iudge.

Without printers name, place, or date. (1595.) 4to.

This short prose tract has been often ascribed to Greene, for which reason  
alone it is here introduced amongst his other works, but it is not at all in

his style, nor do we believe that it was written by Greene. The Dedication is thus addressed: "To the right Worshipfull S. S. Esquire. Sir, happening to finde by chance, among my Law-papers, the originall print of this Pamphlet in Latin, as it was acted at *Wittenberg* in *Germanie*, during my abode there, and afterwarde sent ouer to a friende into *England*, I thought good, inasmuch as wise men ioyned all their pleasures with some profitable consequence, to deeme it worthie your view, wherewith your Worsh. at time of your leysure with your recreation may beholde in the way of iest, manie earnest absurdities of mens conversations. May it please your W. to accept of it, I haue my wish. This 4. of June. 1595. Your Worships deuoted R. R." This is followed by "A Table on Trichotomy, by a Conie of the eighth position, of the matters contained in these Questions." The Questions concerning Conie-hood are twenty-three in number, at the end of which are "Coronides, or Questions to be disputed for pleasure."

1. "Whether Conie-hood may bee as well in women as men? Which is affirmed.

2. "Whether any man taking himselfe by the nose, may apprehend withall diuerse kindes of Coni-hoods, as well concerning the quantitie, as the qualities? Both which are affirmed."

The pamphlet is very short, consisting of six leaves only, and a couple of examples from it will be sufficient.

## XII.

That Conie-hood which proceedes of Melancholy, is, when in feastings appointed for merriment, this kind of Conie-man sits like *Mopsus* or *Corydon*, blockish, neuer laughing, neuer speaking, but so bearishlie, as if he would deuour all the companie, which he doth to this end, that the guests might mutter how this his deep Melancholy argueth great learning in him, and an intendment, to most weighty affaires and heauenlie speculations.

## XIII.

Conie-hood proceeding from Choller, is in him, which amongst mirth, hauing but one crosse worde giuen him, straightwaies fals to his weapons, and will kill and hacke peece meale the quicke and the dead through superfluity of his manhood (like a Goat) and doth this for this purpose, that the standers by may say, that he is a tall fellow of his hands, and such an one, as will not swallow a cantell of cheese.

This little treatise is very scarce, and the present copy was presented by Mr. Douce to George Steevens on returning some of Greene's pieces, to accompany his other tracts upon the subject of Cony-catching. It has that eminent antiquarians autograph note, dated "Grays Inn, 18th May, 1790." It unfortunately wants one leaf, B 1. The dedication is upon Sig. A 4, so that probably there was a blank leaf both before and after the title.

Half bound in Green Morocco.



GREENE, (ROBERT.) — *Ciceronis Amor*. Tullies Loue. Wherein is discoursed the prime of Ciceroes youth, setting out in liuely portratures how young Gentlemen that ayme at honour should leuell the end of their affections, holding the loue of countrie and friends in more esteeme then those fading blossomes of beautie, that onely feede the curious suruey of the eye. A worke full of pleasure as following Ciceroes vaine, who was as conceived in his youth as graue in his age, profitable as containing precepts worthie so famous an Orator.

Robert Greene in Artibus Magister.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

At London Printed by Robert Robinson for Thomas Newman and John Winnington. 1589. 4to, pp. 86, **blkt. lett.**

The dedication of this prose work of Greene's, so often reprinted, commences thus: "To the right honorable Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, enobled with all titles that Honor may afforde or vertue challenge, Robert Greene wisheth encrease of vertuous and Lordly resolutions." Then an address in prose "To the gentle Readers health," followed by two copies of Latin verses of six lines each, "*Ad Lectorem Hexasticon*," signed Thomas Watson Oxon. (the author of the *Teares of Fancie*, &c.), and "*Ad Lectorem de Ciceronis Amore Hexasticon*," signed "G. B. Cantabrigiensis," and by two copies of English verses of twelve lines each, signed "Thomas Burneby Esquire and Edward Rainsford Esquire," which end the introductory matter. Then follows the work itself, which is an entertaining story of the crosses and difficulties incident to love, and is interspersed with amorous epistles and several pieces of poetry, one of some length, entitled "The Shæpeherd's Ode," which is quoted in full in Mr. Haslewood's account of this work in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 240. The reader may take the following verses on Jealousy, as another short specimen of Greene's poetical vein:

When Gods had fram'd the sweete of womens face,  
and lockt mens lookes within their golden haire:  
That Phæbus blusht to see their matchles grace,  
and heauenly gods on earth did make repaire.  
To quippe faire Venus ouerweening pride  
Loues happie thoughtes to ielousie were tied.

Then grewe a wrinkle on faire Venus browe,  
 The amber sweete of loue was turn'd to gall :  
 Gloomie was heauen: bright Phoebus did auowe  
 He could be coy and would not loue at all,  
 Swearing no greater mischiefe could be wrought  
 Then loue united to a ielous thought.

The present is the first edition of this work and of the greatest rarity, not more than two copies being known to be in existence. One of these copies was in the fourth part of the *Bibl. Heber.*, No. 946, and which was purchased by Mr. J. P. Collier for 3*l.* 13*s.*, in a note to which it is stated in the Catalogue that "Mr. Dyce in all his research after Greene's pieces could find no copy earlier than 1592, in which year he supposed it was first printed. There is no copy of this edition at Oxford, Cambridge, nor in the British Museum. Mr. Beloe, in his list of Greene's works given in the *Lit. Anecd.*, vol. ii, p. 185, mentions only the edition of 1628. The one noticed in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 240, is the edition of 1611, and the two in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, Nos. 295 and 296, are those of 1628 and 1639, which are priced respectively at six and five guineas. Bindley's copy, pt. ii, No. 1646, of the edition of 1609, sold for 5*l.* Mr. Heber possessed two copies of this first and extremely rare edition; the present copy having belonged to him, which he purchased at Nassau's sale in 1824.

Very fine copy. In Brown Calf.

GREENE, (ROBERT.) — Ciceronis Amor. Tullies Loue. Wherein is discoursed the prime of Ciceroes youth, setting out in liuely Portraitures, howe yong Gentlemen, that ayme at Honor, should leuell the end of their affections, holding the loue of Countrey and Friends in more esteeme &c. A Worke, full of Pleasure, as following Ciceroes vaine who was as conceited in his youth &c. &c.

Robert Greene In artibus magister.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

At London Printed for Nicholas Lyng. 1601. pp. 80,  
 4to, blk. lett.

Although not one of the best written or most interesting of the productions of Greene, it appears to have been very popular by being so frequently



reprinted. The present is the third edition, the second having been printed in 1592, and is the first of those printed after the death of Greene, who is reported to have died about 1592. It has the device of Lyng on the title-page, viz: a Ling entangled in the branches of a honeysuckle, with an ornamental border round it, and the initials N. L. in each corner at the bottom. The pages are not numbered as in the first edition, and the printing is rather closer, otherwise it does not differ materially from the preceding. We omitted to mention in our previous account of the work that it contains two or three copies of Latin verses, and amongst others some Latin Sapphics, which evince the scholarship of Greene. This edition is not noticed by Watt or Lowndes, nor by Beloe in his list of this author's works. See Collier's *Bridgw. Catal.*, p. 133.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Green Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

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GREENE, (ROBERT.) — Ciceronis Amor. Tullies Love. Wherein is discoursed the prime of Ciceroes youth, setting out in liuely Portraitures, how yong Gentlemen, that aime at Honour, should leuell the end of their affections &c. A worke full of pleasure, as following Ciceroes veine, who was so conceited in his youth, as grave in his age &c.

By Robert Greene, In artibus Magister.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

London Printed by W. Stansby for John Smethwicke, and are to bee sold at his Shop in S. Dunstanes Church-yard, vnder the Diall. 1611. pp. 80, 4to, **blt. lett.**

If there was an edition of this work printed in 1597, of which a copy appears to have been sold in Sir Francis Freeling's Collection, No. 1274, the last in 1601 will be the *fourth* impression instead of the *third*. It appears also that there was another printed in 1609, and that a copy of this edition was purchased in Bindley's Sale, pt. ii, 1646, for 5*l*. The present will therefore be the sixth impression of this work, and corresponds entirely with the preceding ones, the only difference being in the orthography. On the title is Smethwicke's device of a duck, having a label in its mouth with

the word "wick," and the motto, "Non altum peto. I. S." The reader will see a description of this edition by Mr. Haslewood in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 240. There was a copy in the White Knight's Collection, No. 1906, which sold for 3*l.* 18*s.*

Bound by Winstanley. In Blue Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

GREENE, (ROBERT.) — Greenes Orpharion. Wherin is discovered a musicall concorde of pleasant Histories, many sweet moodes graced with such harmonius discords, as agreeing in a delightfull classe, they sound both pleasure and profit to the eare. Heerein also as in a Dietcheron, the branches of Vertue, ascending and descending by degrees: are co-united in the glorious praise of woman-kind. With diuers Tragicall and Comicall Histories presented by *Orpheus* and *Arion* beeing as full of profit as of pleasure.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

Robertus Greene, in Artibus Magister. At London, Printed for Edward White, dwelling at the little North doore of S. Paules Church: at the signe of the Gun. 1599. 4to, blk. lett.

Few of the works of this voluminous writer are more interesting, or possess greater merit, than this short tract. It is dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull Maister Robert Carey Esquire," afterwards created Earl of Monmouth in 1626 by Charles I., and has the following short address "To the Gentlemen Readers," from whence we infer that the work was composed by Greene some time before it was printed. "Gentlemen, I haue long promised my Orpharion, and because I would not frustrate your expectation, at last it is leapt into the Stacioners Shoppe, but not from my Study, for then might you thinke I had swel'd with the mountaine and brought forth a Mouce, but the Printer had it long since; marry, whether his presse were out of tune, Paper deere, or some other secret delay driue it off, it hath line this twelue months in the suds. Now at last it is crept forth in the Spring, a slender bud, and easily to be nipt with the least frost of Disdaine.



"Therefore doo I entreate whatsoeuer melody my Orpharion yeeld: you would fauour the blossome with the Sunshine of your curteous acceptance, else shall you discourage a Gardener for grafting any more, and therefore hoping to finde you as euer I haue done, farewell.

ROB. GREENE."

The tract consists almost entirely of the two tales of Orpheus and Arion, and is interspersed, like some others of this writer's works, with a few short pieces of poetry.

The Author being taught by Cupid the restless passions that accompany love, having fallen under its dominion, endeavours to find a remedy for the relief of his malady: and leaving his home sails to Cyprus in search of Venus, the sovereign Goddess and patroness of such perplexed patients. There he sees the Palace of Venus "like the gorgeous Tower built by Semeramus. Sloth being Porter, sleepy, and suffering free passage to all, the gate of entrance was not the way to returne: for at the other side was a doore to depart, where Beggerie stode and threatned all, but strooke some with his whip of repentance: Within I found Princes, great Lords and men of meane calling, all prisoners, some fettered by the eyes, others by the eares, some by the tong, as hauing more lust in their mouth then loue in their mindes, none or fewe cheyned by the harts, and such as were, set inthroned in a secret Cell: those Venus shrin'de vp as wonders of the worlde."

Not finding Venus in Cyprus he went from thence to Paphos, "where Venus had only a Temple: Thither came multitudes on Pilgrimage making vows, uttering oathes, and protesting promises: if they might enioy the fruition of their Ladyes to be sworne votaries to the Goddesse: Some were fauoured, others disgraced: some dispaired, some hoped, but all found the ende of theyr pilgrimage was to buy smoake with many perills and daungers."

From Paphos he went to the fountaine of *Alcidalion*, where Venus went to avoyde the heate of Sommer. "There he sawe sitting about the bancks, infinite troupes of faire and beautifull Ladyes, all votaries unto Venus, smyling at the fondnesse of men, and laughing at the passions of theyr Louers, making true loue knots of rushes, that broke ere they could be twisted: some seemed lyke Saintes, those were subtile and peruerse: others fawned, and those were flatterers: some wept, and they let fall teares of deceite: some seem'de to haue many eyes, and those had many fancies: some two harts, and yet they were very chaste: for some had twenty measuring

their Lounes by their lookes. Gazing still upon their countenance and gesture, he perceived hard by, separate from the rest a few Ladyes sitting passing solitarie, their names were ingrauen in the trees, but so long since as hardly he could read them, yet he found out *Hero*, *Penelope*, *Thisbe*, *Artemisia*, alas! a small number, and disdained by the rest; these had their eyes shut against beauty, and their eares open to vertue, their harts subiect to loue, but onely stamped with one Carracter, resembling the Emeraulde, that neuer looseth the first impression, nor admitteth any other." Not finding *Venus* here, he "hasted from *Alcidalion* to *Ida*, where he could see no steps of a Goddess, but only the ancient monument of *Troy*, consumed to cinders, there he noted the end of loue, the reward of lust, the trophes of *Venus*, the follies of women in *Helena*, that brought *Priamus* his sonnes, and so famous a Cittie to confusion. From thence he posted to *Erecinus*, the mountaine was greene and pleasant to the eye, the stones that appeared higher then the grasse seemed like *Jacinthes*, the mosse was flowers, the very rubbish below, pearles, so that nature seemed to have conquered art, and art nature, and a supernaturall glory both in musing at the gorgeous situation of this deuine Mount, looking if eyther there were Palace or Temple dedicated to *Venus*, he saw none, but casting his eye into the bordring vale, he saw a Shepherd grasing of his flockes." This was *Mercury* under the form of a Shepherd, and being desirous to learn of him some tidings of the Goddess, he enters into a colloquy with him, during which *Mercury* describes the various mltitudes of amorous Pilgrims who resorted thither to sue to *Venus* for relief of their passions: after which, "sitting down, he tooke his pipe in his hand, and plaied so sweetly, that like *Argus* at *Mercuries* melodie our Author fell on sleepe." He then related the dream that befell him, which as it will afford a pleasing specimen of the Author's style both in prose and verse, we give the passage entire.

No sooner had *Morpheus* shut mine eyes but I fell into a dreame, mee thought I was ledde from *Erecinus* by *Mercury* along the galupin, or siluer pained way of heauen to the hie built house of *Ioue*, there would I haue gazde at the gorgious buildings, but my guide was in haste, and conducted me into the great Hall, where *Iupiter* and the rest of the Gods were at a banquet — no sooner was I entred amongst them but *Mercury* sprinkled me with water, which made me capable of their diuine presence, so y<sup>e</sup> I sat still looking on their persons, and listening to their parle: at last me thought blunt *Vulcan* that sat at y<sup>e</sup> lower end of the boord, although *Venus* aboue sat opposite to *Mars*, beganne thus roughly to breake silence: I cannot mighty Gods



but smile to thinke that when my wife and her blind Sonne, the one with her boxe of beauties, the other with his quiver of arrowes passe abroad to shewe their Deities : what number of poore perplexed men as patients come to have care of their hurts, some in their eyes, that haue gazed with the Phylosopher agaynst too bright a Suune, and such are blind : some that with *Vlisses* haue not stopped their eares, but haue listened the *Syrens*, and they complaine of their hearing : some in their harts, and those bewraies their passions by their grones : none comes without greefe, nor returne throughly cured, so that I suppose either the wounds are very perilous, or my wife a bad Surgion. Truth (quoth *Iupiter*) but what number of women come hether : Multitudes (quoth *Vulcan*.) *Apollo* smoothly and yet with a smile, demaunded if they were as bad to cure as men : No (quoth *Vulcan*) for be the wound neuer so deepe, 'tis perfectly cured in twelue houres, eyther my wife is more friendly to Women, or their sores more easie to salue. No (quoth *Mercury*) it is because their loues are like a mans breath against bright steele, which scarce lighteth on before it leapeth off, or like wood wet in Allom water, which lieth in the fire and waxeth hot, but neuer burneth : their harts resemble a Pumice stone, light ; and which way soeuer you turne it, full of starting holes, that if fancy steale in at the one, he can step out at the other : or els (quoth *Iupiter*) their harts haue no holes at all, but as firme as flint, that neyther fancy nor loue can enter, for *Venus* teacheth them extremities, eyther to fawne, and be too fond, or to be too coy and too stubborne, which causeth so many to put up inuectiues against her. Least of all (quoth the Goddess) in a great chafe, hath *Iupiter* cause to accuse women of cruelty, if not I appeale to *Iuno* : at this all the company smiled and *Ioue* was silent. Well (quoth *Apollo*) leauing these quips seeing we haue met to be merry, if it please you to allow of my motion, to make us some musicke, I will raise up the Ghosts of *Orpheus* and *Arion*, two famous in their times for their instruments, and greatly experienced in Loue, as being great traualiers, and with that conuersing the greatest Potentates in the world, who often are as full of loues as they are of dignities : these shall please us with harmony, and discourse either what they thinke, or what they haue heard of womens loues : To this all the Gods gladly agreede, and *Mercury* was sent in Post to *Pluto* for these two Musitians : scarce had I thought *Mercury* had bene out of the Hall, before I saw enter with this winged God the Ghosts of *Orpheus* and *Arion* so liuely to the eye, and so well trussed in their apparell as they seemed perfectly such as they were when they liued upon earth. *Orpheus* after that he had done due reverence to the Gods, especially to *Apollo* ; tuning his instrument without any more commaund, as if his seruice should be saluery, he daintily toucht the cordes with a sweet stroake, and to a melodious tune sung this Ditty.

*Orpheus Song.*

He that did sing the motions of the starres  
 Pale colour'd Phœbus borrowing of her light :  
 Aspects of Planets oft oppos'd in iarres,  
 Of Hesper Henchman to the day and night.  
 Sings now of Loue as taught by proofoe to sing  
 Women are false and loue a bitter thing.

I lou'd Euridicæ the brightest Lasse  
 More fond to like so faire a Nymph as she:  
 In Thesaly, so bright none euer was,  
 But faire and constant hardly may agree.  
 False harted wife to him that loued thee well:  
 To leaue thy loue and choose the Prince of hell.

Theseus did helpe, and I in hast did hie  
 To Pluto, for the Lasse I loued so:  
 The God made graunt, and who so glad as I,  
 I tun'de my Harpe, and shee and I gan goe,  
 Glad that my loue was left to me alone,  
 I looked back, Euridicæ was gone.

She slipt aside backe to her latest loue,  
 Vnkinde shee wrong'd her first and truest Feere:  
 Thus womens loues, delights as tryall proue  
 By false Eurydicæ I loued so deere.  
 To change and sleete, and euery way to shrinke  
 To take in loue, and lose it with a winke.

Orpheus is then called forth and delivers his tale of Lidia, daughter to Astolpho King of Lidia, and Acestes, Knight of Thrace, which being ended, Arion "Tuning his instrument began to warble out this Ditty."

*The Song of Arion.*

Seated vpon the crooked Dolphins back  
 scudding amidst the purple coloured waues:  
 Gazing aloofe for Land Neptune in black  
 attended with the Tritons as his slaues.  
 Threw forth such stormes as made the ayre thick  
 For greefe his Lady Thetis was so sick.

Such plaints he throb'd as made the Dolphin stay  
 women (quoth he) are harbours of mans health:  
 Pleasures for night, and comforts for the day  
 what are faire women but rich natures wealth.  
 Thetis is such, and more if more may be:  
 Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me.

Women are sweets that salue mens sowrest ills  
 women are Saints, their vertues are so rare:  
 Obedient soules that seeke to please mens wills,  
 such loue with faith, such Iewels women are.  
 Thetis is such, and more if more may be:  
 Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me.



With that he diu'd into the Corall waues  
 To see his loue, with all his watry slaues,  
 The Dolphin swam, yet this I learned then :  
 Faire women are rich Iewels vnto men.

Arion having ended his song, next tells his tale of Philomenes, son to the King of Loyoth, and Argentina, the daughter of Pelopidas, Duke of Corinth, in the course of which Philomenes introduces the following spirited translation from an ode of Anacreon. This has been quoted by Mr. P. Collier in his *Poet. Decameron*, and is supposed by him to be the first time that anything from this author had appeared in an English dress. It is here called

*A Sonnet.*

Cupid abroad was lated in the night,  
 his winges were wet with ranging in the raine,  
 Harbour he sought, to mee hee tooke his flight,  
 to dry his plumes I heard the boy complaine.  
 I op'te the doore, and graunted his desire,  
 I rose my selfe, and made the wagge a fire.  
 Looking more narrow by the fiers flame  
 I spied his quiuer hanging by his backe :  
 Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,  
 I would haue gone for feare of further wrack.  
 But what I drad, did me poore wretch betide :  
 For forth he drew an arrow from his side.  
 He pierst the quick, and I began to start,  
 a pleasing wound but that it was too hie,  
 His shaft procur'de a sharpe, yet sugred smart,  
 away he flewe, for why his winges were dry.  
 But left the arrow sticking in my brest :  
 That sore I greeu'de I welcom'd such a guest.

When Arion had ended his tale, Mars arose and took up the cudgels in favour of the tender sex, and waxing wroth with his subject, he struck his hand on the board in such a rage that our Author awoke, and the volume is thus concluded : " Being thus awakt, I lookt about mee, and still sate my Shepheard :—How now, good fellow, quoth I, haue I not taken a lusty nap ? Thy Pipe sounded so sweetly, and there I had such a dreame as I would not haue lost for much, for I hope it wil after more profit me then all my journey I haue past to *Eracinus*. I am glad, quoth the Shepheard, my pipe did thee so much pleasure, and if thy slumber hath presented thee any

visions, note them, for al dreames that men see in *Ericinus*, prooue true: and with that standing up, me thought he had wings on his head, shoulders, and feete: he bad me far-well, and took his flight: then I knew it was *Mercury*. Whereupon, calling to mind the occasion of my journey, I found that either I had lost loue, or loue lost me: for my passions were eased. I left *Erecinus*, and hasted away as fast as I could, glad that one dreame had rid me of fancy, which so long had fettred me, yet could I not hie so fast, but ere I could get home I was ouertaken with repentance.

Finis. Robert Greene."

We are not aware of any other Edition of this Tract by Greene than the present. It is of considerable rarity, and was not in the Roxburghe, Steevens, Sykes, Perry, Hibbert, Townley, Heber, or Bright collections. The only copies we can trace in any Sale Catalogues are those of Woodhouse in 1803, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; the Duke of Grafton's, No. 366, 7*l.* 7*s.*; and the Rev. T. Lyte's, 8*l.* 5*s.* There is a copy in the King's Collection in the British Museum, and another in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Bound in Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

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GREENE, (ROBERT.)—Penelope's Web. Where-in a Christall Mirror of feminine perfection represents to the view of euery one those vertues and graces, which more curiously beautifies the mind of women, then eyther sumptuous apparell, or Iewels of inestimable value: the one buying fame with honour, the other breeding a kinde of delight, but with repentance.

In three seuerall discourses also are three speciall vertues, necessary to be incident in euery vertuous woman, pithely discussed: namely, Obedience, Chastity, and Sylence: Interlaced with three seuerall and Comicall Histories.

By Robert Greene Master of Artes in Cambridge.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

London Printed for Iohn Hodgets and are to be solde at his shop at the Flower de luce in Fleete streete, neere to Fetter Lane end. 1601. 4to, blk. lett.



It seems singular, notwithstanding the great popularity of Greene's works in the early part of the 17th century, when they were almost universally read and valued, and while several impressions of some of them were published, that they should have quite disappeared from circulation during the latter part of the same century, and become utterly forgotten and obsolete. Perhaps the occasional coarseness of language and expression, and the frequent want of taste that pervades some of this author's writings, may have been the chief causes of this change: and when we also consider that the whole of his works, numbering altogether nearly fifty, were written in the short space of eight years, and many of them composed to obtain the necessities of life, these circumstances may form some palliation for their defects, and induce us to look with a more favourable judgment on his numerous imperfections both of style and language.

The present work is dedicated "To the Right Honorable and vertuous his very good Ladie and mistresse the Lady Margaret Countesse of Cumberland and to the no lesse Honorable and vertuous the Ladie Anne Countesse of Warwick." After this are two addresses, one "To the Gentlemen Readers," and the other "To the Courteous and Courtly Ladyes of England," both signed "Robert Greene."

The subject of the work, in which Penelope, the faithful wife of Ulysses, whilst waiting for the return of her husband, narrates three tales in exemplification of the three virtues mentioned in the above long and tedious title, Obedience, Chastity, and Silence, is not one of the most interesting of Greene's productions, but furnishes him with an opportunity, which he was never unwilling to indulge, of shewing his extensive classical acquirements and general knowledge of language. Like most of his other works, it is crowded with similies, often extremely apposite, but the prose language is so similar to that of his other pieces, that it will not be necessary to supply any extracts. It contains three pieces of poetry—the first, a sonnet of Ariosto Englished; the second, "*Barmenissas Song*," styled a madrigale; and the last, four six-line stanzas on the Latin motto—

*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

The second of these is a not unpleasing example of Greene's poetical style:

*Barmenissas Song.*

The stately state that wise men count their good  
The chiefest blisse that luls asleepe desire,  
Is not dissent from Kings and princely blood:

Ne stately Crowne ambition doth require.  
 For birth by fortune is abased downe,  
 And perils are comprised within a Crowne.

The Scepter and the glittering pompe of mace,  
 The head impalde with honour and renowne,  
 The Kingly throne, the seate and regall place,  
 Are toyes that fade when angry fortune frowne.  
 Content is farre from such delights as those,  
 Whome woe and daunger doe enuie as foes.

The Cottage seated in the hollow dale,  
 That fortune neuer feares, because so lowe :  
 The quiet mind that want doth set to sale  
 Sleepest safe when Princes States doe ouerthrowe.  
 Want smyles secure, when Princely thoughts doe feelee  
 That feare and daunger treads upon their heele.

Blesse fortune thou whose frowne hath wrought thy good :  
 Bid farewell to the Crowne that ends thy care,  
 The happy fates thy sorrows haue withstood,  
 By syning want and pouerty thy share.  
 For now content (fond fortune to despight)  
 With patience lows thee quiet and delight.

This Song is quoted by Beloe in his *Lit. Anecd.* vol. vi, p. 6, who has also noticed this tract in his list of Greene's pieces in the same work, vol. ii, p. 183. See also Dyce's edition of Greene's works, vol. i, p. 108, and Collier's *Extr. Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 233. A copy sold at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale, No. 6656, for 5*l.*; Sir Francis Freeling's ditto, No. 1278, 3*l.* 15*s.*; Boswell's ditto, No. 935, 7*l.* 15*s.* This was the Freeling copy.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

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GREENE, (ROBERT.)—A Paire of Turtle Doves, or, The Tragicall History of Bellora and Fidelio. Seconded with the Tragicall end of Agamio, wherein (besides other matters pleasing to the Reader) by way of dispute betweene a Knight and a Lady, is described this neuer before debated question :—To wit, Whether man to woman, or woman to man offer the greater



temptations and allurements unto unbridled lust, and consequently whether man and woman in that unlawfull act, be the greater offender. A Historie pleasant, delightful, and witty, fit of all to be perused for their better instruction, but especiall of youth to be regarded, to bridle their follies.

Printed for Francis Burton, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules-church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de-luce and Crownes. 1606. 4to, **blü. lett.**

Although the name of Greene is nowhere attached to this Tragical History of Romance, the style and language in which it is written, together with other circumstances, leave no doubt that it is one of the numerous productions of his fertile and ingenious pen. And as he died in 1592, it seems probable that there was an earlier edition than this published, although no copy of it is known to exist. Mr. George Steevens, to whom the present one formerly belonged, entertained a similar opinion, for in a manuscript note by him inserted in the beginning, and alluding to its former possessor, Mr. Bowle, he remarks, "I am well convinced that I have seen another edition of this romance, with a less crowded and circumstantial title page, but cannot recollect where I met with it. When my course of black letter began, had I been aware of the necessity of such a precaution, I would have kept a minute register of all anonymous tracts, which, on some kind of authority, were ascribed to contemporary pamphleteers like Greene, &c. I am, however, much mistaken if the name of Greene was not either printed in the title of the other edition, or at least written on it in an ancient hand. I hardly suppose the authority of Mr. Bowle's quotation from one of old Jackson's catalogues would have been sufficient for me to rely on.—G. S."

The volume is entirely in prose, and is not, like some others of Greene's works, interspersed with poetry. The story is preceded by a short prose address or dedication "To all kind and vnkind Readers of both kindes." The scene of the story is laid in Greece, but as Mr. Haslewood, in his account of this work in the *Brit. Bibl.*, vol. iv, p. 210, has given a copious abstract of the history there, with some quotations from it, we shall rather refer our readers to that source, than burthen our pages with its repetition. A short exemplification of Greene's prose style may, however, be found acceptable to some of his admirers, which is taken from near the end, and relates the tragical ends of the hero and heroine of the tale.

*The Author.*

Scant were the last words parted from the lips of *Fidelio*, but no whit at all danted with the sparkling flames which flashed out before him, he, contrary to the expectation of the standers by, threw himselfe suddainely into the midst of the fire. And although many of the beholders did lament his desperat case, and would haue drawn him out of the fire, yet it was impossible for them to recouer him, the hungry flames did so greedily ceaze on him. Now *Bellora* incensed with a suddain fury, for the direful death of her most beloued *Fidelio*, oftentimes assayed swiftly to haue followed his steps, and to haue bin entombed with him in the same fire, if she had not forcibly bin restrained and detained by *Morania* and other Ladies which were about her. Assoone as desperat *Fidelio* had ended his wofull Tragedy, the sad countenanced Queene associated with many of the Nobles, humbly kneeling downe at the feete of the King, did al seriously importunat him to daine some mercy, and now to spare the life of his poore distressed and distracted Daughter, diswading him by many arguments from opposing himselfe against the decree of the celestiall Deities, who had at last compelled the Maister of all the mischiefe to execute iustlie their deserued wrath upon himselfe. But the King would neither flatly deny, nor absolutely grant their importunat requests at that instant, but referred the consideration of the case, to the furthar deliberation and discretion of the whole body of his nobility and counsell.

And it had not bin uneasie for them to haue regained his gracious pardon and reconciled fauour, if she her selfe (like despairing *Dido*) had not willingly sought, and wilfully wrought her own death. Now after *Fidelio* had peracted this desperat part, mourning *Bellora* was conueyed from the place of execution to the court. And the Queene still instigated with the care of a tender mother, endeououred by al meanes (she might) to cheare up the spirits of her sad and discontented daughter. But so deadely and stil fresh bleeding were the wounds that the unnaturall death of so faithful a loue had so deeply inflicted to her dying hart, y<sup>t</sup> her inward sorrowes were far more grienous then could appeare to the outward sight of any mortal creature, and stil she fed her melancholy humor with pensiue thoughts, rightly resembling the true *Turtle Doue*, who is neuer merry, after she is widowed of her first beloued Mate.

And she thought euery minute a month, and euery month a longe yeare, untill shee might follow the steps of her suddaine departed *Fidelio*. Now one night (which was the last of her mourning daies) when she could no longer forbear want of those ioyes which she received by his life, nor beare with any more patience the paines she, sustained by his cruell death, and coulde finde no other way to stop the violent breach of flowing sorrowes, but to make uppe the total summe of her nightly daies : as soon as she perceiued that a heauie and dead sleepe had fettered and faste shut up the wakeful sences of those which were appointed to guard and attend her, shee bethought her selfe to take hold of slippery opportunity, and to act that Tragical deed now with her hands, which she had long before contriued and plotted in her hart.

And when she could find no sharpe pointed Weapon, wherewith to pierce her



snow-white brest, being warilie deprived of all such instruments as are fit for despairing persons to make too hasty a ridāce of their lingering woes, in making speedie dispatch of their tedious life: At last she saw no other meanes hastily to finish her resolute determination, but to yeeld her selfe for a prey to certain hungrie Lyons, which the King caused to be kept in a place neare adioyning to her lodging right underneath one of the Windowes of her Chamber, whither softly approching without any delay, shee violently threw her selfe out amongst the middest of those rauenous beasts, who did no homage or dutifull reuerence at all to this Lady, in regarding her *Royal blood*.

Although these princely creatures haue bin sometimes highly admired for their naturall discretion and clemency in such like cases, yet nowe without respect eyther of her tender sexe, or royall estate, they greedily satisfied theyr present hunger, so that her comely shaped body was in a moment quite disfigured, and torn into many pieces. And thus beautifull, (but euill fortunēd) *Bellora* ended her doleful Tragedy, who could not, nor would not bee deuorced by death from her dearest *Fidelio*. Oh! how far more happy had bin the state of humane condition, if that hellborne monster despaire, had still bin chayned in perpetual darknesse, and had not bin set at liberty, to range up and down the earth, and so to inrage the wounded minds of hope deprived creatures, that they lay bloody hands on themselues, and commit high treason against the sacred Law of Nature.

The plan of the work is conducted on the model of the old plays of the early tragedians, in which the chorus was introduced for the purpose of explaining the story to the audience, here imitated by the interlocutory remarks of "the Author," who continues the narrative after the arguments and speeches of the disputants are exhausted.

Besides Mr. Haslewood's account of this work in *Brit. Bibl.*, the reader may consult also Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. ii, p. 187; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 298; and *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, p. 952. It is one of the rarest of Greene's publications. The present copy of this tract (as we have already stated) belonged to Steevens, and at his sale, No. 885, was purchased for 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* The same copy was bought by Mr. Heber at the White Knight's sale, No. 370, for 10*l.*; and in *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 952, brought 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* Only two other copies are known, one in the Douce collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and another which was in the Library of Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart., and at his sale, No. 1340, producing 7*l.* 7*s.*, passed into that of Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., at whose sale it was bought by Mr. Miller, No. 1279, for 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, and is now in the collection at Britwell House. It corresponds exactly with this in its title and other particulars.

Collation: Title, A 1; Sig. A 2; B to O 4, inclusive in fours.

In the original Calf Binding.

GREENE, (ROBERT.) — Arbasto. The Anatomie of Fortune.

Wherein is discoursed by a pithie and pleasant discourse, that the highest state of prosperitie, is oft times the first step to mishap, and that to stay upon Fortunes lot, is to treade on brittle glasse. Wherein also Gentlemen may finde pleasant conceits to purge melancholie, and perfect counsell to preuent misfortune.

By Robert Greene Master of Arts.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

At London, Printed by Hugh Iackson, dwelling in Fleetstreet beneath the Conduit. 1594. 4to, **blk. lett.**

We have already noticed several of the works of this author, the most popular and voluminous pamphleteer of his day; of whom a volume might be written, whilst describing in a full and satisfactory manner the events of his chequered and unfortunate life, as drawn from his own works, and those of his contemporaries and associates. It will be sufficient, however, here, to remark, that Greene was a native of Norwich, and born of respectable parents about the year 1560, or, according to some writers, earlier. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and took his degree of B.A. in 1578, soon after which he went abroad for some time into Italy and Spain, and other parts of the Continent. While there he seems to have given way to vice and dissipation, and to have imbibed a taste for those extravagant and intemperate habits for which he was afterwards noted. For in the rare tract, entitled *The repentance of Robert Greene*, he informs us that "wags as lewd as himself, with whom he consumed the flower of his youth, drew him to travell into Italy and Spain, in which places he saw and practizde such villainie as is abhominable to declare." It is probable, also, that his sojourn abroad may have had some influence with Greene in the subjects of his future love tales and romances, in which he exhibits considerable powers of invention, but some of which are most likely drawn from the stores he met with in the writers of France and Italy. On his return he appears to have taken his degree of M.A. at Clare Hall in Cambridge, in 1583, and entering into the Church, he took orders, and was presented to the Vicarage of Tollesbury in Essex, the 19th of June, 1584, which he relinquished in the following year, but from what cause is not known. Probably he found that



his conduct was not in accordance with his profession as a clergyman, and that a feeling sense of reproach and conviction of conscience may have urged him to this step. Mr. Dyce has noticed that a Robert Greene was in 1576 one of the Queen's chaplains, and presented by her to the Rectory of Walkington in the diocese of York; but this could hardly refer to the poet, who only took his first degree in 1578, when he was probably not more than eighteen years of age, and who soon afterwards went abroad on his travels.

From this time till his death, in 1592, a period of six or seven years, he took up his abode in London, became a writer by profession, "an author of playes, and a penner of loue pamphlets," and falling among evil and dissolute companions, like Nash, with whom he was an intimate friend, Marlow, and others, he gradually sunk into the grossest profligacy and extravagance, and led a life of unrestrained licentiousness and vice. He soon after married, contrary to the wishes of her father, an amiable and virtuous wife, and beautiful in her person, by whom he had an only son, but whom, as it would appear, from her vaine desire to "persuade him," perhaps too vehemently "from his wilfull wickedness," he is said to have deserted shortly after, having first spent the whole of her fortune, and having also been allured by a courtesan of the name of Ball (by whom he had an illegitimate son named Infortunatus Greene), whose brother, an infamous character called Cutting Ball, was afterwards hung at Tyburn. It was, as is supposed, immediately after this abandonment of his amiable wife that he returned to London, to plunge into fresh dissipation, where he "became an author of playes, and a penner of loue pamphlets, so that he grew famous in that qualitie," relying solely on the labours of his pen for his daily support. Here, while "young yet in years, though old in wickedness," as he himself says, "he grew so rooted in all mischiefe, that he had as great delight in wickednesse as sundrie hath in godlinesse, and as much felicitie in villainy as others had in honestie."

In July, 1588, he was incorporated M.A. at Oxford, which led him rather vaingloriously to term himself in the title to some of his publications "*Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister*." Greene is consequently noticed by Ant. Wood, who says of him "He was at this time a pastoral sonnet maker and author of several things which were pleasing to men and women of his time. They made much sport, and were valued among scholars, but since they have been mostly sold on ballad-mongers stalls." He says also, "Other trifles he hath extant, which he hath wrote to maintain his wife, and that high and loose course of living which poets generally follow."

It was during these last years of his unfortunate life, while steeped in

vice and intemperance—now filled with grief and repentance, and then plunging into fresh scenes of folly and dissipation—that he wrote the greater part of his works. With everything to have induced him to lead a moral, religious, and happy life—a tender and amiable wife, endued with every virtue that could adorn her sex, a son whom he loved, talents and abilities of a high order, and a sufficiency of this world's goods—he might have been blessed and happy in his career, but he threw them all away and embarked on the troubled sea of vice and misery and woe; and at length, forsaken by his friends, sunk into poverty and vice, his last days embittered by remorse and agony, and filled with fruitless resolutions of repentance and reform, he closed his melancholy and short-lived career by partaking too freely of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine at a banquet, early in August, 1592, at which his friend Nash was present. He was seized in consequence with a fatal illness, and after lingering for about a month in the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate—in a state of abject poverty—deserted by Nash and all his former companions, he expired on the 3rd of September in the same year, and was buried on the following day in the new churchyard near Bedlam.

The faults of Greene were an excess of humour, kindness, and good-nature—and a too great love of pleasure and of the world—without a sufficiency of strength of mind and of religious principle to enable him to resist its temptations. While conscious of his great abilities, he must have been deeply and painfully struck with the gross and lamentable misuse of his talents. And these feelings of remorse and shame at his misguided career must have been grievously heightened and increased by the reflection of the sacred profession in which he had once ministered, but of which he had proved himself so unworthy a member.

Greene's *Arbastro* was first licensed to Hugh Jackson in August, 1585, and it is possible there may have been an edition even earlier than the present, although no copy is at this time known. Mr. Dyce, in his edition of *Greene's Works*, vol. i, p. cix, was not aware of this impression, and says that this tract was first printed in 1617, and Lowndes refers to no earlier one than of this date, but we have here one of twenty-three years earlier. We are not aware whether Greene was the original inventor of the story, or had adopted it from some other author. He occasionally displayed great originality, and was possessed of a rich fancy, accompanied with much ease and power of language; but his pieces were occasionally written in haste,



and sometimes betray marks of carelessness. The present work is dedicated to "the Ladie Talbot, wife to the Right Honorable Gilbert Lord Talbot," afterwards the seventh Earl of Shrewsbury, who died in May, 1616. She was the third daughter of Sir William Cavendish, and was imprisoned as a suspected accomplice in the flight of Lady Arabella Stuart. Her eldest daughter Mary was wife to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. A short address "To the Gentlemen Readers," from the author, follows the dedication. The plot of the story is as follows: The Author sailing towards Candy arrives at the city of Sidon, where after offering incense to Astarte the goddess of prosperity, he spies a Cell, on entering which, he sees the Priest of the goddess sitting. This is Arbasto, whom he persuades to tell his story, as under, as an example of the trust that is to be given to inconstant Fortune. Arbasto King of Denmark has an only brother Tebaldo, who whilst sojourning in France is basely slain without cause in the French Court. To revenge his brother, Arbasto sails with a great force into France, burns their forts, and razes their towns and cities to the ground, using no mercy. Pelorus the French king passes with all his host to Orleans, to which Arbasto immediately lays siege. But a truce being granted, Arbasto, accompanied by his nobles, goes to Pelorus, who receives him with courteous entertainment. Here he beholds the two daughters of Pelorus, with the youngest of whom, called Doralicia, he immediately falls in love; while the eldest, termed Myrania, falls in love with him. Taking Egerio, one of his nobles, with him, he offers himself to Doralicia and is refused, receiving only her hate. A few days after, accompanied only with Egerio and a few of his guard, Arbasto sent to Orleans, in order both to conclude a peace, and to demand Doralicia in marriage; where he no sooner arrived, and entered into the city, but he is overpowered by Pelorus and his men at arms, thrown into prison, and threatened with death on the scaffold within ten days. Here he is upbraided by the ladies, drowned in distress, and expecting every hour to die. In this emergency, Myrania, having with her maid secretly made away with the jailor, enters the prison at night, proffers his entire freedom, and offers herself to leave her father and her country, and to pass with him into Denmark and become his wife. Her offer is accepted, and they return home together to Denmark, where Arbasto is welcomed with great triumph. Here, in spite of his promises to Myrania, his old affection for Doralicia returns, and he privately sends an Ambassador to Pelorus to ask for his daughter Doralicia in marriage, and writes a private letter to her. To this letter Doralicia sends a froward answer of rejection, and the match

is declined by Pelorus. Being in sorrowful state, and Myrania suspecting the cause of his disease, she by luckless chance, finding the door of his closet open, stumbles upon the copy of the letter he had sent to Doralicia, and of her answer to it. And perceiving how treacherously Arbasto had acted towards her, in thus requiting her love with hate, she fell into a fever, refusing all sustenance, and wishing for nothing but death. Arbasto, not aware that she knew of his deceit, conjectured the cause of her sorrow to be, that she doubted the Nobles would not consent to their marriage. He therefore, accompanied by his Nobles, went to comfort her, and to carry her the news that, if she would but come into their Chamber of presence, she should then be crowned Queen; and again pleads his love. Myrania then, in the presence of them all, upbraids him with his deceit, calls upon Egerio, as he had sworn to avenge her injuries, and produces the letters which had passed between him and Doralicia, and then dies. Arbasto is carried to his bed, and lay for several days oppressed with grief and other discordant passions, while Pelorus, taking the death of his daughter to heart, in a short time dies, leaving Doralicia the sole inheritor of his kingdom. The latter now, repenting her former cruelty, yields up her heart to Arbasto, and addresses a letter to him with an offer of herself. To this Arbasto returns such an answer of hate and refusal, that she falls into a frenzy, and soon after dies. Arbasto leads a loathsome life, and is soon after dispossessed of his crown and kingdom by Egerio, who, conspiring with the Nobles of his realm, causes him to fly. Thus forced to retire, he arrives at Sidon, where, considering the fickle inconstancy of unjust Fortune, he has ever since lived content in his cell, "always smiling, that by contemning Fortune he learns to lead her in triumph."

There are only two short pieces of poetry in the volume, the first of which on Fortune, called "a dumpe," is here given :

Whereat erewhile I wept, I laugh,  
 That which I feard, I now despise  
 My victor once, my vassaile is,  
 My foe constraind, my weale supplies.  
 Thus do I triumph on my foe,  
 I weepe at weale, I laugh at woe.

My care is cur'd, yet hath no end,  
 Not that I want, but that I haue  
 My chance was change, yet still I stay,  
 I would haue lesse, and yet I craue :  
 Aye me poore wretch, that thus do liue,  
 Constrained to take, yet forced to giue.



She whose delights are signes of death  
 Who when she smiles, begins to lowre,  
 Constant in this, that still she change,  
 Her sweetest gifts, time proues but sowre.  
 I liue in care, crost with her guile,  
 Through her I weepe, at her I smile.

This edition is not mentioned by Lowndes, who only notices that of 1617. It is of the greatest rarity; the only other known copy being preserved in a large and valuable collection of tracts in the library of Christ Church, Oxford.

Bound in Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

GREENE, (ROBERT.)—The History of Arbasto, King of Denmarke.  
 Describing the Anatomy of Fortune, his loue to faire Doralicia. Wherein Gentlemen may finde pleasant conceits to purge melancholy, and perfect counsell to preuent misfortune.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

By Robert Greene, Master of Artes. Whereunto is added a louely poem of Pyramus and Thisbe.

London, Printed by J. B. for Roger Iackson, and are to be sold at his shop neere Fleet Conduit. 1617. 4to, **blk. lett.**

The second known edition, and of great rarity, though not to be compared in that respect with the one just described. Mr. Beloe, in mentioning the later impression of 1626, in his *Lit. Anecd.*, vol. ii, p. 186, has inaccurately described the title. He says, "The *History of Arbasto, King of Denmark*, describing the *Orations* of Fortune in his loue to the faire Doralicia." Lowndes also appears never to have seen the work, as he has copied the mistake of Beloe. On the title is a wood cut device of the printer (in this copy, indistinct) with the motto "O wormes, O froath, O vanitie, Why art thou so insolent?" The dedication to the Ladie Mary Talbot, and the address "To the Gentlemen Readers," which are both on one page, are, in this edition, much abridged—the former considerably, the last three paragraphs being entirely omitted. On the reverse of this leaf is a table of "The Contents of this History," not in the former edition. The work is

here also divided into chapters, and is slightly curtailed, as well as less correctly printed, as for instance, Astarte, the goddess of prosperity, is here called *Araste*. The size of the page is larger in this impression, the tale itself occupying twenty leaves only, while in the former it fills twenty-six leaves. These are the chief differences between the two editions, which are both of them very rare. The only other copies we can trace are, one of this edition of 1617 in Malone's collection in the Bodleian at Oxford, and one in the King's Library of the date of 1626.

This copy has not the Poem of Pyramus and Thisbe mentioned at the end of the title. This latter is by Dunstan Gale, and although there is no doubt it was originally printed in 1596, the dedication being dated in that year, no earlier edition has yet been discovered than this of 1617, which was printed like the *Arbasto* for Roger Jackson. A copy of this edition was purchased from the *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv, No. 762, for 2*l.* 17*s.*, by Sir Francis Freeling; and at the Sale of the latter gentleman's library in 1836, No. 1244, it sold for 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* There is also a copy in the Bridgewater collection. Mr. Collier, in his *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 125, thinks it not unlikely that, some copies of the edition of 1596 remaining unsold in 1617, the bookseller who published *The History of Arbasto* in that year appended the Poem to it, and printed a general title to both pieces. It appears also as if other booksellers had a share in the publication, the name of Francis Williams being given by Mr. Collier as the publisher, instead of Roger Jackson. Mr. Collier does not seem to have been aware at that time of any earlier edition of *Arbasto* than this of 1617.

Although the present is a bad copy, and has been much repaired, it is collated and perfect, and is valuable as forming a link in the long series of this author's publications. It is from the collection of the late Edward Vernon Utterson, Esq.

Half bound in Green Morocco.

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GRYMESTON, (ELIZABETH.)—Miscelanea. Meditations. Memoratiues. By Elizabeth Grymeston.

Non est rectum, quod à Deo non est directum.

London, Printed by Malch. Bradwood for Felix Norton.  
1604. 4to.



The title to this little posthumous work is surrounded by a neat arabesque wood-cut border, on the reverse of which is a table of "The Contents." To this succeeds a dedicatory epistle in prose "To her louing sonne Bernye Grymeston." This son, as we learn from an article in the *Cens. Literar.*, vol. vi, p. 162, was the youngest and only survivor of nine children whom she had by her husband Christopher, the youngest son of Thomas Grimston of Grimston, Esq., in the county of York, and was so called after his mother, the daughter of Martin Bernye of Gunton, in Norfolk. The following is a quotation from this curious epistle of good advice from a mother to her son.

I haue prayed for thee, that thou mightest be fortunate in two houres of thy life time, in the houre of thy *marriage*, and at the houre of thy *death*. Marrie in thine owne ranke, and seeke especially in it thy *contentment* and *preferment*: let her neither be so beautifull, as that euery liking eye shall leuell at her; nor yet so browne, as to bring the to a loathed bed. Deferre not thy marriage till thou comdest to be saluted with a *God speed you Sir*, as a man going out of the world after fortie; neither yet to the time of *God keepe you Sir*, whilst thou art in thy best strength after thirtie; but marrie in the time of *You are welcome Sir*, when thou art comming into the world. For seldome shalt thou see a woman out of her owne loue to pull a rose that is full blownen, deeming them alwaies sweetest at the first opening of the budde. It was *Phædra* hir confession to *Hippolitus*, and it holdes for trueth with the most: *Thesei vultus amo illos priores quos tulit quondam iunenis*. Let thy life be formall, that thy death may be fortunate: for he seldome dies well that liveth ill. To this purpose as thou hast within thee *Reason* as thy Counsellor to perswade or dissuade thee, and thy *Will* as an absolute Prince with a *Fiat vel Euietur*, with a *Let it be done or neglected*; yet make thy conscience thy *Censor morum*, and chiefe commander in thy little world: let it call *Reason* to account whether she haue sub-jected hir selfe against reason to sensuall appetites. Let thy *Will* be censured, whether hir desires haue beene chaste, or as a harlot she haue lusted after hir owne delights. Let thy thoughts be examined. If they be good, they are of the spirit (quench not the spirit) if bad, forbid them entrance; for once admitted, they straight-waies fortifie; and are expelled with more difficultie, than not admitted.

Crush the serpent in the head,  
Breake ill egges yer they be hatched.  
Kill bad chickens in the tread,  
Fledge they hardly can be caught.  
In the rising stifle ill,  
Lest it grow against thy will.

For euill thoughts are the Diuels harbingers; he neuer resteth, but where they prouide his entertainment.

The epistle is succeeded by a Sonnet from "Simon Grahame to the

Author," from the last lines of which, it would seem that the present work was published after the death of the author :

While she liues crown'd amongst the high diuines,  
Thou on hir sonne celestiall sunne downe shines.

This Simon Graham was most probably the person who wrote *The Anatomie of Humours*, 4to, 1609, a work consisting, like the present, of prose interspersed with verse, and by some thought to have suggested the idea of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, and also of a rarer volume, *The Passionate Sparks of a Relenting Minde*, 4to, 1604.

The present work is a sort of miscellaneous composition of prose and verse intermixed. It commences with several chapters of religious reflections and contemplations, each headed by some appropriate title or motto. The following is the opening of the first chapter. "Tota vita dies unus."

*Chapter I.*

*A short line how to leuell your life.*

When thou risest, let thy thoughts ascend, that grace may descend: and if thou canst not weepe for thy sinnes, then weepe, because thou canst not weepe.

Remember that Prayer is the wing wherewith thy soul flieth to heauen; and Meditation the eye wherewith we see God; and Repentance the *Supersedeas* that discharge all bond of sinne.

Let thy sacrifice be an innocent heart: offer it dayly at set houres, with that deuotion that well it may shew thou both knowest and acknowledgest his greatnesse before whom thou art.

The fifth chapter is headed :

*Quid es; vides. Quid futurus sis; Cogita Speculum vitæ.*

*A sinners glasse.*

The seventh is entitled "Jugum meum suaue," and concludes thus :

Be not discouraged; thou art a Christian, whose captaine is a Crucifixe, whose standard the Crosse, whose armour Patience, whose battell Persecution, whose victorie Death. Whether God fostreth thee as a weakling, or exercise thee as one stronger, or checke thee as one unruly; yet he tendreth all as his owne children. Behold thy Sauour with his head full of thornes, his eies full of teares, his eares full of blasphemies, his mouth full of gal, his body full of wounds, his heart full of sorrow; and blame him not, if ere thou find him, he give thee a sippe of the chalice whereof he drunke so full a cuppe. Thy loue must be great, when his sorrow is more at thy ingratitude, then at his owne affliction, when he lost himselfe to winne thee: a worke without example, a grace beyond merite, a charitie surpassing measure. Wherefore



whether he set thee to seeke him in the pouerty of the crib and manger, or in the agony of his bloody sweat in the garden, or in the midst of reproches and false accusations before the tribunall, or in the torments of a shamefull death; yet thinke thyselfe as deepe in his fauour for being tried by the torments of his passion, as those that are called by the testimonie of his glorious transfiguration.

The eleventh chapter is of a different kind, and is entitled "Morning Meditation, with sixteen sobs of a sorrowfull spirit, which she used for mentall prayer, as also an addition of sixteene staues of verse taken out of *Peters complaint*; which she usually sung and played on the winde instrument. Happie is the man whose life is a continuall prayer."

This consists of short prayers or meditations, each intermixed with six lines of verse from Southwell's Poem of *St. Peters Complaint*, which had appeared a few years before. Mr. Park has well remarked that a portion of the above title seems to have been borrowed from Hunnis's Poem called *Seven Sobs of a sorrowfull soul for sin*, printed in 1587.

The twelfth chapter consists of "A Madrigall made by Berny Grymeston upon the conceit of his mothers play to the former ditties."

How many pipes, as many sounds  
Do still impart to your sonnes hart  
As many deadly wounds.

How many strokes, as many stounds,  
Ech stroke a dart, ech stound a smart,  
Poore Captiue me confounds.

And yet how oft the strokes of sounding keyes hath slaine,  
As oft the looks of your kind eies restores my life againe.

The thirteenth chapter is an "Euening Meditation," and consists entirely of "Odes in imitation of the seven pœnitentiall Psalms, in seven severall kinde of verse." These, as Mr. Park has remarked, are probably taken from Verstegau's Poems on the same subject printed in 1601. We quote a portion of one of these Odes as a specimen of the poetry contained in this Volume, which is poor and indifferent enough:

*De profundis clamaui ad te Domine.*

Euen from the depth of woes  
Wherein my soule remains  
To thee in supreme blisse  
O Lord, that highest raignes,  
I do, both call and crie.

It's deepe heart sorowes force,  
That moues me thus to waile:  
It's pity Lord in thee  
Must make it to auaille.

Thine eares therefore applie.

If strictly thou, ô Lord,  
Observed hast my sinne,  
Alas, what shall I do?  
What case then am I in,  
If rigour thou extend?

But well, ô Lord, I know  
Sweet Mercy dwels with thee:  
And with thy Justice then  
It must expected be:  
And I therefore attend.

The fourteenth and last chapter, entitled "Memoratiues," consists of a number of short moral sentences or maxims of a pious and judicious kind, from which we select an example or two:

The darts of lust are the eyes: and therefore fixe not thy eye on that which thou mayest not desire.

Opportunity kindleth the fire of concupiscence.

In all temptations it is safer to flie, than to fight with Satan.

Epicurism is the fewell of lust; the more thou addest, the more she is inflamed.

The end of a dissolute life is a desperate death. There was neuer president to the contrary, but in the theefe in the Gospell: In one, lest any should despaire: in one alone, lest any should presume.

Euill thoughts are the diuils' harbingers: for he lodgeth not, but where they prouide his entertainment.

Carefulnesse and dilligence are the keyes of certainty.

There be foure good Mothers haue foure bad daughters: Trueth hath Hatred; Prosperity hath Pride; Security hath Perill; and Familiarity hath Contempt.

A faire woman is a paradise to the eie, a purgatorie to the purse, and a hell to the soule.

The reader will find an account of this singular volume given by Mr. Park, in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vi, p. 161; and a further notice by Mr. Markland in the same work, vol. x, p. 375, of another edition in 12mo, containing six additional chapters. See also a notice of this work in Beloe's *Lit. Anecd.*, vol. ii, p. 109; and in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 304, where a copy is priced at 6*l.* 6*s.* This author is not mentioned by Ritson in the *Bibl. Poet.*; by Phillips in the *Theat. Poet. Anglic.*; nor by Mr. Dyce in his *Specimens of*



*the British Poetesses*, though he has given some perhaps inferior names. There was a copy in the Rev. J. Boucher's collection sold in 1808, and there is one in the British Museum. But it has very rarely occurred in any catalogue, and Lowndes does not refer to the sale of a single copy. The present has some leaves damaged by a worm.

Bound in Russia, blank tooled or stamped on the sides in imitation of the antique style.

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H., (A.)—Ten Books of Homers Iliades, translated out of French.  
By A. H. (*i.e.*, Arthur Hall).

At London Imprinted by Ralphe Newberie. 1581. 4to,  
pp. 194, *blt.* *lett.*

Cum Privilegio.

This is the first translation of any part of Homer into the English language, and it is somewhat singular that, in the account of the translations of this Poet given in the *Retrospect*, vol. iii, p. 167, this, the earliest of all, is not once alluded to. After the title-page, which is surrounded with an elegant wood-cut border, containing the arms of Queen Elizabeth, supported by figures of Fame and Victory at the top, with the Stationers' Arms at the bottom, and the lion and dragon in the corners, there is a prose dedication of four pages to "his very good friend Sir Thomas Cicill Knight," which contains some complimentary notices of the principal translators of his own day, viz., of "the travaile of M. Barnabie Googe in Palingenius; the learned and painefull translation of part of Seneca by M. Jasper Heywood; the excellent and laudable labour of M. Arthur Golding, making Ouid speake English in no worse termes than the Authors owne gifts gaue him grace to write in Latine; the worthy workes of that noble gentleman my L. of Buckhurst; the pretie and pythie conceites of M. George Gascoyne, of M. Phaer's Heroicall Virgill, and others in great number." This Preface is in part quoted by Mr. Park in the third volume of the *Restituta*, p. 512. The translation is made in the Alexandrine measure of Sternhold, and was begun, as the author informs us, about 1563, chiefly at the recommendation and entreaty of M. Richard Askam and Jasper Heywood. "I remembered that about 18. or 19. yeeres past walking with Mr. Richard Askame a verie good Grecian, and a familiar acquaintance of Homer, and reciting upon occasion of talke betweene us, certaine verses Englished by me of the said

author, he animated me much with great entreatie, to goe forward with my begun enterprise. The like did also about that time the erst named M. Jasper Heywood, a man then better learned than fortunate, and since more fortunate than he hath well bestowed (as it is thought) the giftes God and nature hath liberally lent him." By the M. Richard Askam mentioned here, the author probably means the learned and classical Roger Ascham, the preceptor of Queen Elizabeth. The translator does not acknowledge to have understood the original language of Homer, but when his French version failed him, he supplied the deficiency from the Latin interpretation. Thus at the end of the second book is given "The Cataloge of the Grecian Princes, and of their name that came to the siege of Troye, and also of the Troyan Dukes, and forraine Kings who came to Priams ayde: translated out of the Latine." Concerning which the translator says in the Epistle Dedicatory before alluded to, "In the latter ende of the French seconde booke mention is made of the Cataloge of the Grecian Princes, that came from all partes to the besieging of Troy, and of the Troyan leaders and diuerse forreine Kings and Captaynes, that brought their people to the ayde of Priamus state: but looking to haue the same followe in the ende of the sayde Booke, I perceyue the Frenche translator hath omitted it: yet considering howe necessarie the recitall of the same is, I sought out the Latine, and there founde it, the which I haue also added in his place."

The translation is made from the French version of M. Hugues *Salel*, published in 1555; the translator's copy of which, according to Ritson, is now in the British Museum. It commences thus:

I thee beseech, O Goddess milde, the hatefull hate to plaine  
Whereby Achilles was so wrong, and grewe in such disdaine,  
That thousandes of the Greekish Dukes, in hard and heauie plight,  
To Plutoes Courte did yelde their soules, and gaping lay upright  
Those senceless trunckes, of buriall voide; by them erst gaily borne  
By rauening cures, and carreine fowles, in peeces to be torne.

Hall appears to have been brought up in the Cecil family, as a domestic student with Sir Thomas Cecil, afterwards Earl of Exeter, in his father's house, to whom he says he bore great friendship, "bound thereto, not onely by that honourable and rare fauour of my L. your father, euen from my childhood dayly continued, yea maugre of such my contraries, who euer wanted good disposition to loue worthily his Lordshippes vertues, and neuer wanted good will crosse me with carelesse extremitie." It is probable that



he was afterwards brought in by that family as Member of Parliament for Grantham, in Lincolnshire, and while acting in that capacity was committed to the tower in February, 1580, by an order of the house, for writing and printing a book declared to be a false and seditious libel, reflecting on the speaker and other members. For this offence Hall was imprisoned for six months, fined 500 marks, and expelled the house during that parliament. The publication for which he suffered was "A Letter sent by F. A. touching the proceedings in a priuate quarell and unkindnesse betweene Arthur Hall and Melchisedech Mallerie, Gentleman, to his very Friend L. B. being in Italy. With an admonition by the father of F. A. to him, being a Burgesse of the Parliament, for his better Behauiour therein." 4to, ~~16~~16. 16tt. London, printed by Henry Bynneman, 1597-80. This Tract is now very scarce, and is also curious, as exhibiting a picture of "the manners and habits of the young men of family and fashion in the reign of Elizabeth." It is reprinted in the *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*. Hall alludes to these untoward events and vexations in his life in the dedication to his Homer. "I founde myselfe," says he, "in such disquiet of minde, by meanes of some practise of my contraries (I must say undeserued by me) such vexation in Lawe, and carefull turmoyle to preserue somewhat to my poore house, in a manner ouerthrowne by my ungouerned youth: that I was fully perswaded I coulde not goe thorowe well with my desire, being so harried otherwayes, for your selfe best knowes, that to a poet there is no greater poyson, than vexation of spirite."

Warton has justly observed that "this translation has no other merit than that of being the first appearance of a part of the Iliad in an English dress." It is, indeed, a very poor performance, and will not, for a moment, admit of a comparison with Chapman's spirited and "Homeric" translation, published in the same verse of fourteen syllables about twenty years later. Hall's translation is now become very rare. Steevens' copy, No. 218 (which had formerly belonged to Major Pearson), sold for 2*l.* 17*s.* The same copy was bought in the Roxburghe Sale in 1812, No. 2388, for 8*l.* 8*s.*, by the Marquis of Blandford; at the Sale of the White Knight's collection in 1819, this same copy, with manuscript notes by Steevens, No. 2109, was purchased by the Rev. Mr. Price, for 11*l.*, at whose sale in 1834, No. 795, it was again sold for 5*l.* Mr. Heber possessed two copies—one sold in pt. iv, No. 1007, for 5*l.* 10*s.*, and another in pt. xii, No. 1017, which sold for 8*l.* 10*s.*

See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 268, 8vo edition; Ritson's

*Bibliogr. Poet*, p. 231 ; *Harl. Miscell.*, vol. v, p. 265 ; Herbert's *Ames*, vol. ii, p. 965 ; *Restituta*, vol. iii, p. 912 ; and Lowndes's *Bibliog. Man.*, p. 1, art. 2.

H., (I.)—The Divell of the Vault, or The unmasking of Murther in a briefe declaration of the Cacolicke-complotted Treason, lately discoverd.

*Persius Sat. 2.*

O curuæ terris anim, et clestium inanes.

I. H.

London, Printed by E. A. (Edw. Allde) for Nathaniell Butter, and are to be solde at his Shop neere Paules Church-yard, at Saint Austins Gate. 1606. 4to.

A short poetical tract on the Gunpowder Plot, published within a few months of the time when it happened. It is preceded by a prose address of seventeen lines "To the Reader," signed J. H., in which the author, who is unknown, informs him that "but some three houres limitation was exhibited unto him for the composing of it, and because *non vacat exiguum tempus* to supraise it, was so rough-hewne exposed to the presse." The running title of the poem is, "The unmasking of Murther." It consists of ninety-two verses, written in the Sternhold and Hopkins metre and style, from which a short extract, relating to a similar occurrence which happened abroad in Germany, will be sufficient :

At that selfe time, when this complot  
should executed be :

The like accurrence wondrous was  
displaied in Germanie.

At Minden in Westphalia  
(as Fame diuulg'd of late)

Th' Electors seauen assemled were,  
to treat of publique state :

They were no sooner congregate,  
into the Councell Hall,  
But straight a Sulphur-sauoring aire,  
their senses did appall.

They with conjectures strange ytost,  
with feare disanimate ;  
Proroag'd their ponderous state affaires,  
and rose from whence they sate.



But ere these Dukes (drown'd in suspence)  
 could to their Courts repaire;  
 Their Senate house with thundering noyse,  
 was blowne up in the ayre.

Whereby th' adjacent strong-built Towers  
 were battred to the ground:  
 And men wrapt in Deaths pallide robes,  
 with mangled corps were found.

Thus (as a prisoned Lyon staru'd  
 runs roaring for his prey)  
 The Papists through large Europe ranged,  
 The Protestants to slay.

The Tract is curious, and so scarce (few pieces of English poetry upon this subject having appeared at or near the time) that a copy of it sold at Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale in 1824, No. 1004, for 4*l.* 4*s.*

In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

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H., (I.)—This World's Folly. Or a Warning.Peece discharged  
 upon the Wickednesse thereof.

*Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 1.*

Et qui nocturnus divūm sacra legerit; adsit  
 Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irrogat æquas.

By J. H.

London, Printed by William Iaggard for Nicholas Bourne,  
 and are to bee sold at his shop at the South entry of the  
 Royal Exchange. 1614. 3to, pp. 38.

A curious work, written in coarse but powerful language against the vices and follies of the world, in which the author is very severe against "sinne swel'd Theatres and actors," and also against "those mercenary *Squitter-wits* mis-called *Poets*, whose illiterate and picke-pocket Inuentions can *Emungere plebes argento*, slily nip the binges of the baser troopes, and cut the reputations throat of the more eminent rank of Cittizens with corroding scandals," and whom he describes as "the *Primum mobile*, which gives motion to these vnder-turning wheels of wickednesse, and who by dipping their goose quils in the puddle of mischiefe, with wilde and vncollected spirites make them desperately drunke, to strike at the

head of *Nobility, Authority, and high-seated Greatnesse.*" It contains many quotations from the Classics, and from the Scriptures, and writings of the Fathers. It is preceded by a prose address "To the more iudicious Reader," in which the author calls his work "a haisty and artlesse homespun web," which was "warpt and woven in some few sad minutes, softly stolne from the humid bosome of the silent Night, and suddenly endured the pittfull payne of Pressing, without his knowledge or perusall:" and apologizes at the end for touching on sacred subjects, as being "out of his garbe and element, who was neither approu'd nor profess'd Diuine." This is followed by a short Preface in Latin prose entitled—*Præcedentis Contractio*, containing numerous quotations from the Prophets. The work itself alludes to various follies and vices of the age, concluding with an earnest and powerful exhortation to men of all classes to depart from their sins, and to return in repentance and prayer to God.

The author thus speaks of the merciful forbearance and long-suffering of God to his sinful and rebellious creatures: "How long then (most milde and more merciful God) wilt thou forget to be iust? Oh, how long wilt thou shut vp the vessells of thy wrath, and protract reuenge? Art thou not the powerful God of Iustice? howe canst thou then bee any thing but thyselfe? what infinitnesse of sinners are shot vp to heaven against thee? yet still, and still, thou woest vs with the humble and heauenly breath of thy holy Gospell, vnouering those vnexpressible woundes thou receiuedst for our redemption, from sinne and Sathan, that we might with pittfull commiseration behold them: and vncessantly crying out vnto us, *How oft (O my deare children, whome I haue bought with the price of my most precious blood) I haue gathered you together, euen as an Henne doth her Chickins, and yet, nor yet, will you be collected?* How oft hath he thundered and knockt at the doores of our hearts with the power of his spirit, to wake vs from the profound Ecstasin of soule-killing sinnes, yet still lye we snorting on the bed of security, and cannot be roused? How often, O how often hath hee outstretched his all-saving hand, to heaue and helpe vs out of the slimy mud of our impieties, yet still lye we groueling and overwhelm'd in the insensible Lethargie of abominable transgressions? How many warning peeces hath hee discharg'd vppon vs? how oft hath he displayed his milke-white Ensigne of Peace vnto vs? what deuouring Plagues, what Fires, what Inundations, what vnseasonable seasons, what prodigious Births, what vnnaturall Meteors, what maleuolent Coniunctions, what ominous Apparitions, what bloody Assassinations of mighty Kings, what



Rapes, what Murthers, what fraudulencies betwixt Brother and Brother? what horrible Conspiracies by Sonnes against Fathers; all these sent as Heralds to denounce Gods iust Iudgements against vs, yet will we not come in and be reconciled.

“These prodigious precursions, or precursiue prodigies, should deterre each humane creature from spurning against his Creator; these premonitions should instruct vs, that Gods dreadfull vengeance waites at our doores, and like a staru’d Tygar gapes for our destruction: and notwithstanding he do for a while fore-slow to let fall his flaming rod of fierie indignation vpon vs yet is the axe already layde to the roote of the tree, and God must and wil assuredly come to iudgement, seeing that now, not any of those ancient predictions, mystically poynted out vnto us, in the soule-sauing *WRIT*, by the holy Prophets, remayne vnfinished, but only the finall destruction of that Romish seuen-headed *Monster*, together with the recollection of the vagabundiall Iewes into the sheepe-fold of Jesus Christ.”

The following is a powerfully-written description of the destruction of the world at the last great day of judgment, and may be taken as a favourable specimen of the author’s style of composition :

Doth not an vncooth terrour seize vpon a man, when in the depth or noone of night this sudden and vnthought-of out-cry of Fire, Fire, shall fill his affrighted eares and chase him out of his soft and quiet slumbers; whereat, skipping from his easefull bed, and distractedly gazing through the casement, shall behold his owne house ore spred with a bright-burning flame, and himselfe, together with his wife, children, seruants, goods, and all, most lyable to the deuouring rapacity of imminent danger? O consider then thou wicked man, how thy soule will be beleagur’d with anguish and horror, when in that last and terrible *Day*, thou shalt behold with thy mortall eies the Cataracts of Heaven vnsluc’d, and hushing showers of sulphurious fires disperse themselves through all the corners of the earth and ayre, the whole Vniuerse ore-canoped with a remorselesse flame: when thou shalt see the worldes great and glorious Iudge appeare triumphantly in the skies, whilst mighty winged clouds of deuouring flames flye before him, as vsers to his powerfull and terrible Maiesty; attended with countlesse multitudes of beauteous Angelles, golden-winged Cherubims and Seraphims sounding their Trumpets, whose clamorous tounge shall affright the empty ayre, and call and awake the drowsie dead from their darke and dusky Cabines: when thou shalt see the dissipated bones of all Mortals since the Creation (concatenate and knit in their proper and peculiar forme) amazedly start vp, and in numberlesse troupes flocke together, all turning vp their wondring eyes to gaze vpon their high and mighty Creator. Then o then will thy *Conscience* re commemorate afresh thy past-committed sinnes, and with the corroding sting of guilt will stab through thy perplexed soule; then, o then, will it be too late to wish the mountaines to fall vpon thee; for they themselves for feare would shrink into their

center: alas, it cannot then bee auailable to wooe the waters to swallow thee; for they would bee glad to disclaime their liquid substance and be reduced to a nullity: what will it boote thee then, to intreate the earth to entombe thee in her dankish wombe, when she herselfe will struggle to remoue from her locall residence, and to flye from the presence of the great Iudge: the ayre cannot muffle thee in her foggy vastity, for that will bee clearly refin'd with celestially flames, before contaminated with humane pollution. In fine how will thy soule tremblingly howle, and break forth into bitter exclamations, when thou shalt heare that definitiue, or rather infinitiue sentence denounced against thee, *Non novi, discede, ito in Gehennam*, I know thee not, depart, and goe into everlasting torment; whilst Legions of deuils with horrid vociferations muster about thee, like croking Rauens about some dead carcassee, wayting to carry thee. O then thou Usurer, and thou that grindest the Faces of the pore, thy gold cannot ransom thee; then, thou mighty man that wrackest the widow, and circumuents the orphan of his successiue right, thy honour cannot priuledge thee; then thou murtherer, adulterer, or blasphemer, thy colourable excuses will not purge thee: then, o thou uncharitable churle who neuer knewest, that *Nil dives habet de diuitiis, nisi quod ab illo postulat pauper*, A rich man treasures up no more of his riches, then that he contributes in almes: thou that neuer imbracedst the counsel of that reverend Father,\* who cryes *Pasce fame morientem: quisquis pascendo seruare poteris: si non paueris, fame occidisti*: Feed him that dyes for hunger, whosoeuer thou art that canst preserue, and wilt not, thou standest guilty of famishing: then I say, in that day shalt thou pine in perdition: then, o luxurious Epicure, that through the five senses, which are the Cinque-ports or rather sinne-ports of thy soule, gulpest downe delightfull sinne, like water, they will be to thee like the Angels booke, sweet in thy mouth, but bitter in thy bowels: then, o thou (gorbelled Mammonist that piles vp and congesteth huge masses of refulgent earth, purchased by all vnconscionable courses, yet carriest nothing with thee, *Nisi parua quod urna capit*, but a Coffin and a Winding-sheet; thy faire pretences will bee like characters drawne vpon the sands, or arrowes shot vp to heauen-ward, they cannot release thee from Satans inexpiable seruitude: Then, O thou Canker-worme of Common-wealths, thou monster of man, thou that putttest out the eye of Iustice with bribes, or so closely shuts it, that the clamorous cry of the poore mans case cannot open it; thou that makest the Lawe a nose of waxe to turne and fashion it to thine owne priuate end, to the vtter disgrace of conscionable Iustice, and to the lamentable subuersion of many an honest and vpright cause, thy *quirkes*, dilatorie demurres, conueyances, and conniuences cannot acquit thee: but thou shalt bee remoued with the Writ *Corpus cum causa*, into the lowest and darkest dungeon of damnation. No, no, the Lord of heauen and earth (who is good in infinitenesse, and infinit in goodnesse) will winnow, garble, and fanne his corne, the choyce wheate bee will treasure vp in the garners of eternall felicity, but the chaffe and darnell must be burnt with vnquenchable fire: There must you languish in torments vnrelaxable: there must you frie and freeze in one selfe-furnace: there must you lue in implacable and tenebrous fire which (as Austin defines) shall give no light to comfort you. Then will you wish (though then too late) that you had beene created loathsome

\* Ambrose.



Toades, or abhorred Serpents, that your miseries might haue clos'd vp with your liues : but you must be dying perpetually, yet neuer dye : and (which enuiron me with a trembling terror) when you haue languisht in vnexpressible agonies, tortures, gnashings, and horrid howlings ten thousand millions of yeares, yet shall you be as far from the end of your torments, as you were at the beginning. A confused modell and misty figure of hell haue wee conglomerate in our fancy, drowsily dreaming that it is a place vnder earth and vncessâtly (Etna-like) vomiting sulphurious flames, but we neuer pursue the meditation thereof so close as to consider what a thing it is to liue there eternally : for this adiunct *Eternall* intimates such infinitenesse, as neither thought can attract or supposition apprehend : and further to amplifie it with the words of a worthy writer : Though all the men that euer haue or shal be created, were (*Briareus* like) hundred handed, and shoulde all at once take pennes in their hundred hands, and should doe nothing else in ten hundred thousand millions of yeares but summe vp in figures as many hundred thousand millions as they could, yet neuer could they reduce to a totall, or confine within number, this tri-sillabled word *Eternall*.

At the end of the prose part of the volume are two leaves of verse : the first, containing eighteen hexameter lines, is headed "Proh dolor! hinc Lachrymæ!" and the second, which we quote at length, entitled "The Authors Character," is written against vain and fulsome dedications :—

*The Authors Character.*

In hope of guerdon ile Epistle none :  
with

*O my thrice honour'd Lord, your worth alone, &c.*

Nor blow the bellows to *Ambitions* fire :  
With Eaglet-eyres make *Butterflies* mount higher  
Then their owne Nat'ral pitch : nor with fil'd phrase  
*Base temperd Birth*, will burnish, scowre, or glaze :  
No *Popiniey* shall weare *worlths* lieurie,  
Emblaz'd with word-embroderie by me.  
Let *Enuies*-wombe be my eternall graue,  
If I turne *Sycophant*, or vnseasond slaue :  
To furnish *spangled-Fooles* with what they want :  
Make th' *Asse* beleue he carries th' *Elephant*,  
Craule int' a *Great-mans* bosome by some ieast,  
Like a staru'd Lowse vpon a Taylors breast ;  
Or cloath the fatall strumpet *Helena*,  
With th' attributes of chaste *Andromeda* :  
Nor squint I after *praise*, or *plausiue* grace :  
*Mans honest plainnesse needs feare no mans face.*

*Iusta, non magna volo.*

This work is unnoticed either by Lowndes or Watts, but there is a copy in the Bodelian Library at Oxford. From the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. viii, No. 1017.

Bound by C. Lewis. In plain coloured Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

H., (J.)—The House of Correction: or, Certayne Satyricall Epigrams. Written by J. H. Gent. Together with a few Characters called Par Pari: or Like to like, quoth the Deuill to the Collier.

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.

Hor. de Art. Po.

London Printed by Bernard Alsop for Richard Redmer, and are to be sold at his shoppe at the West end of Saint Paul's Church. 1619. sm. 8vo.

Mr. Park, whose judgment on subjects relating to our early poetry is entitled to the greatest respect and consideration, was somewhat of opinion that the Author of this little volume of Epigrams and Characters was John Heath, who published *Two Centuries of Epigrams* in 1610. But whether this was the case or not, or who was the writer, must be left for time to determine. After the title are some metrical lines, "The Authour to his Booke." In these, while speaking of other writers of Satires and Epigrams, he alludes in the following lines to Henry Parrot's *Laquei ridiculosi, or Springes for Woodcockes*, 8vo, 1613; and his *Epigrams*, 4to, 1608; Goddard's *Neaste of Wasps*, 4to, 1615; *The Mastive*, 4to, n.d., &c., &c.

For 'tis a mad World, and it turnes on hinges  
Whilst some a birding goe, and set their Springes  
For to catch Woodcockes. Others sting and bite  
Like Wasps and Mastiffes, and doe take delight  
To quarrell with their shaddowes, nay, themselves  
And their owne broode.

We may note also the allusion to "rare Ben" in the concluding line of this address, which contains the celebrated passage so often quoted. Some of these Epigrams are curious from the references they make to the manners and habits of the time, and to several of the leading characters of that day. Thus in the epigram "In Lusiam" are some singular notices of costume, and in the "Band as Saffron yellow," of the yellow starch introduced by



Mrs. Turner. On Sig. B 3 allusion is made to Robin Goodfellow, and on the next page to Capt. Drake and his Voyage round the World. On Sig. B 6 the title of Greene's tract "Theeues falling out, true men come by their goods," forms the subject of an Epigram. And on Sig. C 2 occurs the following auto-biographical Epigram on the Author's going with Raleigh on the celebrated Guinea voyage.

*On my Venture in Sir Walter Rawleighs Voiage.*

I being perswaded (not by reason led)  
 For Gold unto Gwyon' aduentured  
 Great were our hopes of good successe; for none  
 Expected lesse to gaine then due to one:  
 But following Fate (she fickle) thither led  
 Where neyther they of Gold nor Siluer sped:  
 But poore, distrest, homeward returne againe  
 Mony, liues, labour, all was spent in vaine.  
 The hopefull necke of their designe was broke;  
 For all their Gold was vanish't into Smoke.  
 Thus I lost all; wherefore it is a signe  
 They found no mine of gold, yet *gold of mine.*

A Data fata sequitur

The Motto on Sir Walter Rawghlies Armes.

On the reverse of Sig. C 3 is another Epigram on the same subject.

*Censures on the Voyage to Gwyana.*

Sundry opinions abroad are spred,  
 Why the *Gwyanians* no better sped:  
 Some say, they were preuented out of *Spayne*,  
 Others, because some did returne agayne:  
 Some say, 'twas sicknesse; others, their abode  
 So long ere they put from the *English* Rode.  
 Some say, their General's absence: but the most  
 Say, Captaine *Kemish* death, when he was lost  
 All was ouerthrowne, he onely was to doe it,  
 And that *Sir Walter* came but *Rawly* to it.

Lawrence Keymis was a Captain under Sir Walter Raleigh, and wrote a tract in favour of the voyage to Guiana, called *A Relation of the Second Voyage to Guiana. Performed and written in the yeare 1596*, which he published in the same year in 4to, and dedicated to his Commander. It contains a Latin poem by Keymis, called "De Guiana Carmen," and another in English on the same subject by George Chapman. In addition to the two already given, we select one more Epigram for quotation.

*In Rufum.*

As *Rufus* prays'd his Beauer Hat of late  
 One that stood by (striking him on the pate)  
 Sayd it was *felt*. *Rufus* would not beleuee it.  
 He stroke againe, till *Rufus* did conceiue it.  
 So darke was the conceit, that out of doubt,  
 He ne're had found, had he not *felt* it out.

There is a separate title page prefixed to the next part, containing the Characters, as follows:

Certaine Characters, called *Par Pari*,  
 Or Like to like, quoth the Deuill to the Collier.  
 . . . . . Ego nec studium sine diuite venâ  
 Nec rude quod prosit video Ingenium; alterius sic  
 Altera poscit opem res.

Hor. de Art. Po.

With the imprint and date as before.

These characters, nine in number, are remarkably curious, and full of humorous puns and conceits. They are omitted in the list of characters which Dr. Bliss has enumerated at the end of his edition of Earle's *Micro-cosmography* who seems not to have been aware of the existence of this volume. The reader will naturally expect to see a specimen of one of the characters, which shall be that of the drunkard:

A Drunkard is a Master of Defence, Who dares challenge any *Dutchman* or *German*. He takes no felicitie at the *single*, but dares any man at the *double*. He is but too too cruell: for oftentimes hee seeks the bloud of the *Grape*; yet hath he in many a Duel bin left for dead, when his Friends, taking of him vp, have found his *crowne* crackt. Once he had almost lost his eyes, insomuch as he was led home to his lodging. And if at any time he be not able to stand, he may be well excused, because he hath got a *cut in the leg*. Many times haue I seene him so stonied, he had not the power to *speake*; yet will he justle any man in the streete, and very manfully fall vpon all *power* at a time. If perchance he meetes with a Constable, he prepares for the *Encounter*, and betakes him to his *ward*.

At the end of the volume are two lines addressed

*Lectoribus.*

Friends, these are *like to like*, my judgments such  
 The Deuill to the Collier sayd as much.

Vitavi deniq: culpam

Non laudem merui.

Hor. de Art. Po.



The volume is rare, and is one of the very few early Books of Epigrams not in the Bodleian Library. See the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i, p. 442.

Collation: Title, A 2, Sig. A to C inclusive in eights. Sig. D 4.

Bound by Bedford. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

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HABINGTON, (WILLIAM.) — Castara. The first part.

Carmina non prius  
Audita, Musarum sacerdos.  
Virginibus.

[Device of a flaming heart surrounded with a wreath.]

Castara. The second part.

Vatumque lascivos triumphos  
Calcat Amor, pede conjugali.

[Device of a rose surmounted by a crown.]

London, Printed by Anne Griffin, for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop neare Furnivals Innegate in Holburne. 1634. 4to, pp. 86.

Few of our minor writers of poetry have received more notice of late than the author of this little volume, or have drawn forth greater diversity of opinion upon his merits; for whilst by some of our poetical critics he is extolled "for his unaffected tenderness, and delicacy of sentiment, for the purity of his taste, and lively and pregnant imagination, for his elegance and poetical fancy, copious and affecting morality, gilded by a smiling fancy, almost always chaste and classical;" by others he is condemned as being without genuine feeling, and as not only a man of a passionless heart but of a barren fancy—as abounding in extravagant conceits and execrable bad taste, as destitute of all judgment; and, in fine, that, whilst he is without pathos, he has more than enough of bathos." The latter opinions are, perhaps, fully severe and too strongly expressed, and the truth will rather be somewhere midway between the two. We may more properly say, with another poetical critic, that Habington "may be ranked with those that deserve neither the highest nor the lowest seat in the Theatre of Fame."

The author was a native of Worcestershire, of Roman Catholic tenets, and was connected with a family who were deeply involved in the Romish

plots and conspiracies of the time, his father Thomas Habington having been imprisoned six years in the Tower, and condemned to death, but afterwards pardoned, for being implicated in Babington's conspiracy, and in the gunpowder plot by concealing some of the conspirators, and his uncle Edward Habington having been executed for taking part in the former of these plots. His mother was the daughter of Edward Parker (Lord Morley), and was supposed to be the writer of the warning letter to her brother Lord Monteagle, which occasioned the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot.

The volume commences with an address in prose, entitled "The Authour," which is followed by some commendatory verses "To his best friend and kinsman on his Castara," by G. T. (George Talbot.) The poems are divided into two parts, and are addressed by Habington to Lucy, the daughter of William Herbert first Lord Powis, by Eleanor, daughter of Henry Percy, eighth Earl of Northumberland, who afterwards became his wife. They are written with much elegance and delicacy of expression, mingled with considerable poetical fancy, and have deservedly been incorporated in Chalmers's *Edition of the Poets*. We may produce the following verses as a specimen, which form the conclusion of some lines addressed "To the Right Honourable the Lady E. P." (Lady Eleanor Powis), the mother of Castara, in which, after speaking of the noble blood that flowed in her veins, he adds:

My love is envious. Would *Castara* were  
The daughter of some mountaine cottager  
Who with his toile worne out, could dying leave  
Her no more dowre, than what she did receive  
From bounteous nature. Her would I then lead  
To th' Temple, rich in her owne wealth; her head  
Crown'd with her haire faire treasure; diamonds in  
Her brighter eyes; soft Ermins in her skin;  
Each Indie in each cheek. Then all who vaunt  
That fortune, them t' enrich, made others want,  
Should set themselves out glorious in her stealth,  
And trie, if that, could parallel this wealth.—p. 39.

Or the following "To Castara" of the chastity of his love:

Why should you blush *Castara*, when the name  
Of love you heare? Who never felt his flame,  
I'th shade of melancholy night doth stray  
A blind Cymmerian banisht from the day.  
Let's chastely love *Castara*, and not soile  
This virgin lampe by powring in the oyle



Of impure thoughts ; O let us sympathize,  
 And onely talk i'th language of our eyes,  
 Like two starres in conjunction. But beware  
 Lest th' angels, who of love compacted are  
 Viewing how chastly burns thy zealous fire  
 Should snatch thee hence, to joyne thee to their quire.  
 Yet take thy flight on earth for surely we  
 So joynd, in heaven cannot divided be.—p. 42.

“The Description of Castara,” that follows it, is highly beautiful but too long to quote, and has already been given in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. viii, p. 394, and in the *Retrospect. Rev.*, vol. xii, p. 282.

The present is the first edition of these poems, and contains only two parts. It is called by Dr. Bliss “one of the rarest volumes of poetry of that period.” It was reprinted with some additions in 1635 in 12mo.; and, again, with a third part added, in 1640, 12mo., with a frontispiece. The *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* contained only the latter edition. The present one in 4to sold in Lloyd’s sale No. 614 for 1*l.* 14*s.*; Gordonstonn, ditto, No. 1167, 1*l.* 17*s.*; and in North’s ditto, in 1819, pt. iii, No. 783, for 1*l.* 18*s.*

Fine Copy. In Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

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HABINGTON, (WILLIAM.) — Castara.

Carmina non prius  
 Audita, Musarum sacerdos  
 Virginibus.

The second Edition. Corrected and augmented. London,  
 Printed by B. A. and T. F. for Will: Cooke, and are to bee  
 sold at his shop neare Furnivals-Inne Gate in Holburne.  
 1635. 12mo.

The second edition of Castara varies from the first in having several new poems added, with eight elegies, and in having also prefixed to each part a sort of character or description in prose, written in a short, pithy, and sententious style, highly characteristic of the author. The first is entitled “A Mistris;” this part contains the verses addressed to Castara before his marriage, and the augmentations made by Habington in this second edition are three poems inserted after the one entitled “An Apparition.” 1. “To the Honourable my most honoured friend W. E. Esquire. 2. To Castara. The Vanitie of Avarice. And 3. To the World. The Perfection of Love.”

From the first of these, which is quite equal, if not superior, to any of the author's other poems, we are induced to present our readers with a short extract :

Time mocks our youth, and (while we number past  
Delights, and raise our appetite to tast  
Ensuing) brings us to unflatter'd age.  
Where we are left to satisfie the rage  
Of threatning Death : Pompe, beauty, wealth, and all  
Our friendships, shrinking from the funerall.  
The thought of this begets that brave disdain  
With which thou view'st the world, and makes those vaine  
Treasures of fancy, serious fooles so court,  
And sweat to purchase, thy contempt or sport.  
What should we covet here? Why interpose  
A cloud 'twixt us and heaven? Kind Nature chose  
Mans soule th' Exchequer where she'd hoard her wealth,  
And lodge all her rich secrets, but by th' stealth  
Of our owne vanity, we're left so poore;  
The creature meere sensuall knowes more.

\* \* \* \* \*

But thee

(Whom Fortune hath exempted from the herd  
Of vulgar men, whom vertue hath preferr'd  
Farre higher then thy birth) I must commend,  
Rich in the purchase of so sweet a friend.  
And though my fate conducts me to the shade  
Of humble quyet, my ambition payde  
With safe content, while a pure Virgin fame  
Doth raise me trophies in *Castara's* name.  
No thought of glory swelling me above  
The hope of being famed for vertuous love.  
Yet wish I thee, guided by better starres  
To purchase unsafe honour in the warres,  
Or envied smiles at court; for thy great race  
And merits, well may challenge th' highest place.  
Yet know, what busie path so e'er you tread  
To greatnesse, you must sleepe among the dead.

In the second poem "To *Castara*. The Vanitie of Avarice," he says,

We'll sit, my Love, upon the shore,  
And while proud billowes rise  
To warre against the skie, speake o're  
Our Loves to sacred mysteries,  
And charme the Sea to th' calme it had before.

\* \* \* \* \*



I'de rather like the violet grow  
 Unmark't i' th' shaded vale,  
 Then on the hill those terrors know  
 Are breath'd forth by an angry gale  
 There is more pompe above, more sweet below.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Castara*, what is there above  
 The treasures wee possesse?  
 Wee two are all and one, wee move  
 Like starres in th' orbe of happinesse.  
 All blessings are epitomiz'd in Love.

In the third, "To his honoured Friend and Kinsman R. H. Esquire," he thus gracefully alludes to the honours which some of our Poets have received in Westminster Abbey:

'Tis true that *Chapmans* reverend ashes must  
 Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,  
 Cause carefull heyres the wealthy onely have;  
 To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.  
 Yet doe I not despaire, some one may be  
 So seriously devout to Poesie  
 As to translate his reliques, and find roome  
 In a warme Church, to build him up a tombe.  
 Since *Spencer* hath a Stone; and *Draytons* browes  
 Stand petrefied i' th' wall, with Laurell bowes  
 Yet girt about; and nigh wise *Henries* herse,  
 Old *Chaucer* got a marble for his verse.  
 So courteous is Death: Death Poets brings  
 So high a pompe, to lodge them with their Kings.

The second part is increased by the further addition of sixteen poems not in the first edition, and to this part, which is dated 1636, and contains the pieces addressed to *Castara* after his marriage, is prefixed a character in prose called "A Wife." The additional poems, with some few exceptions, are addressed by *Habington* to his various friends. At the end of this part is another character in prose, entitled "A Friend," preceding eight elegies on the death of his "best friend and Kinsman George Talbot Esquire." These may be almost considered as forming another distinct part, and with these the volume concludes.

Bound by H. Faulkner. In calf extra, gilt leaves.

HABINGTON, (WILLIAM.) — Castara.

Carmina non prius  
Audita Musarum sacerdos  
Virginibus.

The third Edition. Corrected and augmented. London,  
Printed by T. Cotes for Will: Cooke: and are to be sold at his  
Shop neere Furnivals-Inne Gate in Holburne. 1640. 12mo.

This third edition of Habington's Poems has an elegant Frontispiece, engraved by Marshall, prefixed, representing an altar with a winged Cupid on each side, with a lighted torch in his hand. On the altar is a heart from which the flames ascend on being touched by the torch of the figure on the right. Above, within a scroll, from which is suspended a wreath, is the title "Castara." The volume commences as in the two preceding editions, with the prose address from "The Author," and the commendatory Verses by George Talbot, and is in the contents of the first two parts in all respects exactly similar to the one preceding. The third part is entirely new, and appeared only in this edition. It is preceded by a prose character of "A Holy Man," and the contents of this portion are chiefly of a religious cast, the subjects being taken from the Psalms of David and the Book of Job. We quote the following Poem as a specimen of the author's elegance and fancy. The first verse will remind the reader of Shakespeare's beautiful image in the Play of *Romeo and Juliet*, act i, scene 5.

*Nox nocti indicat scientium.*—David  
When I survey the bright  
Cœlestiall spheare :  
So rich with jewels hung, that night  
Doth like an Æthiop bride appeare.  
My soule her wings doth spread  
And heaven-ward flies,  
Th' Almighty's Mysteries to read  
In the large volumes of the skies.  
For the bright firmament  
Shootes forth no flame  
So silent, but is eloquent  
In speaking the Creator's name.  
No unregarded star  
Contracts its light  
Into so small a character,  
Remov'd far from our humane sight :



But if we stedfast looke,  
We shall discerne  
In it as in some holy booke,  
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the Conqueror  
That farre-stretcht powre,  
Which his proud dangers traffique for,  
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest North,  
Some Nation may  
Yet undiscovered issue forth,  
And o'er his new got conquest sway.

Some Nation yet shut in  
With hills of ice  
May be let out to scourge his sinne  
Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall  
Their ruine have,  
For as your selves your Empires fall,  
And every kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those Coelestiall fires  
Though seeming mute  
The fallacie of our desires  
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first  
The World had birth :  
And found sinne in itselfe accurst,  
And nothing permanent on earth.

There is a religious solemnity and beauty also in the following poems, which ought to have made this author's writings better known, and to have preserved them from the neglect they have experienced. Indeed, when we consider the beauty, the poetical fancy and chaste elegance of Habingtons writings, and, above all, their pure and moral tendency, it is difficult to account for the utter neglect which he has met with, till of late years, when his merits have been brought to light by the good taste of Mr. Park, Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. V. Utterson, Mr. Elton and others.



*Universum statum ejus versasti in infirmitate ejus.—David.*

My Soule! When thou and I  
Shall on our frightened death-bed lye,  
Each moment watching when pale death  
Shall snatch away our latest breath,  
And 'tween two long joynd Lovers force  
An endless sad divorce:

How wilt thou then? that art  
My rationall and nobler part,  
Distort thy thoughts? How wilt thou try  
To draw from weake Philosophie  
Some strength: and flatter thy poor state,  
'Cause 'tis the common fate?

How will thy spirits pant  
And tremble when they feel the want  
Of th' usual organs; and that all  
The vitall powers begin to fall?  
When 'tis decreed, that thou must goe,  
Yet whither; who can know?

How fond and idle then  
Will seem the mysteries of men?  
How like some dull ill-acted part  
The subtlest of proud human art?  
More shallow ev'n the deepest sea,  
When thus we ebbe away?

But how shall I (that is,  
My fainting earth) looke pale at this?  
Disjointed on the racke of paine.  
How shall I murmur, how complaine;  
And craving all the ayde of skill,  
Find none, but what must kill?

Which way so e're my griefe  
Doth throw my sight to court releafe,  
I shall but meeete despaire; for all  
Will prophesie my funerall:  
The very silence of the roome  
Will represent a tombe.

And while my Childrens teares,  
My Wives vaine hopes, but certaine feares,  
And councells of Divines advance  
Death in each dolefull circumstance:  
I shall even a sad mourner be  
At my owne obsequie.



For by examples I  
 Must know that others sorrowes dye  
 Soone as our selves, and none survive  
 To keepe our memories alive.  
 Even our false tombes, as loath to say  
 We once had life, decay.

*Cogitabo pro peccato meo.*

In what darke silent grove  
 Profan'd by no unholy love,  
 Where witty melancholy ne're  
 Did carve the trees or wound the ayre,  
 Shall I religious leasure winne  
 To weepe away my sinne?

How fondly have I spent  
 My youth's unvalued treasure, lent  
 To traffique for Cœlestiall joyes?  
 My unripe yeares pursuing toyes;  
 Judging things best that were most gay  
 Fled unobserv'd away.

Growne elder I admired  
 Our Poets as from heaven inspired  
 What Obeliskes decreed I fit  
 For *Spencer's* art, and *Sydneyes* wit?  
 But waxing sober soone I founde  
 Fame but an idle sound.

Then I my blood obey'd  
 And each bright face an Idoll made;  
 Verse in an humble sacrifice,  
 I offer'd to my Mistresse eyes.  
 But I no sooner grace did win  
 But met the devill within.

But growne more politicke  
 I tooke account of each state tricke:  
 Observ'd each motion, judg'd him wise,  
 Who had a conscience fit to rise,  
 Whom soone I founde but forme and rule  
 And the more serious foole.

But now my soule prepare  
 To ponder what and where we are,  
 How fraile is life, how vaine a breath

Opinion, how uncertaine death :  
 How onely a poore stone shall beare  
 Witnesse that once we were.

How a shrill Trumpet shall  
 Us to the barre as traytors call.  
 Then shall we see too late that pride  
 Hath hope with flattery bely'd,  
 And that the mighty in command  
 Pale Cowards there must stand.

Of the author of these Poems a copious and interesting account will be found in Nash's *Hist. of Worcestershire*, vol. i, p. 588; and in Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* vol. iii, p. 224, Ed. Bliss; and for a further account of him and his writings, with critiques upon his *Castara*, and some extracts from it, consult the *Cens. Liter.* vol. iii, p. 60, &c., where, in a long and elaborate article on the merits of Carew, Habington, and Lovelace, written by Mr. Utterson, he says, that "of these three Poets, the most intrinsic merit appears to be possessed by Habington," "who seems almost everywhere to show a mind exuberant in a copious and affecting morality, gilded by a smiling fancy, almost always chaste and classical." Mr. Park also prefers Habington before either Carew or Waller, as possessed of more unaffected tenderness and delicacy of sentiment. See also the same work, vol. viii, p. 227, and, again, p. 389, where is a memoir of him by Mr. Nicholls, the historian, of Leicestershire. In addition to these, consult likewise Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 203; Phillips's *Theatr. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 32, edit. 1824; *Biog. Dramat.* vol. i, p. 305; Chalmers's *Biogr. Dict.*; Hallam's *Liter. of Eur.*, vol. iii, p. 509; Collier's *Bridgewater Catal.*, p. 138; the new edition of Habington's Works, by Mr. Elton, and an article in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. xii, p. 274.

Fine Copy. In the Original Binding.

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HABINGTON, (WILLIAM.) — *Castara*.

Carmina non prius  
 Audita, Musarum Sacerdos  
 Virginibus.

The third Edition. Corrected and augmented. London,



Printed by T. Cotes for Will. Cooke: and are to be sold at his Shop near Furnival's-Inne Gate in Holburne. 1640. 12mo.

Another Copy of the same Edition with the engraved Frontispiece by W. Marshall.

Bound in Olive Calf, gilt leaves.

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HAKE, (EDWARD.)—Of Golds Kingdome, and this Unhelping Age. Described in sundry Poems intermixedly placed after certaine other Poems of more speciall respect: And before the same is an Oration or speech intended to haue bene delivered by the Author hereof unto the Kings Maiesty.

Imprinted at London by John Windet dwelling at Paules Wharfe at the signe of the Crosse-Keyes, and are there to be sold. 1604. 4to, pp. 66.

Of Edward Hake, the author of this work, but little is known beyond the fact of his being an Attorney of the Common Pleas, most probably living at Windsor; of which place he was Under Steward under the Earl of Leicester as High Steward, and of his having in connection with his profession, written a plain and open Treatise on the laws in English, which he presented to King James I, on his accession to the English throne. He claims the right also of being considered one of our earliest English satirists, having published eight satires in his *Newes out of Pawles Church-yard*, printed in 1579, 8vo, but written, according to Mr. Payne Collier, before 1567, and therefore placing him as a satirist before either Donne, Hall, or Marston. He was the author of some other works, all of them of great rarity, and speaks of himself in one of them, *The Touchstone of Wittes*, 8vo, London, 1588 (which is chiefly a compilation from Webbe's Discourse of English Poetry), as being a particular friend of John Higgons, the well-known contributor to the *Mirror for Magistrates*. He also published a translation of *The Imitation or Following of Christ*, by Thomas a Kempis, in 16mo, London, 1567, and again in 1568, to which was subjoined *A short pretie Treatise touching the perpetuall Reioyce of the godly euen in this Life*. In *Lansdowne MS.*, No. 161, in the British Museum are three articles

by Hake. 1. To Sir Julius Cæsar on the Courts of Equity, 15th Feb., 1597. 2. To the same on the Court of Whitehall or Bequests, dated Windsor, December 7th, 1597. 3. Notes out of Mr. Hake's book on Equity, 1597. In the British Museum there is also a letter, dated in 1588, without writer's name, in which a person of this name is alluded to; but whether it be the same as the writer of this book we are unable to say:

One Hake has her Maiesties lettres directed to the Justices of Peace, ordering and commanding them, according to their duties and the trust reposed in them, to reforme disorders, and to certifie about the number of the ale-houses in divers parts of the country, and the wandering of rogues about in disorder.

See, also, *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationer's Company*, by Mr. Collier, printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1848, pp. 167 and 169, for notices of two other works, supposed to have been written by Hake, viz., *A Mery Metinge of Maydes in London*, licensed 1567, and the *Commemoration of the Reign of Elizabeth*.

The present work is a collection of short Poems on various subjects, and in various metres, intermixed with some few pieces in prose. It commences with *A Speech intended to haue bene made unto the King's Maiestie in the Towne of Windsore, but not spoken*, which is given at length in the *Restituta*, vol. iii, p. 269. This speech was on the occasion of James I. coming to the throne of England, and the union of the two kingdoms, concerning which he says, "Among all the inexplicable blessings which we are now by the goodnesse of God to enjoy by your Maiesty, there is one amongst the rest so full of blessedness, as that it ouer reacheth the measure of common comprehension to dilate it in speech: And what is that? Even the knitting together of your two Kingdomes England and Scotland, which are now so closed in one Harmony as well of Religion, as of their confining borders and agreeing languages, as that (according to the saying of the Prophet) Bone is ioyned to Bone, and Ioynt to Ioynt." This is followed by a short dedication in prose "To the Right Worshipfull his very kind and curteous friend Edward Vaughan Esquire, Deputy officer of the office of the Pipe of the King's Maiesties Exchequer." In this he speaks of having been staying in London during the memorable plague of 1603, usually termed "the black year," when he says "according to the bill of Certificat there died above 19 hundreth of the Plague in one weeke." To this succeeds two pages in verse, "The Authors Prologue to such of his Poems in this booke as concerne Godds Kingdome." Some of the Poems have allusions to his own profession of the law, others to the exaction of outra-



geous fees and bribes, and the vicious and corrupting influence of gold. One of them is entitled "Of the most commendable and honorable gouernement of the City of London, in the late times of the sicknesse and decease of the most gracious and renowned Queene Elizabeth."

In this Poem occurs the following passage :

In fine when certainty of death was knowne  
Of her our Queene, did hurly burly rise ?  
No none at all.

On which it was remarked in Chalmers's *Catalogue*, part i, No. 1983, that "the words *hurly burly* in this Poem affords a more striking instance of its being used on grave and solemn occasions in Shakespeare's time, than those furnished by Henderson and Reed in their Notes on 'When the hurly burly's done,' in *Macbeth*." The last Poem but one is addressed "To the Right Worshipfull and of high deseruing Sir Julius Cæsar Knight, one of the Maisters of the Requests to the Kings Maiestie." Several of the Poems are quoted at length in an article on this very rare work written by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, vol. iii, p. 268. The following, which is not given there, is perhaps one of the most favourable specimens in the book :

*The same complaining of his want of friends.*

Waking in my bed I wept  
And silently complained  
The cares that on me crept  
All hope of sleepe restrained,  
I called on my hap,  
I cried on my chaunce,  
Will none stand in the gap ?  
Will none my state advance ?  
My woe that never ends,  
My want that neuer dies,  
My state that neuer mends,  
My soule that ever cries,  
All these are but the loome  
That warpeth up my death,  
All these presage my doome,  
The losse of later breath.  
But is there not a Ioy  
That worldly Ioy excels,  
That helpeth all annoy  
And worldly woe expels ?  
There is no doubt, God graunt it me,  
So shall those woes extinguisht be.

Hake is not noticed by Ellis, Chalmers, Campbell, or included in any of the collections of our early English Poetry. See *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 369; Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 231; Dr. Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i, p. 463; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 97; edit. 1824, 8vo.

A copy of this work sold in Bindley's sale, pt. ii, No. 1620, for 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, and in Chalmer's Sale, pt. i, No. 1983, for 13*l.* The present one has the date cut off.

Bound in Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

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**HAKE, (EDWARD.)**—Of Gold's Kingdome, and this Unhelping Age. Described in sundry Poems intermixedly placed after certaine other Poems of more speciall respect, and before the same is an oration, &c., &c.

Imprinted at London by John Windet, Dwelling at Paules Wharfe at the signe of the Crosse-Keyes, and are there to be sold. 1604. 4to, pp. 66.

Another Copy of this very rare and singular work. The one in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, 369, priced at 3*l.* 3*s.*, was imperfect, wanting nine leaves.

The present is a fine and perfect Copy, and is half-bound in Green Morocco.

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**HALL, (JOSEPH.)**—The King's Prophecie: or Weeping Ioy.—Expressed in a Poeme, to the Honor of Englands too (two) great Solemnities. Jos. Hall.

London, Printed by T. C. for Symon Waterson. 1603. Sm. 8vo.

We have here a little volume not only of great interest and curiosity from the name of the author, but of such rarity also as to have escaped the notice of all our poetical bibliographers. Mr. Collier, indeed, had hinted at its existence in his *Poet. Decam.*, vol. i, p. 198, and believed it to be unique; but had never at any time seen the volume, nor was it known to any of Bishop Hall's biographers. It is unfortunately imperfect at the end,



and, being the only copy known, we fear it is never likely by any future discovery to be made complete. It is a poem expressive of the author's grief on the death of Queen Elizabeth, and also congratulatory on the accession of James I. to the throne of England. It is in six line stanzas, extending in the present copy to fifty-two; but as the book is imperfect, ending on sig. B 7, with a catchword, it is impossible to say how much more was intended to be added. It has been supposed by Mr. Bright, to whom it formerly belonged, and by others, also, with great probability, that the work was never completed, and remained unpublished. These were apparently the proof-sheets, the corrections on which were unfortunately obliterated when the book was bound, but are still here and there perceptible. Besides the name *Jos. Hall* on the title, as an indication of its being the work of the bishop, there is sufficient internal evidence to prove that it came from his pen, not only from the style of the composition, but from several allusions to his own personal circumstances and previous writings. Hall was at this time residing at Halstead, in Suffolk, a living which had been given to him by his patron, Drury, who was then travelling abroad. To these circumstances he alludes in the ensuing stanzas, and to James's arrival from Scotland to take possession of the crown of England, which had devolved to him by the death of Elizabeth:

## 44.

For ere the worlds great lamp shal thrise decline  
 Into his Southern Sphere, and thrise retyre  
 Up to the turning of his Northren line,  
 Our second Sunne shall in his earthly gyre  
 Turn once to al the realms his light doth guide;  
 And yet obserue his yearly race beside.

## 45.

Then shall my *Suffolke* (England's Eden hight  
 As England is the worlds) be ouer blest  
 And surfet of the ioy of that deare sight  
 Whose pleasing hope their harts so long possess  
 Which his great name did with such triumph greet  
 When erst it loudly ecchoed in our street.

## 46.

And thou, renowned *Drury* mongst the rest,  
 Above the rest; whether thee still detain  
 The snowy Alpes, or if thou thoughtest it best  
 To trust thy speed vnto the watery playne,  
 Shalt him receive; he thee, with such sweet grace  
 As may beseeme thy worth and noble race.

Hall's first poetical work, his *Virgidemiarum*, was printed in 1597, when he was in his twenty-third year. The present poem was produced when he was in his twenty-ninth year, and was probably his latest dalliance with the Muses. Two years afterwards, in 1605, he went abroad with Sir Edmund Bacon, and remained there some time. He was again abroad in France also in 1616, when he attended Lord Doncaster on his embassy there, and from this time he abandoned poetry for the thorny paths of religious controversy, and his valuable life was afterwards spent in producing works of piety and devotion more suitable to his sacred calling.

From so rare a volume, a few of the opening stanzas will not be considered unacceptable to our poetry-loving readers.

## 1.

What Stoick could his steely brest containe  
(If *Zeno* self, or who were made beside  
Of tougher mold) from being torne in twaine  
With the crosse passions of this wondrous tide?  
Grief at *ELIZAES* toomb, or'ecome anone  
With greater ioy at her succeeded throne?

## 2.

Me seems the world at once doth weep and smile,  
Washing his smiling cheeks with weeping dew,  
Yet chearing still his watered cheeks the while  
With merry wrinkles that do laughter shew;  
Amongst the rest, I can but smile and weepe,  
Nor can my passions in close prison keepe.

## 3.

Yet now, when Griefe and Ioy at once conspire  
To vex my feeble minde with aduerse might,  
Reason suggests not words to my desire,  
Nor daines no Muse to helpe me to endite;  
So doth this ciuill strife of Passions strong,  
Both moue and marre the measures of my song.

## 4.

For long agone, when as my weaker thought  
Was but assayl'de with change of Ioy and paine:  
I wont to finde the willing Muse vnsought,  
And vent my numbers in a plenteous vaine,  
Whether I wisht to write some loftie verse,  
Or with sad lines would straw some sable hearse.



## 5.

So, when but single Passions in the field  
Meet Reason sage ; soone as she list aduance  
Her awful head ; they needs must stoop, and yeeld  
Their rebell armes to her wise gouernance :  
Whence, as their mutin'd rage did rashly rise  
Y like by Reasons power it cowardly dies.

## 6.

But when that Passions ranke arayes beset  
Reason alone, without or friend, or Fere,  
Who wonders if they can the conquest get  
And reauē the crown her royal head did weare ?  
Goe yet tumultuous lines, and tydings bring,  
What Passion can in Reasons silence sing.

## 7.

Oft did I wish the closure of my light  
Before the dawning of that fearfull day  
Which should succeed *Elizæ's* latest night,  
Sending her glorious soule from this sad clay,  
Vp to a better crowne then erst she bore  
Vpon her weary browes, and Temples hoare :

## 8.

For then I fear'd to finde the frowning skie  
Cloathed in dismall black, and dreadfull red,  
Then did I feare this earth should drenched lie  
With purple streames in ciuil tumults shed :  
Like when of yore in th' old Pharsalian downes,  
The two crosse Eagles grapled for the crowne.

Cæsar and  
Pompey.

## 9.

Or when the riper English Roses grew  
On sundrie stalks, from one selfe roote y sprung,  
And stroue so long for praise of fairer hew,  
That millions of our Sires to death were stung  
With those sharp thornes that grew their sweets beside  
Or such, or worse, I ween'd should now betide.

Lanc. and  
Yorke.

## 10.

Nor were leud hopes ought lesser thē my dread,  
Nor lesse their Triumphs then my plained woe,  
Triumphs, and Plaints for great *Eliza* dead ;  
My dread, their hope for *Englands* ouerthrow :  
I fear'd their hopes, and wail'd their pleasāt cheare,  
They triumpht in my griefes, and hop't my feare.

## 11.

Waiting for flames of cruell Martyrdome  
 Alreadie might I see the stakes addrest,  
 And that state strumpet of imperious *Rome*,  
 Hie mounted on her seuen-headed beast,  
 Quaffing the bloud of Saints in boules of gold,  
 Whiles all the surplus staines the guiltles mold.

## 12.

Jesuites. Now might I see those swarmes of Locusts sent  
 Hell's cursed off-spring, hyred slaues of *Spaine*,  
 Till the world sawe, and scorned their intent  
 Of a sworne foe to make a Soueraigne;  
 How could but terrour with his colde affright  
 Strike my weake brest vpon so sad foresight?

From the next stanzas we are about to quote, it is evident that Hall had previously written, and most probably published when very young, some pastoral poems, including a translation of Virgil's fourth Eclogue, which he had applied to the birth of Prince Henry. Mr. Collier has already noticed this circumstance in his *Bridgewater Catal.*, p. 139, and has quoted a line from Marston's fourth Satire appended to his *Pigmalion's Image*, 8vo, 1598, who, in allusion to these earlier poems, had asked

Will not his *pastorals* indure for ever?

The ensuing lines from the present poem are a further confirmation of Mr. Collier's conclusion from this expression of Marston "that Hall's *Pastorals* were printed, although no copy of them has survived."

## 17.

How did I better long agoone presage,  
 (That ioyes me still I did presage so right)  
 When in the wardship of my weaker age  
 My puis-nè Muse presumed to recite  
 The vatic lines of that *Cumean* Dame,  
 (Which *Maro* falsely sung to *Pollios* name)

Virgil's fourth  
 Egloge trans-  
 lated and ap-  
 plied to the  
 birth of Hen-  
 the prince.

## 18.

To the deare Natals of thy princely sonne,  
 O dreadest Soueraigne; in whose timely birth  
 Mee seem'd I sawe this golden age begonne,  
 I sawe this wearie loade of Heauen and Earth  
 Freshly reuiu'd, rouze vp his fainting head  
 To see the sweete hopes this day promised.



## 19

And now I liue (I wisht to liue so long  
 Till I might see these golden dayes succeed  
 And solemne vow'd that mine eternall song  
 Should sound thy name vnto the future seed)  
 I liue to see my hopes ; ô let me liue  
 Till but my vowed verse might me suruiue.

## 20

So may thy worth my lowly Muse upraise  
 So may mine hie-up-raised thoughts aspire  
 That not thy *Bartas* selfe, whose sacred layes  
 The yeelding world doth with thy selfe admire,  
 Shal passe my song, which nought can reare so hye,  
 Saue the sweete influence of thy gracious eye.

## 21

Meane while, amongst those throngs of Poesies  
 Which now each triuial Muse dares harshly sing  
 This vulgar verse shall feed plebeian eies,  
 Nor prease into the presence of my King ;  
 So may it safely praise his absent name ;  
 That neuer present tongue did voyd of blame.

The remainder of the poem is written in a strain of high panegyric to King James, whose Basilikon Doron is noticed, and allusions are made to the accomplished Prince Henry, on whom the hopes of the nation were fixed, which, alas ! were all to be suddenly cut off and destroyed by his early and untimely death. Bishop Hall, who lived in troublous times, in the latter part of his days suffered many indignities and calamities, which reduced him to great straits. He died at an advanced age in September, 1656, highly esteemed for his piety and general worth. With the exception of his Epistles in six Decades, 8vo., 1608, he published no other poetical work after this.

Collation : Title A 2. Sig. A to B inclusive, in eights. Fourteen leaves, fifty-two stanzas.

Bound by Charles Lewis.  
 In Russia, gilt leaves.

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HANNAY, (PATRICK.)—The Nightingale. Sheretine and Mariana.  
 A happy Husband. Elegies on the death of Queene Anne.



Songs and Sonnets by Patrick Hañay gent.

London printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1622. 8vo.

The title is in the middle of an elaborately engraved Frontispiece divided into compartments, five on one side with one at the top, relating to the tale of the Nightingale, and five on the other to Sheretine and Mariana. Over the title are the musical notes of a song to which the Nightingale is to be sung — and at the bottom is the extremely rare portrait of the Author in a ruff with slashed doublet, with his arms and crest, and the motto *Per ardua ad alta*. The dedication is addressed in five six-line stanzas “To the most illustrious Princesse Francis Dutchesse of Lenox, Countesse of Hertford and Richmond” — and is followed by commendatory verses by Edward Leuenthorpe, Robert Hannah (his kinsman), Jchn Dunbar (in Latin), Jo. Marshall, John Harmar, J. M. C. (an acrostic), William Lithgow, and Robert Alane. The Poem of Philomela, the Nightingale, is preceded by “The Argument” in verse, and is founded on the tale of Philomela in the sixth book of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*. It is written in a pleasing and harmonious style, in a peculiar stanza of sixteen lines each, and thus commences :

Walking I chanc’d into a shade,  
Which top-in-twining trees had made  
Of many seuerall kinds.  
There grew the high aspiring Elme,  
With boughes bathing in gum-like balm,  
Distilling through their rinds.  
The Maple with a skarrie skinne  
Did spread broad pallid leaues ;  
The quaking Aspine light and thinn  
To th’ ayre light passage giues :  
    Resembling still  
    The trembling ill  
Of tongues of woman kinde,  
Which neuer rest,  
But still are prest  
To waue with euery winde.

The Mirtle made of nought but sweets,  
Loue-loathing *Daphne’s* offspring greets,  
whose top no steele ere lop’d :  
Nor vnder boughes with biting beasts



Returning from their fodder-feasts,  
 for banket nere had crop'd.  
 The lowly bankes did bath in dew ;  
 which from the tops distil'd ;  
 There Eglantine and Ivy grew,  
 sweet Mint and Margoram wilde ;  
     With many more,  
     *Pomona's* store  
 Was plentifully plac'd,  
     That nought did want,  
     Nor seemed scant  
 To please sight, scent, or taste.  
 The blooming borders fresh and faire,  
 Were clad with clothes of colours rare,  
     Which fairest *Flora* fram'd :  
 The Hyacinth, the selfe-lou'd lad,  
*Adonis*, *Amaranthus* sad,  
     there pleasing places claim'd.  
 The Primrose pride of pleasing Prime,  
     with Roses of each hew :  
 The Cowslip, Pinke, and sauory Thyme,  
     and Gilly-flower there grew.  
     The Marygold  
     Which to behold  
 Her louer loathes the night,  
     Locking her leaues  
     Shee inward grieues,  
     When *Sol* is out of sight.  
 Vpon the boughs and tops of trees,  
 Blyth birds did sit as thicke as Bees  
     on blooming Beanes doe bait :  
 And euery Bird some louing noat  
 Did warble throw the swelling throat  
     to wooe the wanton mate.  
 There might be heard the throbbing Thrush,  
     the Bull-finch blyth her by ;  
 The Blacke-bird in another bush,  
     with thousands more her nie.  
     The ditties all,  
     To great and small,  
 Sweet *Philomel* did set,  
     In all the grounds  
     Of Musicke sounds  
     Those darlings did direct.



With pleasure which that place did bring,  
Which seem'd to me perpetuall spring,

I was infore'd to stay :  
Leaning me lowly on the ground,  
To heare the sweet coelestiall sound  
These *Syluanes* did bewray.  
Rauishd with liking of their songs,  
I thought I vnderstood  
The seuerall language to each longs  
That lodges in the wood.

Most *Philomel*  
Did me compell  
To listen to her song,  
In sugred straines  
While she complaines  
Of tyrant *Tereus* wrong.

The description of "the goodly garment all of gold" worn by *Philomela* on her first interview with *Tereus*, and of the subjects wrought upon it, is thus elegantly told, and is well deserving of quotation.

There was *Apollo* in a chaire  
Of burnish'd gold, his flame-like haire  
Against that brightnesse beam'd,  
An Inorie Harpe with siluer strings,  
With trembling touch which lightly rings,  
Did sound or sounding seem'd.  
With leaue-lawrell he was crown'd,  
And canopied orehead,  
Wherein chast *Daphne* lately wound  
Did quiver yet for dread.  
The slender flim  
Which hid each lim  
So offer'd to the eie ;  
And was so wrought,  
You would haue thought  
It to be Maid and tree.

Her leaue toppe (late haire) did shade  
The Welkin, part it twy-light made,  
And part a mirthfull morne,  
For lower was an azur'd skie  
Where Easterne beames did beautifie  
Halfe, halfe, the starres adorne.  
Among the slender boughes some birds  
Their list'ning eares incline,



Others houer about in heards,  
 To heare these Dits diuine :  
     Some's swelling brest  
     The ioy exprest,  
 To hear how they did earne :  
     Some's opening bill  
     Bewrai'd the will  
 These wantons had to learne.

A little lower from this state  
 Where Prince *Apollo* proudly sate  
     With brightnesse ouerblowne :  
 The merrie muses rang'd in rankes  
 Were seated on the sunnie bankes  
     With sauorie sweets ore-growne :  
 While one doth tune her Lute, or voice,  
     One notes, one time doth measure.  
 A silent sound, an vnheard noise  
     Doth take the sight with pleasure :  
     Some garments graue,  
     Others did haue  
     Some light, some long, some short,  
     Some Chaplets wore,  
     And some forbore,  
     Some mus'd, and some made sport.

Neerer the border one might see  
*Orpheus* and *Euridice*,  
     Returning from the dead :  
 He plaied, and with swift pace did haste  
 Longing till she our aire should taste,  
     Whom he to light did lead :  
 But whether a desire of sight  
     Or feare she did not follow,  
 Made him looke backe, his deare delight  
     The opening earth did swallow :  
     Hee quickly snatch'd  
     And would haue catch'd,  
     But when it prou'd in vaine,  
     Her looke did shrieke,  
     And in his cheekes,  
 Pale grieve was pictur'd plaine.

A sea circled the lowest seame,  
 With welling waues, and of that streame  
     The people pastime take :

Fearefull on fish *Arion* sits,  
 Hee seeming seiz'd with quaking fits,  
 Did mournfull musicke make.  
 The *Dolphins* dance now vp, now down,  
 And as much pleasure haue,  
 As he hath paine, for feare to drowne,  
 He sings his life to saue ;  
 His hands scarce hold  
 With feare and cold  
 Benumb'd his Instrument :  
 The swelling waue  
 The motion gaue,  
 The sauing sound that lent.  
  
 This gorgeous garment large and wide,  
 Before was with a button tide,  
 And carelesse hung about :  
 My fore-part was of purest Lawne,  
 Whereon the fairest flowres were drawne,  
 That Nature ere brought out :  
 Their roots a seeming-earth did hide  
 Clad in a grassie green ;  
 The stalke stood out, as if beside  
 The ground a growing seen :  
 Some thought a scent  
 Out from them went ;  
 (So wrought they on conceat,)  
 One maketh faith  
 He tasted hath  
 Some leafe that fell of late.  
  
 Thus was I cloth'd . . . . .

At the end of the tale of Philomela, a new title occurs: "Sheretine and Mariana. By Patricke Hannay Gent. London, Printed by Iohn Haviland for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at the signe of the pide Bull at S. Austins gate. 1622."

This part is dedicated "To the trylie honovrable and noble Lady Lvcie Covntesse of Bedford," after which is "A brieve Collection out of the Hungarian Historie, for the better understanding of this ensuing Poem." *Sheretine and Mariana* is a love story in two cantos, written in six-line stanzas, related by Mariana's Ghost, in the manner of those in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, the simple plot being that John Baptista Castalde being sent with John Sheretine and some gentlemen to Vienna by Ferdinand King of Hungary,



to his brother Charles the Fifth, then warring in Germany, for instructions, Sheretine there becomes deeply enamoured of Mariana, daughter to Lazare Ardech, and being requited with like affection, the friends willingly consent, and they are contracted. Castalde, having received his instructions, leaves Vienna with Sheretine, after a sad farewell of Mariana, for Hungary. While they are away, Nicholas Turian, a young nobleman, coming with Ferdinand's son Maximilian to Vienna, and seeing Mariana, falls in love with her, and sues for her hand. Her parents, preferring his present and more ample means to those of Sheretine, which depended on hope, force her against her will and plighted faith to wed Turian.

Sheretine afterwards revisits Vienna, and, there seeing the inconstancy of Mariana, and the ill-dealing of her parents, falls sick with extreme sorrow, and dies: whose death brings on their tragic ends, as related in the poem. It is written in a smooth and easy style as a few stanzas, descriptive by Mariana of herself, will serve to shew:

Kind Nature freely her best gifts bestow'd,  
And all the *Graces* ioyn'd to doe me grace:  
In giuing what they gaue, they nothing ow'd,  
Which well to those appear'd, who saw my face:  
There was no maid who durst with me compare,  
My beautie and my vertues were so rare.

My Parents plac'd in me their whole content,  
I was their ioy, they had no children more,  
Kinne and acquaintance all of me did vaunt,  
And brag'd to see my youth produce such store  
Of budding blossomes, fairest fruit presaging,  
All which were nip'd by aduerse fortunes raging.

My Parents care was chiefly how to traine  
Me vp in vertue from my tender yeares,  
They vs'd all meanes, sparing nor cost, nor paine,  
Nor day, nor night me to instruct forbeares,  
So in short time my vertue had such growth,  
As age whiles brings, but is not seene in youth.

Like as the rising Sunne with weaker light  
Steales from the bed of bashfull blushing morne,  
Permitting freely to the feeblest sight  
Him to behold, but such beames him adorne  
Mounting our height, as who him then beholds  
Is blinded, with the brightnesse him infolds.

So I an Infant at the first appearance,  
 With hoped beautie did but weakly shine ;  
 But as in yeeres I further did aduance,  
 Perfections Pencill so did me refine,  
     As my accomlisht beautie at the the height  
     Dazled the bold beholders daring sight.

The following stanzas are from the opening passage of the second canto :

Of all the Passions which perturb the minde,  
 Loue is the strongest and molests it most ;  
 Loue neuer leaues it, as it doth it finde ;  
 By it some goodnesse is or got, or lost :  
     None yet ere lou'd, and liu'd in like estate,  
     But did to Vertue adde, or from it bate.  
 Sometimes it makes a wise man weakly dote  
 And makes the wariest sometimes to be wilde ;  
 Sometimes it makes a wise man of a sot,  
 Sometimes it make a sauage to be milde ;  
     It maketh Mirth to turne to sullen Sadnesse,  
     And settled braines it often cracks with Madnesse.

By cursd *All-suspecting- Jealousie*,  
*Faint-doubtfull Hope*, and *euver-shaking Feare* ;  
 (Whom *Pale-fac'd-Care* still keepeth company)  
 It is attended : These companions are  
     No minutes rest who let the louer find ;  
     But with their seuerall thoughts doe racke his mind.

So was't with me : I euery thing did feare,  
 That might vnto my *Sheretine* befall :  
 Sometimes I thought I clattring-Armes did heare,  
 Sometimes for helpe I thought I heard him call :  
     Sometimes I fear'd *New-Beautie* him allur'd,  
     Sometimes my *Hope* his *Honesty* assur'd.

Now (absent) I did loue him more inteaerely,  
 It taught me depriuation was a hell,  
 The parting pangs did touch my heart but nearely ;  
 But now in centre of the same they dwell :  
     I oftentimes lou'd to consult with *Hope*,  
     And of his swift returne propos'd the scope.

But now the *Fates* with *Fortune* doe conspire,  
 To crosse the kinde intendements of Loue ;  
 And with salt teares to quench his kindled fire,  
 Not satisfied with my deare *Friends* remoue :  
     My *Loues* are in the waine, daily grow lesse,  
     My *Sorrows* waxing, daily doe increase.



On page 143, commencing with a new title page, "A Happy Husband, or Directions for a Maid to chvse her Mate. Together with a Wives Behauiovr after Marriage. The second Edition. By Patrick Hannay Gent."

*Proper.*

Exemplo junctæ tibi sint in amore columbæ,  
Masculus et totum fœmina coniugium.

London, Printed by Iohn Haviland for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop at S. Austins gate. 1622.

The first edition of this Poem appeared in 1619 by the same printer. It was one of the numerous imitations which followed the publication of Sir Thomas Overbury's popular poem of *A Wife*, first printed in 1614. 4to. It contains some good salutary advice and excellent rules on the choice of a husband, and on "A Wives behaviour" after marriage. It is dedicated in prose "To the vertuous and noble Lady, the Lady Margaret Home, eldest daughter to the Right Honourable Alexander Earle Home, Baron of Dunglas," &c., after which is a short prose address "To Women in generall," commendatory verses by R. S., P. S., W. Lewell, and Edward Leuenthorpe, and two "Arguments," in verse. A short extract from this portion, relating to a well-known character in our annals, may be admitted :

*Englands* third *Richard*, and the wife of *Shore*,  
The one deform'd, the other grac'd with store  
Of bounteous *Natures* gifts, doe shew th' effects  
Of Ioue and Hate, to good and bad aspects ;  
Shee (when shee bare-foot with a Taper light  
Did open penance in the peoples sight)  
Went so demure, with such a lovely face,  
That beauty seem'd apparel'd in disgrace :  
But most when shame summon'd the blood too hie,  
With native staines, her comely cheekes to die  
In scarlet tincture : *Shee* did so exceed  
That e'en *disgrace* in her *delight* did breed :  
Firing beholders hearts that came to scorne her,  
So *Beauty* cloath'd in basenesse did adorne her,  
That e'en the good (who else the vice did blame)  
Thought she deserued *pitie* more then *shame* :  
Condemning cunning *Richards* cruell minde,  
Who caus'd her shame, the *multitude* to blinde  
Lest it his greater mischiefe should behold  
Which his ambition-plotters had in mold :  
So in them was the force of feature seene,  
Who, if lesse-famous, had more happy beene.

Another title page then occurs as follows: "Elegies on the Death of our late Soueraigne Queene Anne. With Epitaphs. By Patrick Hannay Gent. The second Edition. London, Printed by Iohn Hauiland for Nathaniel Butter," &c., as before.

The first edition of these two Elegies on the death of Anne of Denmark, Queen Consort of James I., was printed in 1619, 4to. There is a copy of this edition, which is scarce, in the British Museum. The Elegies are preceded by a short metrical dedication "To the most Noble Prince Charles," and at the end are two Epitaphs, the latter of which deserves to be here quoted:

A Wife, a Daughter, Sister to a King,  
 Mother to those, whose hopes doe higher spring,  
 Chaste, faire, wise, kinde: first *Crowne-united* were,  
 We knew her such, and held her for no more.  
 That she was more God's daughter and heauen's heire  
 We know, since parted hence he crown'd her there.

A fifth title precedes the last portion of the volume, thus: "Songs and Sonnets. By Patricke Hannay Gent. London, Printed by Iohn Hauiland for Nathaniel Butter," &c., as before.

This part has a poetical dedication in six-line stanzas "To the Right Honorable S<sup>r</sup> Andrew Gray, Knight, Colonell of a foot regiment, and Generall of the Artillerie to the high and mightie Prince Fredericke King of Bohemia." This was the gentleman under whom Hannay served in the wars abroad. The first and longest of the Songs is a lamentation of Sheretine for the loss of his beloved Mariana. Some of the Sonnets consist only of short poems of six or eight lines each, while others contain the usual and legitimate number. The following extracts are not displeasing specimens of Hannay's poetry:

*Song III.*

I can loue, and loue intirely,  
 And can proue a constant friend:  
 But I must be lou'd as dearely,  
 And as truly to the end:  
 For her loue no sooner slaketh  
 But my fancie farwell taketh.  
 I cannot indure delaying,  
 I must haue her quickly won:  
 Be she nice (though not denying)  
 By her leaue I then have done:  
 For I am not yet at leasure  
 To dwine for a doubtfull pleasure.



My eies shall not still be wailing  
 Where I'm answered with neglect :  
 My hurt is not at her hailing,  
 Who my paine doth not respect :  
     He's a foole that seekes relieuing,  
     From her glories in his griewing.

With beautie I will not be blinded,  
 Yet I will none foule affect :  
 With wealth I will not be winded,  
 If in behauiour be defect :  
     Beautie stained, such love dieth  
     Wealth decayed such love fieth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Be she rich, and faire, and gained,  
 If I ficklenesse doe finde,  
 My desires are quickly wained  
 I can steere with other winde.  
     For Vertue I haue vow'd to chuse her,  
     When that failes, I will refuse her.

*Sonnet XI.*

Sweet is the Rose and faire, yet who the same  
 Would pluck, may wound his finger with the brier,  
 So sweet, so faire is my beloued Dame :  
 Her darting eie wounds those that come her neere,  
 They both are faire, both sweet, they both make smart,  
 The rose, the finger ; *Cælia* the heart.

Of the author of this rare volume, little seems to be known beyond his having been descended from an ancient and honourable family, who held lands in Kirkdale in Galloway. His grandfather Donald Hannay,

well was known  
 To th' English by his sword.

His grandson appears to have served in a military capacity in behalf of the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia under Sir Andrew Gray, Knight, a Colonel of Foot, and General of Artillery to Frederick King of Bohemia, and was present with him in several engagements. The volume before us, the

Fruit of some houres he with the Muses spent, appears to contain the whole of his productions. Few poetical works, in a perfect state, are rarer than this, and the present copy, in addition to the frontispiece containing the portrait of Hannay, is further embellished with

a portrait of Anne of Denmark, by Crispin de Pass, inserted, and is believed to be *unique* in this state. It formerly belonged to Mr. Brindley, and has his initials and the date 1788 attached to a short note. At his sale, pt. ii, No. 535, it was purchased by Mr. Perry for 35*l.* 14*s.* At Mr. Perry's death it was bought by Mr. Triphook, pt. i, No. 1857, for 38*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*, for Sir Mark M. Sykes, Bart., and at the sale of the latter gentleman's library, in 1824, pt. i, No. 1413, it was again sold to the Rev. Mr. Rice for 42*l.* At Mr. Rice's sale, No. 711, it brought 21*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Sig. A four leaves (not including the engraved title), B to R 6 in eights.

Bound in White Vellum.

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HANNAY, (PATRICK.)—The Nightingale. Sheretine and Mariana.  
A happy Husband. Elegies on the death of Queene Anne.  
Songs and Sonnets by Patrick Hañay gent.  
London printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1622.

Another copy of this singularly rare volume. It has the curious engraved frontispiece, and the whole of the letter press, with the exception of Sig. B, containing the dedication and complimentary verses, which are wanting. The frontispiece has been successfully copied by Berry, and published by Mr. Rodd among his copies of rare portraits. See Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. iii, p. 135; Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. vi, p. 191; Granger's *Biog. Hist.*, vol. ii, p. 133; Davies's *Second Journey*, p. 72, and Wrangham's p. p. *Catal.* of the English portion of his library, p. 263. This copy, which is perfect, excepting the four introductory leaves, sold in Mr. Pinkerton's sale, in April, 1812, for 14*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*, and at Chalmers's ditto, pt. i, No. 134, for 13*l.* 10*s.* An imperfect one, wanting the frontispiece and title, sold in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 1050, for 3*l.* 9*s.*

Bound in Green Calf, extra.

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HANSON, (JOHN.)—Time is a Turne-Coate. Or Englands three-fold Metamorphosis. Wherin is acted the Pensiuue mans Epilogomena, to Londons late lamentable Heriocall Comi-Tragedie. Also a Panegyricall Pageant-speech or Idylion



pronounced to the Citie of London, vpon the entrance of her long-expected Comfort.

Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro.

Written by Iohn Hanson.

London, Printed for I. H. and are to be sold at the signe of the Bible in Paules Church-yard. 1604. 4to, pp. 94.

The title is succeeded by a prose dedication "To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Bennet, Knight, Lord Maior of the famous Citie of London, the right Worshipfull Sir William Romley, and Sir Thomas Middleton Knights, and Sheriffes of the same Citie." This is dated, London, 26th of March, 1604, and is followed by a dialogue in verse between "The Author and his Booke," two sets of complimentary Latin Verses, signed R. B. and T. G. (*qu.* Richard Braithwaite and Thomas Gainsford), and by some lines from the author "To the iudiciall Reader," subscribed, "Nec Momum nec Mimim metuo," commencing thus:

I write not of victorious *Hanniball*,  
Of Romes old murdered sons, nor *Pompeys* fall,  
Of valiant *Hector*, nor *Achilles* shield,  
Burning *Vesuvius*, nor th' *Elysian* field;  
Nor of huge arme-strong *Hercul's Iole*;  
Of loue-sicke *Attis*, nor beauteous *Danaë*,  
To whom (she prison'd in a mured Tower)  
Old *Saturnes* sonne rain'd down the silver shower:  
Nor of *Ioues* conquering heire, nor *Pryaps* bed,  
Nor of the sports of wanton *Ganimed*.  
But of that *Faire*, the fairest of Earths faire,  
To whom in troupes supernall Nymphs repaire:  
A shining Diamond, a radiant Bright,  
Which in earths Center yeeldeth clearest Light:  
A precious Pearle, clear as Auroras Sun,  
Whose hote-reflecting beames will not be done:  
A glorious Starre, to Heau'n and Earth combin'd,  
The brightest Gemme that ere in *Albion* shin'd.  
Of heighth, of depth, of earth, of heau'n, of hell,  
Of ugly monsters, shapes that do excell:  
Of ioy, of wo, of horror, mirth, and feare,  
And turn'd circumferent Typhonian *Time*,  
Of restlesse motions whirl'd about the Sphere,  
Thus *Time* hath task't me to a turning Rime.

The Poem, which is composed in heroic verse, treats among other things of the death of Queen Elizabeth, of the vices and sins of the Metropolis, of the great Plague of 1603, and of the accession of James I. in that year. It is written in a turgid and inflated style, with frequent classical and Scriptural allusions, and evidently shows the marks of a youthful and unchastened hand. The following adulatory and high-flown lines were surely strong enough even for the greedy vanity of the pedantic monarch, and their classical allusions would also have rendered them not less acceptable to him :

Couragious *Cato* with his warlike traines  
While rang'd in rancke vpon the champion plaines,  
Sweet-breathed Zephyrus vp softly blew  
The fragrant flowers which in medowes grew,  
Vpon their glittering targets : then they cride,  
*A glorious Triumph shall to vs betide.*  
Euen so the Flowers of fruitfull *Brittanie*  
(Blowne with the wind of zealous Loyaltie)  
Did congregate in troupes, proclaim'd a King,  
Whose name once heard, most gladsome ioy did bring.

\* \* \* \* \*

No sooner *Britaine* had her bright-Eye lost,  
But straight another gaz'd from Northern coast :  
No sooner did *Eliza* take her flight  
But instantly King *IAMES* appear'd in sight :  
For whom true hearts render immortall praise  
To high *Iehoua*, who this *Starre* did raise  
To yeeld them light, to stand their soueraigne Lord,  
And Patron pure of the soule-sauing word.  
(O blessed Time, when peerlesse Princes preach,  
When *Dauid* doth his sonne Gods precepts teach!)  
He is the sense-concluding Period  
Of *Englands* solace charactred by God ;  
The pure quintessence of her flourishing state,  
To whom her life is worthy subiugate.  
O what a learned *Varro* hath she gain'd,  
(Who mou'd blith *Gelos* euen when harts complain'd)  
A *Cicero* for flowing Eloquence ;  
A valiant *Cæsar* for Magnificence.  
*Dan Phœbus* rising from his scarlet bed,  
Out of his easterne Closet thrust his head ;  
Spreading his flame-hair'd broad vermilion looks,  
Vpon the earth, the sea, the trees and rockes ;  
Espi'de a fairer shining here below,  
Pluckt in his head, no more his face durst show,



The great rarity of the work, which has not, that we are aware of, been previously described by any Bibliographer, induces us to quote two more passages, which may be taken as a fair sample of the author's poetical vein.

O heaue *England*, now behold and see,  
Thy beautie stricken with the leprosie  
Of blasphemies, imbrac'd without regard:  
To whom the Lord hath sent a iust reward.  
Thy grienous sins with dreadfull noyse did erie  
For iust Reuenge vnto his Maiestie;  
Who can both strike and heale, preserue and wound,  
Erect thy wals, or raze them to the ground.  
How many wonders for thee hath he wrought?  
How many heau'nly Lessons thee hath taught  
T' assuage thy arrogance, suppress thy hate?  
Yet still thou standest in a fearfull state.

As he reduc'd his chosen *Israell*,  
From sauage cruelties of *Egypt*s fell;  
When they were plung'd in perils dangerous,  
At his command (O wonder maruellous)  
On either side the barking billowes stood,  
Whilst that they marched through the brinie flood,  
When their pursuing foes would them haue slaine,  
Were ouerwhelm'd amidst the troubled maine:  
Yet did they murmure in the Wildernesse,  
As too vngratefull for their rare successe.  
But heau'ns iust Iudge incens'd with wrathfull ire  
Powr'd foorth his plagues vpon their vaine desire  
While they tooke repast on their lustfull will,  
Vile venomous beasts their grauer age did kill.  
Euen thus (ô *England*) God hath dealt with thee,  
Conducting thee through seas of miserie;  
Redeem'd thy race from rage of forraine spoile  
Casting thy foes to base-dishonor'd foile:  
Yet all these graces not incite thy hart,  
With humblenesse to cure thy curelesse smart;  
Demurres thy dayes in dilatorie care  
Of worldly lusts which Heau'n will never spare:  
But in thy heighth of pompe and iollitie  
The massacring Angell came to visite thee;  
Slaughtring thy people with reuengefull sword,  
The Harbinger of Death sent from the Lord.

These sad events arose and came to passe,  
As it befell to old *Diagoras*;

Who when his sons th' Olympian games had won,  
 Casting their garlands in their Trophees done  
 About his necke; the men's applauding voyce,  
 And rare delight did make his heart reioyce:  
 But while his soule repleat with chearefull grace,  
 Was stung by Death ere he mou'd from the place.  
 Euen so whilst thou in Pleasures gardens stood,  
 Thy siluer lakes were turn'd to broukes of bloud;  
 Thy floods of ioyes were turn'd to seas of teares,  
 And lightsome Mirth to interrupting Feares.  
 Thus cast from top of climbing Dignitie,  
 Into the depth of darkest miserie;  
 The hungrie Earth deuour'd thee vp, alas,  
 As *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* was:  
 Thy Anthemes, Trophees, and thy Excellence,  
 Were swallowed vp, by starued Pestilence:  
 Thou wert consum'd with Death on euery side,  
 As bold *Belshazzar* was amidst his pride.  
 Nought but Threnodie danc'd amidst thy throng,  
 Whereat Time wet his cheekes, and slunke along.

The wretched fate of the Usurer, and the emptiness and vanity of all earthly objects, are rather powerfully drawn, and contain some good lines, which are worth quoting:

And when the Sun-set of thy youth drawes neare,  
 And occidentall Age begins t'appare,  
 Those ill-got goods, which *Auarice* did intend  
 To be preseru'd, lewd *Luxurie* shall spend;  
 That wealth whereon thy mouth did neuer tast  
 Vnthrifitie *Ganeo* shall consume and wast.  
 Thus doth thy sin incurre a double sin,  
 Whereto thy soule (for heavns great Bar brought in)  
 Shall answer as a thirstie Murtherer  
 A swallowing Gulfe, a deepe Extortioner.  
 Not all that wealth which thou hast falsely won,  
 Can baile thy soule from fierie *Phlegeton*;  
 But will condemne thee in that dreadful day,  
 And glutinate thy Soule with Hell for Ay.  
 O damned wretch, then fearefull is thy state:  
 These words pronounc'd Repentance haps too late:  
*Abi, thou cursed to eternall fire;*  
*Imbrace the flames of due-deserued hire.*  
 Then know: though ne're so sweet Earths Syrens sing,  
*An upright Conscience is a sacred Thing.*



As wormes cannot corrode the *Laryx* tree,  
Which neuer rots, nor scarce can burned be ;  
So neither Hell nor Horror, Worme nor Sting,  
Can fret they Conscience guarded strong within.

\* \* \* \*

Peruse the songs of sweet-toung'd *Salomon*,  
*Israels* great King, faire *Iudas* Paragon,  
*Sions Melodes*, the source of Sapience ;  
Bedew'd with drops of sacred influence ;  
For whom the Sabian Queene did iourney farre,  
To view the splendor of so bright a Starre,  
When he had heaped millions vp of gold,  
Erected buildings glorious to behold ;  
And planted trees, fed with sweet fluent springs,  
And treasures won by captiuated Kings ;  
And singers with harmonious melodie,  
Concording in *Amphyons* simphonie ;  
And all delights which Reason could deuise,  
Were set as objects to his restlesse eyes :  
*O vaine* (quoth he) *is all the Earths delight*,  
*But pictur'd Glosses, and disturbe the sprite :*  
*I now discerne by Faiths celestiall eye,*  
*Pleasure's, but vaine, most vaine, and Vanitie :*  
For with *Times*-turne their semblant Beauties gone,  
Whirl'd round with Change, as *Sysiphus* rolling stone.  
Thus mans Delights, and earths Felicities,  
Are but euen pleasant-seeming Vanities.

In *Turne of Time* all Creatures shall decay,  
(For *Time* itselfe in time must passe away)  
The winged-people of the various Skie  
The scalie Troupe which in the Surges lie ;  
The heau'ns, the earth, and seas shall burne to nought :  
(Not to that *Chaos*, whence they first were brought)  
The World's great Synode formally combin'd,  
With pure celestiall *Fire* must be refin'd.

At the close of the first poem, *Time is a Turne-coate*, is "A Panegyricall Idilion pronounced to the Citie of London before the entrance of her long-expected Comfort." This comfort is the arrival of King James, who is addressed in a strain of high-wrought panegyric, and the poem concludes with the author's wishes for his long and happy reign, and that his race may "flourish in faire Albions land,

Till *Time* himselfe leaue turning of his cote,  
And *Phæbus* cease to strike *Time* ravishing note."

At the end are four unpag'd leaves, containing what are termed "Pastorall Panegyricks." These are rhyming acrostics on the mottos "Iacobo Regi æterna Gloria," "Anna valeat Regina," "Henricus Princeps vivat," and eight complimentary verses to James in Latin, styled ΕΠΙΜΕΛΩΔΕΣ.

Of the author of this rare volume little seems to be known beyond the circumstance of his being a member of Pater House in Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1603, and from whence he appears to have derived considerable classical knowledge. He alludes in the dedication to his juvenility and want of experience, and promises some further essays "with the turne of ensuing Time." But whether he ever published anything more we are entirely ignorant. The volume is exceedingly rare, and is not noticed by Watt or Lowndes. A copy sold in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No, 966, for 1*l.* 5*s.*, and in Skegg's, No. 826, for 7*l.* We know of no others. It is not in the Grenville, Ellesmere, Malone, or Douce Collections.

Collation: Sig. ¶, four leaves (the first blank), then A to L 4, in fours.

Bound by Lewis, in Brown Calf, gilt leaves.

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HARBERT, (WILLIAM.) —A Prophetie of Cadwallader; last King of the Britaines: Containing a comparison of the English Kings, with many worthy Romanes, from William Rufus till Henry the fift. Henry the fift, his life and death. Foure Battels betweene the two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster. The Field of Banbury. The losse of Elizabeth. The praise of King Iames. And lastly a Poeme to the yong Prince.

London Printed by Thomas Creede for Roger Iackson, and are to be solde at his shop in Fleetestreet, ouer against the Conduit. 1604. 4to, pp. 70.

The metrical dedication to this rare poetical and historical miscellany is inscribed "To the no lesse Vertuous than Honourable Gentleman Syr Philip Herbert, Knight of the most noble order of the Bathe," and subscribed "The admirer of your vertues, whose life is deuoted to your love William Harbert." It is followed by two other poetical addresses, "The Author to Poeme," and "To the Reader." The work is written in seven-line stanzas, and appears to have been composed in his youth. It is above



the average standard in merit, and we might have looked for something more excellent from his pen had he continued to write. His verse is occasionally harsh and rugged, and betrays the weakness and inexperience of youth; but time and greater practice might, perhaps, have overcome these difficulties and defects. The work is a sort of poetical epitome of the leading actions and events in the lives of our British kings, foreshadowed under a prophesy of Cadwallader, the last King of the Britons, and the author's plan is related in a poem or prologue at the commencement. The aged monarch, who forms one of a train of heroes following the Chariot of Fortune on the banks of the Thames, is thus described :

The Britaine Monarch ware a simple Crowne,  
 Hauing small beades of Amber by his side :  
 A siluer Crosse, a Friers white frize gowne,  
 Vpon an humble Asse this King did ride,  
 As white as snow, or as the siluer tide.

One hand a staffe, the other held a booke,  
 On which his eyes continually did looke.

Wherein were charactered in lines of gold,  
*Loerinus* warres, and *Humbers* tragedy :

The foremost booke, did *Britaines* raigne relate,  
 The next of *Swayne*, the third of *Saxons* state.

The fourth and last did write of *Williams* raigne,  
 In which there was an ancient prophesie :  
 Written of yore, confirm'd by *Merlins* Twaine,  
 What should ensue to *Williams* progeny  
 Was there at large explainde in poetry.

The warres of *England* for the crowne of *France*,  
 There many battels with their mournfull chance.

The ciuill warres of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,  
 The *Cambrian* helmet changde for *Englands* crowne :  
 How true discent did *Tudors* blood preferre,  
 The brow of peace dispeared *Mars* his frowne,  
 The land of warre is rulde by iustice gowne.

These shall haue end, then shall arise a King  
 Which plenty shall conduct, in concords string.

He with vnnumbred linkes of reasons chaine,  
 Shall three in one, and one in three vnite :  
*Britaine* should be the name, for *Brute* doth raigne,  
 A King commands, no Princes fauorite,  
 This he intreates, for this his penne doth write :

Cease to command, learne subiects to obay,  
Reason where iustice rules, beares greatest sway.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fact was this, the prophesie was such  
Which he had read with carefull industry,  
And quoted every line with iudgments touch,  
Amidst his study casting vp his eye,  
Seeing his mistresse Fortune was not nye.

His booke he sleightely set into his gowne,  
Which on the yellow sand fell quickly downe.

Thence posted he on his maiestique Asse,  
Like some slow rider pacing to the race :  
Then *Isis* siluer channell did I passe,  
And thither went, where as mine eyes might gaze  
On that faire booke, clad in a golden case.

I past the *Annales*, for it please mine eye,  
To muse vpon that sacred prophesie.

When I had read vnto the latter lyne,  
I saw the aged King returne with speede :  
Kind Syr (quoth he) saw you a booke of mine ?  
I Syr (quoth I) if this be he indeed,  
I gaue it him : he gave me thanks for meed.

He posted thence, I to my study went,  
Where on this matter many houres I spent.

At last I was resolu'd for to relate  
In Poetry the things mine eyes did see :  
Which was the vncertainety of humane state,  
To paint the things aright with equitie,  
I did implore the ayde of memorie.

Which she deni'de : Oh worthies, pardon mee,  
If ought I write amisse which you shall see.

Not *Orpheus* trees and birdes enchanting quill,  
Nor *Homers* art here (Reader) shalt thou see :  
Expect not *Ouids* verse, nor *Maroes* skill,  
For if you doe, you shall deceiued bee :  
If bad it is, pray gentles, beare with mee.

Say is it meane, thou dost mee much command.  
I'de haue it meane, because I meane to mend.

Mistake mee not, I liue in hope to please :  
Dispraise me not, before thou knowest mee well :  
*Maugre* sweet, not reuenge, my lines loue peace  
Doe not my shame before thou seest it tell :



Marke euery line, and each wordes nature spell.  
 Ere thou beginst to reade, looke, beare in minde  
 Of whom I write, yea how, and in what kind.

Faire *Englands* Peeres with *Romanes* I compare,  
 Their warres, their spoiles, their fightes and victory,  
 Their filthy vices, with their vertues rare:  
 Their land, dispraise, their praise and infamy,  
 Their conquests, triumphes with their treachery.  
 Then doth our muse declare intestine warres,  
 Kings conquering fieldes, and Princes wounding iarres.

Then doth she mount the ayre with Eagles winges  
 Then to the North she goes, and passeth *Twide*:  
 And sings his praise which endles glory brings,  
 Who like a *Pilot* doth this *Island* guide,  
 Which like a barke, within the Sea doth ride.  
 This land is seated like to *Venice* state,  
 The waues, the walles, and euery ship a gate,

Least that my gates be wider then my towue,  
 And that *Diogines* my folly see:  
 My poems prologue I'll set quickly downe,  
 And bend my muse vnto the Prophesie:  
 Where you may reade art mixt with industry.  
 Needs must I erre, to erre all men are bent,  
 To perseuere, is a bad beasts intent.

The following description of the Queen of Henry V., the fair Katherine of France, is perhaps not unworthy of being quoted.

Immortalized virgin, sacred Queene,  
*Britaines Aurora*, harbinger of day:  
 Fairer then thought could thinke, or eye hath seene,  
 Rich Vertues port, and Honors clearest bay,  
 Thrice blessed wombe fram'd of ætheriall clay,  
 Which didst enclose that glorious *Theodore*,  
 Whose sonne did *Britaines* regalty restore.

Her Amber-tresses like to wyers of gold,  
 That shadowed her white vermilion face:  
 Like *Vulcans* chayne did *Venus* champion hold,  
 Who triumphed erewhile, now sues for grace,  
 Vndecent action for a Captaines place:  
 Thy eyes are now bewitcht with eyes diuine,  
 Thy heart consents to honor *Katherine*.

If I had *Zeuxes* art to paint thy lookes,  
 Did I enioy *Mæonian Homers* quill :  
 To pourtraiture thy praise in golden lookes,  
 Thy vertues rare would æqualize my skill :  
 Thy sacred paps sweete *Nectar* did distill.  
     Hadst not thou bene, our eyes should neuer view  
     Our present peace and pleasures to ensue.

In the verse next quoted the author thus alludes to Daniel the poet, who had taken a similar subject for his poem of the Civil Wars.

If *Homer* liu'd and dwelt in *Castalie*,  
 And daily tasted of *Parnassus* Well,  
 Inspir'de with furious sacred Poesie,  
 Yet would he not our *Virgils* worth excell,  
 Whose *Pæans* did these fierce massacres tell.  
     *Delia* is prais'd with thy all-praying hand :  
     No wonder, for thou dweltst in *Delos* land.

In "The Field of Banbery" the power of the great king-maker Warwick is noticed, and the succeeding stanzas contain some just sentiments on the horrors of civil war, and the necessity of taking up arms in the defence of the Monarchy.

Now warre is mounted on rebellions steede,  
 And discontent perswadeth willing Pride  
 His crest to raise, and weare an Iron weede :  
 Long smothred Enuy doth the Army guide,  
 Which made firme loue from true obedience slide :  
     'Twas that great *Neuill* made proud *George* rebell,  
     Whose haughty spirits *Warwicke* knew too well.  
*Warwicke* that rais'de the race of *Mortimer*,  
 Whose eyes did see too soone, thy death saies so :  
 The downfall of immortall *Lancaster*,  
 'Twas he that did, what could not *Warwicke* doe ?  
 Make Kings and Queenes to loue, and feare him too.  
     'Twas that great *Peere*, who with one warlike hand,  
     Crown'd and vncrown'd two kings who rul'de the land.  
 Thus while these Royall but disloyall Peeres,  
 Maugre reuenge to him that knew not feare,  
 Vnnubred bands of men and swarmes appeares  
 In North and South, East, West, yea euery where  
 They throw away their Coats, and Corslets weare.  
     Wiues, Maides, and Orphans eyes are stuff with teares,  
     And cannot see the Spades transform'd to Speares.



The Shepheards hooke is made a souldiers pike,  
 Whose weather-beaten hands must learne aright  
 His speare to traile, and with his sword to strike  
 Vpon the plumed beauer of a knight,  
 None must be spar'd by warres impartiall might.  
     If euery Souldier were a King, what then?  
     Princes should die as fast as other men.

The Senator must leaue his scarlet gowne,  
 And keepe him in some Turret of defence:  
 When warres once flourish, Iustice must goe downe,  
 Lawes to correct, is lawlesse warres pretence,  
 Valure doth greene to see ill gotten pence.  
     To see a man without deserts to rise,  
     Makes warre such men, not Iustice to despise.

You that in peace by vse of golden hoords  
 Your dunghill race to Barons did erect:  
 You that by English phrase and chosen woords  
 Make heauens enuy your toplesse Architect,  
 Your Angels cannot you from warres protect.  
     The Campe and Court in manners different are,  
     Words may in Peace, but deeds preuaile in warre.

For Robes of honor furr'd with Miniure  
 You must have brest-plates of well tempred steele,  
 And on your aged heads strong Helmets weare,  
 All states must turne when Fortune turnes her wheele,  
 That man which pleasure tastes must sorrow feele.  
     Who sees the wracke of mightie Empery,  
     He loues his life too well that will not dye.

When Kings must fight, shall subiects liue in peace?  
 What coward is of such a crauant race,  
 That loues not honor more than idle ease?  
 Great Romane I applaud thy worthy phrase,  
 To liue with shame, is worse then dye with praies.  
     All which haue being, alwaies cannot be,  
     For things corrupt must die, and so must wee.

Under the reign of Henry VIII. the author thus introduces Cardinal Wolsey and his unfinished college of Christ Church in Oxford, and expresses a hope that some monarch would arise to complete that noble foundation.



Wolsey then liu'd, high minded worthy Clarke,  
Which did erect those glorious Towres of yore :  
Learnings receptacle, Religions parke,  
Oh, that some Eagle-mounting thought would soare  
To finish that which he began before.

Oh, that some Prince (for non but Princes can)  
Would perfect that excellent worke of man.

The siluer *Isis* and the gliding *Thame*,  
Whose billowes resalute the verdant strand,  
Should warble *Poems* to his mightie name,  
The leaden age is past, which rul'de the land,  
*Saturne* is come, and *Saturne* doth command :  
Whose hopes were dead, rich students neuer feare,  
(Most rich in hope) some will your turrets reare.

Nurse of ingenious spirits *Athens* praise,  
Chiefe benefactor of what ere is mine :  
O might I see some mightie Monarch raise  
Those halfe built walles and parted towres combine,  
Then Christ might yet be iustly tearmed thine :  
As Christ is best, so should his houses bee,  
And in perfection haue a sympathie.

In the following passage, eulogistic of King James I., the author introduces the names of some others of our early poets, who were thought worthy to be coupled with that monarch's fame.

James the I. of  
England and  
VI. of Scotland.

All haile, great Monarch of the greatest Ile,  
The Northerne worlds vnited lawfull King,  
Pardon my rudest reede vndecent stile  
Though I want skill in thy new Empires spring,  
Yet doe I loue, and will thy prayes sing.  
Me thinks I do on *Claros* kindome stand,  
No maruaile, for *Apollo* rules the land.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Maro* extol'd *Augustus* peacefull daies,  
The *Liricke* Poet sung *Mecenas* fame :  
*Ennius* did *Scipio Affricanus* praise,  
If all they liu'd and saw thy sacred name,  
Each verse they made should sure containe the same.

Basilikon Doron.

But if they reade thy gift, oh Princely worke!  
For shame they would in vntrod desarts lurke.



Chaucer, so called  
by M. Camden.

If *Englands* Load-starre, pride of Poesie,  
Coulede the firme centers regiment transpearse :  
And formalize his peerlesse ingeny,  
Thy all-surpassing vertues to rehearse,  
A Princely matter fitts a princely verse :

Yet were his wit too weake thy deeds to praise,  
Which brought us ioyes, in our most mournfull daies.

Could *Lidgat* passe the tower of *Proserpine*,  
And like to *Virbius* liue a double age,  
Penning thy Trophies in a golden shrine,  
Yet could he not thy merits equipage,  
Admiring most would vse a tapin age

*Bocchas* and *Gowre*, the *Virgils* of their time,  
Could not vnfold thy prayse in antique rime.

If these foure Poets liu'd like Lions foure,  
They should thy famous Coach of glory drawe  
From Vertues temple, to true honours towre,  
Each should a kingdome haue, thy foes should know  
Thy might, and feare their finall ouerthrow.

But what should Muses sing? the world doth see,  
And seeing, feares vnited Britany.

2 Still liuing *Sidney*, *Cæsar* of our land,  
Whose neuer daunted valure, princely minde,  
Imbellished with Art and Conquests hand,  
Did expleiten his high aspiring kinde,  
(An Eagles hart in Crowes we cannot finde.)

If thou couldst liue and purchase *Orpheus* quill,  
Our Monarches merits would exceed thy skill.

*Albions* *Mæonian*, *Homer*, natures pride,  
*Spenser*, the Muses sonne and sole delight :  
If thou couldst through *Dianas* kingdome glide  
Passing the Palace of infernall night,  
(The Sentinels that keepe thee from the light)

Yet couldst thou not his retchlesse worth comprise,  
Whose minde containes a thousand purities.

What fatall chance is this, and lucklesse fate,  
That none can aptly sing thy glorious prayse,  
And tell the happinesse of *Englands* state.  
O barren time, and temporizing dayes,  
Fowle Ignorance on sacred Learning preyes.

But now I doe a Diapazon see,  
None but thy selfe (great King) can sing of thee.

At the end of "The Prophetie of Cadwallader" is "A Poeme to the yong Prince," occupying five pages, which concludes the work. This short poem is preceded by a second dedication of two stanzas to Sir Philip Herbert, and by an address in three stanzas "To the Ivdiciovs Reader" — in both of which he alludes to these poems as being the "fruits of his youth and unripened yeares." It appears from this "Poem to the yong Prince" that he was a companion to Prince Henry, and that he had already been in his service twelve months when he wrote it. Herbert was created M.A. at Oxford along with other noblemen and gentlemen August 30th, 1605; James I. being then staying at Oxford. Besides the present work, he was author of *Sydney, or Baripenthes, briefly shadowing out the rare and neuer-ending laudes of that most honorable and praise-worthy Gent, Sir Philip Sidney, Knight*, London, printed by John Windet, 1586, 4to; and was a contributor to the *Phoenix Nest*, 1593, 4to.

See Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 234; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 214; *Restituta*, vol. i, p. 231; and an article in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i, p. 299, by Mr. Haslewood. The work is rare, and is not noticed by Ellis or Campbell, nor was it in the *Bibl. Ang. Poetica*.

*Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 967, 4l. 4s.; Jolley's, pt. iii, No. 361, 6l.; Bindley's, pt. ii, No. 1883, 7l. 10s.

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to I 4, in fours.

Narcissus Luttrell's copy. Bound by C. Lewis.

In Brown Calf, gilt leaves.

HARDING, (JOHN.) — The chronicle of Jhon Hardyng in metre, frō the first begynnyng of Englāde, unto y<sup>e</sup> reigne of Edwarde y<sup>e</sup> fourth where he made an ende of his chronicle. And from y<sup>t</sup> tyme is added with a cōtinuacion of the storie in prose to this our tyme, now first emprinted, gathered out of diuerse and soundrie autours of most certain knowelage and substanciall credit, y<sup>t</sup> either in latin or else in our mother tongue haue writen of y<sup>e</sup> affaires of Englande.

Londini. In officina Richardi Graftoni. Mense Ianuarii Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum. 1543. 4to, pp. 784.  
Blk. lett.



The title of this metrical chronicle is within an architectural compartment, with Grafton's mark on a shield at the bottom, supported by two boys holding up a curtain in the centre, and a medallion at each end of the sill. It commences with "The dedicacion of this presente woorke, unto the right honorable lorde Thomas duke of Norffolke by thenprinter, Richarde Grafton," in twenty-two seven-line stanzas, written by Grafton himself; and as it contains some curious particulars relating to Harding when in Scotland, a few stanzas from it may be acceptable, although only in doggrel verse:

Lorde Thomas of Norffolke duke moste gracious  
Of noble auncestrie and blood disceded  
A capitain right woorthie and auenturous  
And frō Scotlande euen newly retended  
Where Englandes querell ye haue reuenged  
In the behalf of our noble Kyng Henrye  
I wishe you all health, honour, and victory

And because it hath pleased almightie God  
In the right title and querele of Englande  
To use your stroke as an iron rod  
Wherewith to scourge the falsehod of Scotlande  
In whom is no truthe no holde of any bande  
Thon Hardynges chronicle, as me thought was  
Moste mete to bee dedicated, to your grace.

For Hardyng a true herted Englisheman  
An esquier valiaunt hardie and bolde  
And not unlearned, as the tyme was than  
Serched out of chronicles, bothe late an olde  
All that euer by the same hath bee tolde  
How fro the beginnyng, Scotlande dooth reigne  
Under Kynges of Englande, as their souereigne

And Hardynges owne self, hath the partie bee  
That from Scotlande, oft tymes hath brought  
Their seales of homage and feaultee  
Unto the Kyng of Englande, as he ought  
Unto whom the Scottes then sued and sought  
Yeldyng to liue in humble subieccion  
Of Englandes gouernaunce and proteceion.

But that the people of their proper nature  
Hath euen from the firste, been so vntowarde  
So vnstedfast, inconstaunte and vnure  
That nothyng maie possibly bee more frowarde

So haue thei continued from thence furthwarde  
 Neuer glad to bee in quiet and rest  
 But to defeccion, aye ready and prest.

Wherefore Jhō Hardyng, to his lord and maister  
 Whom in his tyme he serued without blame  
 Edward, first duke of Yorke, and after  
 Kyng of this realme, the fourth of that name  
 In this chronicle affirmeth of the same  
 That thei will rebell, till by prouision  
 The Kyng of Englāde shall haue made thē bothe one.

Then follows "The preface into the Chronicle of Iohn Hardyng," in thirty-one stanzas, probably written also by Grafton; and afterwards "The Proheme of Ihon Hardyng into this his chronycle," on folio i. In the former of these Grafton, after commending his author for his zeal, faithfulness, and diligence, shews, that with regard to events that happened before his own day, he is more concise, and follows his authorities haphazard; but that in relating the affairs of his own times, of which for more than sixty years he has been himself a witness, he had endeavoured to report them with all fidelity and truth:

And what an excedyng benefite trowe ye  
 Is it for eche manne, to haue cognicion  
 Of all actes, bothe of his owne countree  
 And also of euery forein nacion  
 As if he had liued, when eche thyng was dooen  
 And to view the actes of antiquitee  
 As though he did now, presently them see.

Chroniclers therefore, I can highly commende  
 And among others, this autour Ihon Hardyng  
 Who with all his power, to this point did contēd  
 To the uttermost extent of his learnyng  
 That Englishe men might haue vnderstandyng  
 Of all affaires, touchyng their owne countree  
 Euen to his daies, from old antiquitee.

And though his cunnyng, wer not so muche  
 As some others, nor his intelligence  
 Yet his good minde, entent, and zeale was suche  
 That in hym lacked, no pointe of diligence  
 After such bookes, as he thought of credence  
 Faithfully to describe, suche thynges in rhyme  
 As happened to Englande from tyme to tyme.



But in thynges dooen, before his owne daies  
 He foloweth his autours, at auenture  
 Without choyce or difference of the true waies  
 Nor well assured, who were corrupt or pure  
 Nor whether thei wor certain or else unsure  
 Whether fabulous, or menne of veritee  
 Whether vain, or of good autoritee

But what soeuer, in his owne tyme was dooen  
 That he reporteth with all fidelitee  
 Right so as eche thyng, ended or begonne  
 Without any spotte of insinceritee  
 Or dissimulacion of the veritee  
 He founde all meanes, the very truth to knowe  
 And what he knewe certainly, that did he showe.

Frō the beginnyng of Henry the fourth Kyng  
 Of this realme of Englande, after the conquest  
 Euen to Edward the fourthes reigntyng  
 Which was three score yeres and one at the lest  
 He leauyng nothyng unwritten at the largest:  
 That was or semed to bee of importaunce  
 Touchyng peace and warre, with Scotlande or Fraunce.

\* \* \* \* \*

And for as muche as Hardvng, his boke doth ende  
 With Edward the fourth whose seruauant he was  
 And to whom also, this booke he did commend  
 Consideryng also, the tyme and space  
 Beyng lx yeres and more, I could not let passe  
 So many goodly statutes and decrees  
 Battailles, and stories, not good to lese.

Wherefore I annexed them by continuacion  
 Beginnyng with Edward y<sup>e</sup> fourth of that name  
 Then Edward the fifth, Kyng by generacion  
 Whom Richard the third, to his immortall shame  
 Cruelly murdered, the story saieth the same  
 But played he was, to his greate greuaunce  
 With a shamefull death, as Goddes vengeance, &c.

The Chronicle itselfe, which is also written in seven line stanzas, begins on the reverse of folio vi, and is brought down to the beginning of the reign of Edward IV., and the flight of Heny VI. into Scotland, concluding with a topographical account of the distances between the towns of Scot-

land, and the way how to convey an army through the chief parts thereof. This portion ends on the reverse of folio ccxxxviii. Then commences a new title in the same compartment as before.

"A continuacion of the Chronicle of England begynnyng where Jhō Hardynge left, that is to say, from the begynnyng of Edward the fourth unto this present thirtie and foure yeare of our moste redoubted souereigne lorde Kyng Henry the eight, gathered out of the moste credible and autentique wryters."

On the back of this title is a short prose address, "To the Reader," by Grafton, in which he states his reasons for the continuation of the Chronicle after the death of Harding, and also preferring to write it in prose rather than in metre. This part has a distinct paging and signatures, and is adorned at the commencement of each reign with some large curious wood-cut capitals. It embraces the lives of Edwards IV. and V., Richard III., Henry VII., and a portion of the reign of Henry VIII., and ends on folio cxlvi. On the last page is Grafton's smaller device, with his mark on the top, and on a riband the motto SVSCIPITE INCITYM VERBUM IACO I., and underneath the Colophon "Londoni. Ex-officina Richardi Graftoni. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum per septennium."

Harding's verse is weak, harsh, and rugged, and he added little or nothing to the improvement of our language; but his memorials, as an annalist of those events which he himself witnessed, may be considered as authentic and trustworthy, and give to the work its chief value. But as it is time that our readers should be able to judge for themselves of the style and versification of Harding's work, our first extract shall be taken from the reign of Edmund Ironside, concerning the contention between him and Canute, King of Denmark, from the cxvii. chap. :

Knowt of Denmarke, assailed oft this lande  
So in this tyme, that euer he armed went  
To use the feactes of armes, I vnderstande  
As to knighthode, full well it did appent  
Thus Colman saieth, and Flores that he ment  
But sixe battailles, again kyng Knowt he smote  
With victorie, as Flores hath it note.

But then to voyde, the greate effusion  
Of christen blud, thei twoo together accorde  
To fight them self, for full conclusion  
Within an ysle of Seurne, by concorde



Withouten warre, or any more discorde  
 And who so then might gette the victory  
 Reioyse the realme, and all the monarchy.

And at their daie, and place so assigned  
 Thei armed mette with strokes knightly set  
 With speare and swerd, either other so repugned  
 With axe and dagger, either on other bette  
 Either of them truste, the ouerhand to gette  
 But at the last Kyng Knowt, to hym alaied  
 These woordes there, and thus to hym he saied.

Would God, Edmond, thou wer so couetouse  
 As I am now, and as myne hert now would  
 And in this case, as glad and desirous  
 We should not long, this battaill thus hold  
 And to our menne, greate gladnesse manifold  
 If thou the halfe, of Denmarke had with me  
 And I the halfe of Englande, had with the.

With which thei bothe the wepōs fro thē cast  
 And ether other, in armes gan theim embrace  
 That bothe their hostes, amarueled wer full faste  
 What did it meane to cease, in so little space  
 But when thei knewe, betwene theim the case  
 Thei kneled all, and Christe thei laudified  
 With herte deuoute, that eche of them so victoried

Their realmes bothe, thei parted then in twoo  
 By whole accorde, betwene theim so concorded  
 And loued euer, as brethren after so  
 As chronicles, haue well whole recorded  
 Fro that tyme furth, no more then thei discorded  
 This isle where thei faught hight Clives  
 Of common language, as thē he did them please.

Our next quotation is taken from the clviii chapter, in the reign of Edward I., in which Harding states that he delivered to Henry V. the bond he obtained relating to the claim to the crown of Scotland; and another letter also on the same subject, for which services he was promised the manor of Gedyngton, in the county of Northampton, but which, owing to the death of Henry, he never obtained. It appears that Edward—

Set at Norham a parliament  
 After Easter then next followyng  
 In the Kirke of Norham, to that entent  
 That al Scottes, and other that were pursuynyng

Might there appeare, their titles claimyng  
At whiche parliament, the pursuantes them bond  
At his decree and iudgement to stond

By one letter, with al theire seales ensealed  
Whiche doubled was, they gaue vnto the Kyng  
The other part, for it should not be repeled  
They kept with them selves, alway abydyng  
Which letter, John Harding maker of this boke  
To Kyng Hery deliuered y<sup>t</sup> gaue him in recompence  
The manoure of Gedyngton, w<sup>t</sup> all y<sup>e</sup> appurtenēce

This was to Kyng  
Henry the fifth.

For which manoure, then the cardinal  
Of Wynchester vnto the quene disposed  
In her dower and fro him take it all  
When that the Kyng, by death was deposed  
Him recompence, he promised and composed  
But nought he had, but might y<sup>e</sup> price haue lyued  
He durst ful euil, his excellence haue greued.

Another letter, double in likewyse  
The sayd heyres deliuered to the Kyng  
That other part as should of right suffice  
Semblably with them, was remaynyng  
By whiche they bound them selves by their sealyng  
Him to deliuer, the Kyng his castles al  
To kepe, to time his iudgement were byfal

Of whiche iudgement without possession  
Of castles strong thurghout there al the lande  
He might not wel done execucion  
Wherfore the heyres to him, so ther them bound  
Which letter also, John Hardyng toke on hand  
And dyd deliuer, so then at Boys Vincent  
For the sayd reward, together by one entent.

The following stanzas relate the account of the death of Edward II. at Berkeley Castle in the clxxvii. chapter.

Kyng Edward  
the thyrd.

Edwarde his sonne, the prince of Wales was than  
In tender age, that tyme of xiii. yere  
Was crowned on S. Brice day and began  
The yere of Christ was then accounted clere  
A thousand whole, ccc.xxvi. were  
Whose father then had reigned xx. yere out  
And in his twenty yere, withouten doubt



From the third day of July by computacion  
 Of the yere, unto saint Brices day  
 So muche in his twenty, by relacion  
 He reigned had, and then put doune for ay.  
 From Killynge worth, to the castel of Berkeley  
 By night he was caried, and translate  
 From wyfe and children, forsake and repudiate

Where he was slaine, with an hote brennyng spyt  
 Through his towaye, vp to his heart within  
 In September, his bowelles brent for hete  
 That dead he was, without noyse or dyn  
 On saint Mathewes day, so they dyd him bren  
 The fyrst yere was it then accompted, and wonne  
 Of kyng Edward the third, that was his sonne.

At Gloucester entombed faire, and buried  
 Where some say, God shewed for him great grace  
 Sith that tyme, with miracles lauded  
 Ofte tymes, in diuerse many case  
 As is written there, in that same place  
 For whiche kyng Rychard, called the second  
 To translate him was purposed whole and sound.

The account which Harding gives of the pride and luxury and other vices of the court in the time of Richard II. among both clergy and laity, is very sad and deplorable. Chap. cxiii.

Truely I heard Robert Ireleffe say  
 Clerke of the grenecloth, that to y<sup>e</sup> household  
 Came every day, from most part alway  
 Ten thousand folke, by his messes told  
 That folowed the house, ay as they would  
 And in the kechin thre hundreth seruitours  
 And in eche office many occupiers.

And ladies faire with their gentilwomen  
 Chamberers also and launderers  
 Thre hundreth of them were occupied then  
 There was great pride among the officers  
 And of al men far passyng their compeers  
 Of riche aray, and muche more costious  
 Then was before, or sith, and more precious

Yomen and gromes, in cloth of silke arayed  
 Sattyn and damaske, in doublettes and gounes  
 In cloth of grene, and scarlet for vnpaied  
 Cut werke was great, bothe in court and townes

Bothe in mens hoddes, and also in their gounes  
 Brouder and furrres, a goldsmith werke ay newe  
 In many a wyse, eches day they did renewe

In his chapel, were bishoppes then of Beame  
 Some of Ireland, and some also of Fraunce  
 Some of England, and clerkes of many a realme  
 That lytle connyng had or conisaunce  
 In musike honorably, God his seruice to auauce  
 In the chapel, or in holy scripture  
 On matter of God his to refigure

Lewed men they were in clerkes clothynge  
 Disguysed fayre, in fourme of clerkes wyse  
 Their parishyns ful lytle enfourmyng  
 In lawe deuine, or els in God his seruice  
 But right practife they were in couetise  
 Eche yere to make ful great collection  
 At home, in stede of soules correction.

Great lechery and fornicacion  
 Was in that house, and also great aduoutre  
 Of Paramoures was great consolacion  
 Of eche degre, wel more of prelacye  
 Then of the temporal, or of the chualrie  
 Great taxe ay the kyng toke through at the land  
 For which the cōmons him hated both fre and bond.

We conclude our extracts with a portion of Harding's apology for the defaults of his book from the ccxlii. chapter.

This booke I call after my name Hardyng  
 Sith God lent me that disposicion  
 To enforme hym that laboured the writyng  
 By plain language of small prouision  
 Through Godes grace and supposicion  
 All destitute of language and science  
 And desolate of rethorike eloquence.

Moste cause was why I drewe this ilke treatise  
 To make your father haue had perfect knowlege  
 And you also of Scotlande in all wise  
 That percell was of your eldest heritage  
 And of all landes moste nere your auantage  
 To haue it whole, no more to bee dismembred  
 Whiche might bee gotte, as it is afore remembred



I had it leuer then Fraunce and Normandy  
 And all your rightes that are beyonde the see  
 For ye maye kepe it euermore full sikirly  
 Within your self and dread none enmitee  
 And other landes, without gold, menne and fee  
 Ye maie not long reioyse, as hath been told  
 For lighter bee thei for to wyne, then hold.

Your auncestres haue had beyonde the see  
 Diuerse landes, and lost theim all again  
 Sone gotte sone lost, what auaileth suche roialte  
 But labour and cost, greate losse of men and pain  
 For ay before, with treason or with train  
 And want of gold, was lost within a yere  
 That we had gotte in ten, as dooeth appere.

Grafton's prose continuation of the Chronicle is much more interesting than Harding's metrical portion. The accounts of Elizabeth Woodville Queen of Edward IV., of Jane Shore, of the murder of the two princes in tower, the death of Lord Hastings, the Battle of Bosworth, &c., are highly graphic and full of interest. The lives of Edward V. and Richard III., usually attributed to Sir Thomas More, appeared first in this work, before being published together in a separate form. The life of Richard III. is, however, ascribed by some to the pen of Bishop Morton, who afterwards succeeded to the See of Canterbury, and Sir Henry Ellis himself seems inclined to think that "as Grafton has printed it, it bears internal evidence of an earlier pen than that of Sir Thomas More," and was the work of Morton—the remainder of the Continuation being the performance of Grafton.

Harding, who was descended from a northern race, was born in 1378, and brought up in the family of Sir Henry or Lord Henry Percy, eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, better known from his hasty and impatient spirit by the name of Hotspur. Having, when young, followed his master as a volunteer in the army, Harding was present at the fatal battle of Shrewsbury, in July, 1403, when twenty-five years old, where he had the misfortune to see his master slain, along with the Earl of Worcester and others in that terrible fight. He afterwards enlisted under the banner of Sir Robert Umfrevill, the grandson of Gilbert Earl of Angus, with whom he remained for many years, and was made constable of Warksworth Castle. We find him next in Scotland, where he was indefatigable, according to Warton, in the recovery and examining of many important deeds with a view of ascertaining the fealty due from the Scottish kings to the crown of

England, and in delivering them to Henrys V. and VI. and Edward IV., for which he received handsome rewards from those monarchs. But Ritson accuses him of being "a most dexterous and notable forger" of these instruments, which were merely suppositions, and are still preserved in the Exchequer. Sir Henry Ellis, however, in his late editions of Hardyng's Chronicle, is disposed to think that, perhaps, Harding himself may have been imposed upon by others in this matter, and that he may have been the dupe, and not the perpetrator, of the fraud.

The latter part of Harding's life appears to have been spent in collecting materials for, and in the composition of, his Chronicle, while he was residing as Constable of Kyme Castle, in Lincolnshire, under Sir Robert Umfrevill, who died on January 27, 1436, and of whom he has left a long and favourable character. Harding had afterwards a pension of 20*l.* a year for his life, charged upon the revenues of the county of Lincoln. It is supposed that his latter days were engaged in recomposing his work for Richard Duke of York, the Father of King Edward IV., and that it was not finished until 1465, at which time he was at least eighty-seven years of age, and that it is probable he did not survive long after, although the exact date of his death is not known.

Warton's remarks upon this Chronicle are somewhat severe as to its style and versification, which he characterises as "almost beneath criticism"; but he does not refuse to its author the merit of being an authentic and laborious annalist, especially "in relating those affairs of which for more than the space of sixty years he was a living witness." He is mentioned by Campbell "as one of the obscure luminaries of this benighted age."

There are several manuscripts of Harding's work in existence, the principal being the one formerly belonging to Lord Lansdowne, and now in the British Museum, the *Harleian MS.*, also in the same collection, and an illuminated one of great elegance in the Selden collection in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford. They are each of them ornamented with a map of Scotland. It should be noted, also, that there were two distinct editions of the Chronicle, both printed by Grafton, *mense Januarii*, 1543, "differing in almost every page, and one in Grafton's own portion of the work, containing (in the reign of Henry VIII.) no less than twenty-nine pages more than the other." The words "in metre" on the title of one are omitted on the other, and it is evident from the continual alterations and change of letters throughout that the type was reset. Sir Henry Ellis, in 1812, published an excellent reprint of Hardyng's Chronicle



in 4to, with a biographical and literary preface and an index, from the more copious edition by Grafton, in which he has noticed these variations in the text. Mr. Hibbert had a beautiful copy in his possession, which formerly belonged to West and Mason, that contained the original grant from Henry VI. to Harding of a pension for life, and which is given at length in the *Typogr. Antiq.* The copy formerly belonged to the celebrated Dr. Dee.

The reader is referred for further information respecting this singular work to Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 437; Nicolson's *English Hist.*; Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 57; Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. iii, p. 446; and *Libr. Comp.*, vol. i, p. 180; *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. iv, p. 132; Campbell's *Introd.*, p. 38; Ellis's *Specim.*, vol. i, p. 362; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 334; and Blakeway's *Hist. Shrewsbury*, vol. i, p. 184. Copies have sold in Dent's Sale, p. ii, No. 256, for 4*l.* 6*s.*; Duke of Grafton's, ditto, No. 884, 8*l.* 5*s.*

Fine copy. Old Calf.

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HARINGTON, (SIR JOHN.) — Epigrams both Pleasant and Serious,  
Written by that all-Worthy Knight Sir Iohn Harrington:  
and never before Printed.

Pro captu Lectoris habent sua fata libelli.

London Imprinted for Iohn Budge, and are to be sold at  
his shoppe at the South dore of Pauls, and at Brittaines Burse.  
1615. 4to.

This is the first edition of Sir John Harington's Epigrams. It contains only 116 Epigrams, and forms the fourth Book of the entire collection published in 1618, and of the subsequent impressions, as well as of those appended to the translation of his *Orlando Furioso*. It was a posthumous work, and is dedicated by John Budge, the Publisher, "To the truly noble, vertuous, and worthy of all Honour; William Earle of Pembroke, Knight of the Honourable order of the Garter"; after which is a short prose address "To the Reader." Although of some note in their time, these Epigrams do not possess much interest now, or any true poetical merit, but are flat and common-place, and somewhat coarse; their chief value being that they contain some notices and illustrations of the manners and customs of that period. At present Harington is chiefly known by his translation of *Ariosto*, but these Epigrams were perhaps his most popular work, and were several times reprinted. A few specimens from it are here extracted:

13. *Of King Henries wooing.*

Vnto a stately great outlandish Dame  
 A messenger from our King *Henry* came.  
 (*Henry* of famous memory the eight)  
 To treat with her in matter of great weight;  
 As namely, how the King did seeke her marriage,  
 Because of her great vertue and good carriage.  
 She (that had heard the King lou'd change of pasture)  
 Repli'd, I humbly thanke the King your Master,  
 And would (such loue his fame in me hath bred,)  
 My body venter so, but not my head.

14. *Two witty answeres of Bishoppe Bonner.*

*Bonner*, that late had Bishop beene of London  
 Was bid by one, *Good morrow Bishop quondam*  
 He with the scoffe no whit put out of temper,  
 Reply'd incontinent, *Adieu knaue semper*.  
 Another in such kind of scoffing speeches,  
 Would beg his tippet, needs, to line his breeches.  
 Not so, (quoth he) but it may be thy hap  
 To have a fooles head to line thy cap.

23. *Of a certaine man.*

There was (not certain when) a certain preacher,  
 That neuer learn'd, and yet became a teacher,  
 Who hauing read in Latin thus a text  
 Of *erat quidam homo*, much perplext,  
 He seem'd the same with study great to scan  
 In English thus: *there was a certaine man*.  
 But now (quoth hee) good people, note you this,  
 He saith there was, hee doth not say there is:  
 For in these daies of ours, it is most certaine,  
 Of promise, oath, word, deed, no man is certaine:  
 Yet by my text you see it comes to passe,  
 That surely once a certaine man there was.  
 But yet I thinke, in all your Bible no man  
 Can find this text: *there was a certain woman*.

54. *Of Don Pedro.*

The wise *Vlisses* loathing forraine iarres.  
 Faign'd himselfe mad, to keepe him from the wars:  
 But our *Don Pedro* sees our martiall schooles  
 Preferre, before wise cowards, valiant fooles:  
 And fearing feigning mad will not suffice,  
 To keepe him from the wars, feigns himselfe wise.



104. *Of a picture with a ferriman rowing in a tempest, with two Ladies in his boate, whereof he loued one, but she disdained him, and the other loued him, but he not her: now a voice came to his eare, that to saue his boate from being cast away, he must drowne one of the Ladies: in which perplexity he speaketh these passions:*

In troublous seas of loue, my tender bote,  
 By Fates decree, is still tost vp and downe,  
 Ready to sinke, and may no longer flote,  
 Except of these two Damsells one I drowne.  
 I would saue both: but ah, that may not be:  
 I loue the tone, the tother loueth mee.  
 Heere the vast waues are ready me to swallow.  
 There danger is to strike vpon the shelve.  
 Doubtfull I swim between the deepe and shallow,  
 To saue th' vngrate, and be vngrate my selfe.  
 Thus seeme I by the eares to hold a Wolfe,  
 While faine I would eschue this gaping gulfe.  
 But since loues actions guided are by passion,  
 And quenching doth augment her burning fewell,  
 Adieu, thou Nymph, deseruing most compassion,  
 To merit mercy, I must shew me cruell.  
 Aske you me why? oh, question out of season!  
 Loue neuer leisure hath to render reason.

See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 415; *Restituta*, vol. ii, p. 255; Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. ii, p. 314; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 325.

Boswell, No. 1001, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Sir M. M. Sykes, pt. i, No. 1479, 1*l.* 11*s.*; Skegg, 3*l.* 7*s.*; Bright, 2*l.*

The present was Heber's copy.

Venetian Morocco, gilt edges. Bound by Mackenzie.

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HARMAN, (THOMAS.) — A Caueat for Commen Cvrsetors vvlgarely called Vagabones set forth by Thomas Harman Esquier, for the utilitie and proffyt of hys naturall Countrey. Newly agmented and Imprinted. Anno Domini M.D.LXVII. Vewed, examined and allowed according vnto the Queenes Maiestyes Iniunctions.

Imprinted at London in Flete stret at the signe of the

Faulcon by Wylliam Gryffith, and are to be solde at his shoppe in Saynt Dunstones Churchye yarde in the West. 1567. 4to. *blf. l.ett.*

There are few rarer or more curious volumes in the English language than the present, which, with one exception, is the earliest production that professes to give an account of the tricks and canting language of thieves and vagabonds, written by a respectable county magistrate. The work alluded to, that preceded this two years, was entitled "The Fraternity of Vagabondes," 4to, *blf. l.ett.* Imprinted at London by Iohn Awdesley, &c., 1565; and a second edition by the same printer appeared in 1575, 4to, *blf. l.ett.* Of this work the reader may see a short notice by Dr. Bliss in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii, p. 12. See also Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, pp. 404. A reprint of the edition of 1575 was published in 1813. 8vo. Harman's work was first printed in 1566, twice in the following year, and a fourth time in 1573, 4to, *blf. l.ett.*, by Henry Middleton, dwelling in Flete-strete, &c. The present is the second edition, and has on the title page a rudely executed woodcut of a horse and cart, with two rogues fastened to the cart's tail and a man whipping them. On the back of the title are separate representations of the three things necessary to make a broom, placed one above another, and explained as

Thre thinges to be noted all in their kynde,  
A staff, a beesom, and with, that wyll wynde.

At the bottom lies a broom formed and put together, and over it these lines:

A beesome of byrche for babes verye fyt,  
A longe lastinge lybbet for loubbers as meate:  
A wyth to wynde up, that these wyll not keepe,  
Bynde all up in one, and use it to sweepe.

The work is inscribed singularly enough "To the ryght honorable and my singular good Lady Elizabeth Countes of Shrewsbury," in a long epistle, in which the author tells her that "hauinge a vygelant and mercifull eye to your poore indygente and feable parishnores, yea not onely in the parishe where your honour most happely doth dwell, but also in others inuyroninge or nighe adioyninge to the same: As also aboundantly pawrynge out dayly your ardent and bountifull charytie vppon, all such as commeth for reliefe vnto your luckely gates. I thought it good, necessary, and my bounden dutye to acquaynte your goodness with the abhominable, wycked, and



detestable behavor of all these rowsey, ragged rabblement of rakelelles, that vnder the pretence of great misery, dyseases, and other innumerable calamities whiche they fayne through great hipocrisye do wyn and gayne great almes in all places where they wyly wander, to the vtter deludinge of the good geuers, deceauinge and impouerishing of all suche poore householders both sicke and sore, as nether can or maye walke abroad for reliefe and comforte (where in deede most mercy is to be shewed.) And for that I (most honorable Lady) beinge placed as a poore gentleman haue kepte a house these twenty yeares, where vnto pouerty daylye hath and doth repayre, not without some releife as my poore callinge and habyltie maye and doth extende: I haue of late yeares gathered a great suspition that all should not be well, and as the prouerbe saythe (some thinge lurke and laye hyd that dyd not playnely apeare) for I hauinge more occation throughe sickenes to tarye and remayne at home, then I haue bene accustomed, do by my there abyding, talke and confere dayly with many of these wyly wanderars of both sorts, as well men and women, as boyes and gyrles, by whom I haue gathered and understande, their depe dissimulation, and detestable dealynge, beinge maruelous suttile and craftye in their kynde, for not one amongst twentye wyll discouer either declare there scelorus secrets: yet with fayre flatteringe wordes, money, and good chere, I haue attained to the typ by such as the meanest of them hath wandred these xiii yeres and most xvi. and some twenty and vpwards, and not withoute faythfull promesse made vnto them neuer to discouer their names, or any thinge they shewed me: for they woulde all saye yf the vpright men should vnderstand thereof, they should not be onlye greuouslye beaten, but put in danger of their lyues by the sayde vpright men."

The author then in a short passage thus alludes to the former similar work, *The Fraternitie of Vagabondes*, &c.: "There was a fewe yeres since a small breefe set forthe of some zelous man to his countrey of whom I knowe not that made a tytyle shewe of there names and usage, and gaue a glymsinge lyghte not sufficient to perswad of their penyshe peltinge and pickinge practyses, but well worthy of prayse." He then relates a story, shewing how among other ways he acquired his knowledge of their wandering habits and of their canting language: "I many tymes musinge with selfe at these myscheuous misliners merueled when they toke their oryginall and begynning, how longe they haue exercised their execrable wandering about. I thought it meete to confere with a verye olde man that I was well acqaynted with, whose wit and memory is meruelous for hys yeares,

being about the age of fourescore, what he knew when he was yong of these lousey leuterars. And he shewed me that when he was yong, he wayted vpon a man of much worship in Kent, who died immediately after the laste Duke of Buckingham was beheaded; at his buryall there was suche a number of beggers besides poore housholders dwellinge there aboutes that vnneth they myght ly or stand about the House: then was there prepared for them a great and a large barne, and a great fat oxe sod out in Furmentye for them, with bread and drinke abundantly to furnesh out the premises, and euery person had two pence, for such was the dole. When night approached, y<sup>e</sup> poore householders repaired home to their houses, the other wayfaring bolde beggers remayned all night in the barne, and the same barne being serched with light in the night by this old man and then yonge, with others, they told seuen score persones of men, euery of them hauinge his woman, except it were two women that lay alone together for some especyall cause. Thus hauinge their mates to make mery withall, the buryall was turnede to bousynge and belly chere, mourning to myrthe, fastinge to feasting, prayer to pastyme, and lamenting to Lechery. So that it maye apere this uncomly company hath had a longe continuance, but then nothinge geuen so much to pylferinge, pyckinge, and spoylinge, and as far as I can learne or vnderstand by the examination of a number of them, their languag, which they terme peddelars Frenche or cantig began but w<sup>in</sup> these xxx. yeres, lytle aboue, and y<sup>e</sup> the first inuentor therof was hanged, all saue the heade, for that is the fynall end of them all, or els to dye of some filthy and horrible diseases: but much harme is done in the meane space by their continuance, as some x. xii. and xvi. yeres before they be consumed, and the number of them doth dayly renew. I hope their synne is now at y<sup>e</sup> highest, and that as short and as spedy a redres wyl be for these, as hath bene of late yeres for the wretched, wily, wanderinge vagabondes, calling and naming them selues Egiptians, depely dissemblinge and long hydinge and coueringe their deepe decetfull practices, fedinge the rude common people wholly addicted and geuen to nouelties, toyes, and newe inuentions, delyting them with the strangenes of the attyre of their heades, and practisinge paumestrie to suche as woulde know their fortunes."

At the end of the Epistle Dedicatory is a rude woodcut, such as is often seen, of the author seated at a desk inditing his work; and on the following leaf commences "The Epistle to the Reader," which has also an arabesque woodcut at its close.

The reader will find a list of all the characters described in the *Brit.*



*Bibliogr.*, vol. ii, p. 518. Some of these are highly curious and amusing, but too long for quotation, and in several of them events are introduced that occurred within the writer's notice, generally in 1566. A specimen of one of the shortest is here given :

*A Swadder or Pedler.*

These Swadders and pedlers be not all euyl, but of an indifferent behauiour. These stande in great awe of the upryght men, for they haue often both wares and money of them. But for as much as they seeke gayne unlawfully agaynst the lawes and statutes of this noble realme, thei are well worthy to be registred among y<sup>e</sup> number of vagabonds, and undoubtedly I have hadde some of them brought before me when I was in commission of the peace as malefactors for brybering and stealing. And nowe of late it is a great practes of y<sup>e</sup> vpright man, when he hath gotten a botye to bestowe the same vpon a packe full of wares, and so goethe a time for his plesure because he would lyue without suspition.

At the close of the characters is annexed an accountt of "their vsage in the night;" a long list of "The names of the Vpright men, Roges and Palliardes," a specimen of the canting language or dialect they used, and a dialogue in which "The Vpright Cofe canteth to the Roge." A sentence or two from the latter will prove a sufficient illustration of this portion of the work, and will serve to shew that many of the terms and phrases are still made use of in the present day :

*Roge.* I saye by the Salomon I wyll lage it of with a gage of bene bouse, then cut to my nose watch.

I sweare by the masse I wyll wash it of with a quart of drinke, then saye to me what thou wylt.

*Man.* Why hast thou any lowre in thy bouge to bouse.

Why hast thou any money in thy purse to drinke.

*Roge.* But a flagge, a wyn, and a make.

But a groat, a penny, and a halfe penny.

*Man.* Why where is the kene that hath the bene bouse.

Where is the house that hath the good drinke.

*Roge.* A bene mort hereby at the signe of the prauncer.

A good wyfe here by at the signe of the hors.

Although Harman in his Address to the Reader says "I neuer was acqauynted with the Muses, I neuer tasted of Helycon," yet at the end of his book are several doggrel lines, exemplifying some rude woodcuts figured therein. The first is of two men placed in the stocks, with these lines :

A stockes to staye sure, and safely detainey  
 Lasy lewd Leutterers, that lawes do offend,  
 Impudent persons, thus punished with payne,  
 Hardlye for all this, do meane to amende.

The next are over woodcuts of fetters and manacles :

Fetters or shackels serve to make fast,  
 Male malefactours that on myschiefe do muse,  
 Untyll the learned lawes do quite or do cast  
 Such suttile searchers, as all euyl do vse.

The third are over representations of whips or scourges and rods :

A whyp is a whyskar, that wyll wrast out blood,  
 Of backe and of body, beaten ryght well.  
 Of all the other it doth the most good  
 Experience techeth, and they can well tell.

The fourth set are over some figures conducting a man to be hanged :

O dolefull daye, nowe death draweth nere,  
 Hys bytter styng doth pearce me to the harte,  
 I take my leave of all that be here,  
 Nowe piteously playing this tragicall parte,  
 Neither stripes nor teachinges in tyme could conuert  
 Wherefore an ensample let me to you be,  
 And all that be present, nowe praye you for me.

On the next leaf is the figure of Nicholas Blunt *alias* Nicholas Gennynge standing in the pillory: "This is the fygure of the counterfet Cranke, that is spoken of in this boke of Roges, called Nycholas Blunt, other wyse Nycholas Gennynge. His tale is in the xvii. lefe of this booke, which doth shewe vnto all that reades it, woundrous suttell and crafty deseit donne of and by him."

The last page contains the author's *L'envoy* :

Thus I conclude my bolde Beggars booke,  
 That all estates most playnely maye see  
 As in a glasse well pollyshed to looke  
 Their double demeanor in eche degree.  
 Their lyues, their language, their names as they be,  
 That with this warning their myndes may be warmed,  
 To amend their mysdeedes, and so lyue vnharmed.

Underneath is a neat woodcut of the Virgin and Child enclosed in several



circles, the outermost being formed of roses; and the Colophon "Imprinted at London in Flete strete at the signe of the Faulcon by Wylliam Gryffith. Anno Domini. 1567. the eight of January."

Robert Greene has borrowed largely from this tract in the work attributed to him entitled *The Groundworke of Conny-catching*, 4to, Lond. 1591, which has been already noticed among the writings of that author. It has also been freely used by Decker in *The Belman of London*, 4to, 1608, who is accused by Rowlands of pilfering the latter tract from Harman's work. Various other publications of a similar kind appear to have derived much of their matter from this original source, some of them without acknowledgment. Mr. Collier has noticed a later edition of the present work, printed by Henry Middleton, 4to, 1573, in his *Bridgewater Catal.*, p. 140, from the copy in Lord Ellesmere's collection. He has also alluded to several ballads relating to rogues and their pranks having preceded Harman's work; one of them as early as 1561, printed by John Sampson or Awdesley. See his *Extr. Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. i, p. 42; see also *Ibid*, vol. i, p. 156, and p. 166, as to the popularity of the work, which caused Griffith to print two editions of it in the same year. The reader may consult further an article on this present edition by Mr. Haslewood in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii, p. 515; Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. ii, p. 213; and Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Man.*, vol. ii, p. 873. No copy of an impression of Harman's work of the date of 1566 is known, or has ever been seen, and it appears doubtful whether any such was ever printed, or whether the present one by Griffith should not be considered the first. A reprint from Middleton's edition of 1573 was published in 1814, 4to, limited to one hundred copies, which is easily met with.

Collation: Title A i; Sig. A to G iiiii in fours; Sig. H ii.

Only two other copies are known to exist. The following are the prices that the book has brought at public sales: Steevens, No. 896, 6*l.* 15*s.*; Bindley, pt. ii, No. 1855, 8*l.* 12*s.*; Roxburghe, No. 6647, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Inglis, No. 733 (present copy), 8*l.* 8*s.*; Resold Perry, pt. ii, No. 332, 10*l.* 10*s.*; North, pt. iii, No. 687, 16*l.*

It was not in the Malone or Douce collections, nor does it appear to be in any of the College Libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. There is a copy in the British Museum, and another in the Bodleian Library.

The present is a very fine and perfect copy, and is a beautiful specimen of the bibliopegistic taste and skill of Hering, being bound in dark green morocco in compartments, powdered over with stars, with morocco joints and lining inside, splendidly tooled and gilt, and gilt leaves.

HARVEY, (GABRIEL.) — Fovre Letters, and certaine Sonnets :—

Especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused :—But incidentally of diuers excellent persons, and some matters of note.

To all courteous mindes that will vouchsafe the reading.

London Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe. 1592. 4to.

There are few persons at all acquainted with English literature and criticism who are not familiar with the violent literary feud between Gabriel Harvey on the one side and Greene and Nash on the other, which lasted for a period of more than six years with great bitterness and rancour, and was only at last put an end to by public authority and by the seizure and destruction of their numerous pamphlets on both sides, with an injunction from the prelates Whitgift and Bancroft, that none of them should ever be reprinted hereafter; an injunction which has rendered most of the works published on this quarrel, and especially the one under present consideration, extremely rare. The origin of this literary controversy was the charge made by Greene against Harvey, that he was the son of a ropemaker at Saffron-Walden in Essex, a circumstance of which he had the weakness to be ashamed, and being joined with some other follies and affectations, brought him under the lash and ridicule of his unmerciful opponents. It has always appeared to us that the ground of this quarrel was exceedingly light and absurd. For the truth of Greene's charge, that Gabriel Harvey's father was a ropemaker at Saffron-Walden, is not denied; nor does it appear that this trade was lower or more humiliating than that of a tailor or barber, or other honest occupation; or that his pride and self-conceit had need to have been so deeply wounded. It certainly afterwards, it is true, came to be looked upon in a degrading light, and was spoken of in terms of contempt and reproach. Harvey's character, notwithstanding his acknowledged talents and learning, certainly appears in a most unamiable light, and his evident vanity and self-conceit, his weakness and superstition, his strong passions of envy, revenge, and vindictiveness, all render him an object of our contempt and dislike; and there is hardly any person in the whole range of our literary history who appears in a more unfavourable light than Gabriel Harvey. We grieve to see a man of such distinguished and acknowledged talent, so well known and respected among his contemporaries as a learned and accomplished scholar, and the valued and beloved friend of Spenser, filled with



implacable and unrelenting hatred against his adversary, and pursuing him with rancour and bitterness, even after he was dead.

It is a singular circumstance, as we have already shown in our account of Greene's works, that the original charge of his accusation against Harvey, of being a ropemaker's son, is not now to be found in any of the editions of Greene's tract. It is supposed, with some truth, that the particular page in which the obnoxious passage first appeared was cancelled by Greene, and that no copy with the suppressed part is now in existence, although there is no doubt that this ridicule of the Harveys, which gave such mortal offence, had been seen and handed about at the time.

The controversy, which has been so interestingly and amusingly described by D'Israeli, in the second volume of his *Calamities of Authors*, is brought under our notice by the publication of these Letters and Sonnets, which contains Harvey's reply to Greene's attack upon him. There is hardly any work more remarkable, or which throws so much light upon many of the current events, or upon the manners and habits of the Elizabethan period than this tract. Few works are more frequently quoted and referred to. It was reprinted in the *Archaica*.

In *Bib. Anglo-Poetica*, No. 343, it is priced at 25*l.*; and the same copy brought at Saunders's, in 1818, 7*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Jolley's, produced 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; and afterwards at Utterson's sale, 3*l.* 16*s.*

Green Morocco. Extra bound by Hayday.

HAWES, (STEPHEN.)—The Historie of graunde Amoure and la bell Pucel, called the Pastime of pleasure, cōteining the knowledge of the seuē sciences, and the course of mans life in this worlde. Invented by Stephen Hawes, grome of Kyng Henry the seuenth his chamber. Newly perused and imprynted by John Wayland, aucthorised a prynter, by the Queenes highnes most gracious letters patentes.

Imprinted at London by John Waylande dwelling in Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sunne over agaynst the Conduite. Anno do: M.D.LIIII. The 1. day of June. 4to, blkt. lett.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.

Mr. Payne Collier, in describing this edition of Hawes in his Catalogue of the Library at Bridgewater House, p. 142, appears to be wrong in calling it the *second* impression, there having been *two* former editions, both of them printed by Wynkyn de Worde; the first in 1509, 4to, mentioned by Dr. Dibdin in his *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, pp. 266 and 281, from an imperfect copy in the Dysart collection at Ham House; and the second in 1517, 4to, with wood-cuts. Of this edition there was a fine copy in West's *Catal.* No. 1816, which sold for 3*l.* 3*s.*, and another was bought by the Duke of Roxburghe at Geo. Mason's sale in 1798, for 21*l.* At the sale of the Duke's library it was sold to Sir Mark Sykes for the large sum of 81*l.*, and at his death was resold for 42*l.* The present is therefore the *third* impression of this extremely rare work, which, as we know from the signature to the dedication to King Henry VII., was finished by Hawes in 1506, "Your graces most bouiden servaūt Stephen Hawes, one of the gromes of your maiesties Chamber, the xxi. yeare of your prosperous raygne." And it must have been published early in 1509 as Henry's death took place on the 21st of April in that year. A fourth and fifth edition were published in the year following the date of the third, viz., in 1555, one from the press of Richard Tottell, 4to, a copy of which was in Steevens' library, No. 901, and the other in the same year from the press of John Waley, 4to, with wood-cuts. The title of the present edition is within a neat architectural compartment, with the sun on the lintel, and the printer's mark and initials, I. W., supported by Cupids, on the sill. On the back of this begins a table of "The contentes of this boke," occupying three pages, and given at length in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 32. The number of chapters in the volume is forty-six, the subject of the fourteenth being "A commendation of Gower, Chaucer and Lidgate," and of the last, "The excusation of the Authour." After this table follows a prose address "To the Reader" from the Printer, not in the former editions printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in which it is said "Most gentle Reader, I offer here unto thee for the better instruction this little volume conteynyng and treatyng upon the seuen liberall sciences, and the whole course of mans life, firste compiled and deuised by Stephen Hawes gentleman, grome of the chamber to the famous Prynce and seconde Salomon, Kyng Henry the seuenth. A man (as by his worckes appeareth) of a pleasant wytte, and singuler learnyng, wherein thou shalt finde at one tyme, wisdom and learnyng, with myrthe and solace," &c. Then follows the dedication, in eight seven-line stanzas, "To the high and mighty Prince Henry the seuēth, by the grace of God, Kyng of England and of Fraunce,



Lord of Irelande, &c.," with the signature as given before. This edition is without cuts, and contains 216 pages — the poem itself commencing on Sig. A 1, and ending on Sig. D d 4, in fours. From the dedication, which is interesting as relating to Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., and to Lydgate, whom Hawes accounted "his master," we quote the following stanzas :

From whom descendeth, by the ryghtful lyne  
Noble prynce Henry, to succede the crowne  
That in his youth, doth so clearly shyne  
In euery vertue, casting the vyce adowne :  
He shall of fame, attayne the hye renowne  
No doubt but grace, shall hym well enclose  
Whych by true ryght, sprang of the red rose.

Your noble grace, and excellent hyenes  
For to accepte I beseche ryght humbly,  
Thys little boke, opprest wyth rudenes  
Without rethoryke, or colour crafty :  
Nothyng I am experte in poetry,  
As the monke of Bury, floure of eloquence  
Which was in the time of great excellence,

Of your predecessour, the v. Kyng Henry  
Unto whose grace, he dyd present  
Ryght famous bokes, of parfit memory :  
Of hys faynyng with termes eloquent.  
Whose fatall ficcions, are yet permanent,  
Grounded on reason, wyth cloudy fygures  
He cloked the trouth of al his scriptures.

The light of trouth, I lacke cunnyng to cloke  
To drawe a curtayne, I dare not to presume  
Nor hyde my matter, with a misty smoke  
My rudenes cunnyng, dothe so sore consume  
Yet as I may, I shall blowe out a fume  
To hyde my mynde, underneth a fable  
By couert coloure, well and probable.

Besechyng your grace, to pardon mine ignoraunce  
Whiche this fayned fable to eschue idlenes  
Haue so compiled, now without doubtance  
For to present, to your hye worthines  
To folowe the trace, and all the perfitenes  
Of my master Lydgate, with due exercise  
Suche fayned tales, I do fynde and deuise.

For under a coloure, a truthe may arise  
 As was the guise, in olde antiquitye  
 Of the Poetes olde, a tale to surmise  
 To cloke the trouthe, of their infirmitye  
 Or yet on ioye, to haue morality  
 I me excuse, if by negligence  
 That I do offende, for lacke of science.

Dr. Bliss, in his article on Waley's edition of 1555 of this poem, in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 35, in quoting the second stanza of this dedication, has a note on the word "cease" in the last line but one, which will perhaps be thought unnecessary after giving the lines according to the present earlier edition :

Whose worthy power, and regall dygnitie  
 All our rancour, and our debate gan\* cease  
 And hath us brought, bothe welthe, rest, and peace.

\* *i.e.* made to begin  
 to cease.

Hawes was a native of Suffolk, and received his education at the University of Oxford. He afterwards improved his knowledge by foreign travel, and "became," says Warton, "a complete master of the French and Italian poetry;" to which accomplishments probably he was indebted on his return to this country for his situation at Court as Groom of the Chamber to Henry VII., by whom he was much esteemed. Besides the publication of this his most celebrated work, he was the author of several other poems. 1. The Conuersion of Swerers, in English octave stanzas, with Latin lemmata by Wynkyn de Worde, 4to, 1509. 2. The comfort of Louers, empyrnt by me Wynkyn de Worde, 4to, *n.d.* Of this very rare work there is only one copy known, discovered by Dr. Dibdin in the Dysart collection at Ham House. 3. Here followeth a compendyou story and it is called the Exemple of Vertu, &c., &c., by the same printer, 4to, 1530, with woodcuts. A copy of this work was in the library of Geo. Mason, Esq., and was purchased at his sale in 1798 by the Duke of Roxburghe for 16*l.* 10*s.* At the Duke's sale, No. 3270, it was bought by the Rev. John M. Rice for 60*l.*, and sold again at Mr. Rice's sale, No. 806, for 26*l.* 10*s.* Another copy (or the same) was in Payne's *Catal.* for 1789, No. 1704. There is also a copy in the Pepysian collection at Magdalen College, Cambridge. 4. A joyfull Medytacyon to all Englonde of the Coronacyon of our most naturall Souerayne Lorde Kynge Henry the eyght. A single sheet in 4to, by the same printer, without date (unnoticed by Dibdin), with a curious woodcut of the coronation of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon. A



copy of this tract is among Bishop More's books in the Public Library at Cambridge. With regard to the *Temple of Glasse*, which was formerly ascribed to this author, it has been satisfactorily shewn by Mr. P. Collier, in his *Catal.*, before alluded to, p. 143, that though attributed to Hawes, it was in reality the production of Lydgate, and is so given to him by Hawes himself, who, in his stanzas in commendation of Lydgate, and enumerating his works says

And the tyme to passe  
Of love he made the bryght *temple of glasse*.

This circumstance had been before alluded to in less positive terms by Ritson in his *Bibliog. Poet.*, p. 59; by Ellis in his *Specim. Eng. Poet.*, vol. i, p. 416; and more authoritatively by Mr. Hallam in his *Introd. Lit. Eur.*, vol. i, p. 432, who adds in a note that the *Temple of Glasse* is mentioned in the *Paston Letters*, vol. ii, p. 90, long before the time of Hawes. Mr. Collier justly remarks that "the error originated with Bale, who enumerated *Templum Chrystallinum* among the productions of Hawes.

It is not known exactly when the Death of Hawes took place, but there is evidence to shew that he must have been dead before the year 1534. Mr. Collier, we think, errs in supposing "that he did not long survive the king who had been his especial patron," as Henry died in 1509, and Hawes's *Exemple of Vertue* was not published, as far as we know, before 1530. Neither do we think that he could have been so young at the time of his death as Mr. Collier infers, because if we allow him to have been only twenty-five in 1506, when his principal poem was composed, he must have been, according to these dates, at least fifty years of age when he died.

Of this his most remarkable poem, which is a powerful and learned allegory of human life, Warton has given such a complete, elaborate, and masterly analysis in his *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 220, that it is unnecessary to do more than to refer the reader to that ingenious and elegant piece of criticism. The reader may also see a shorter account of the plan of this poem in Ellis's *Specim.*, vol. i, p. 411. It will, however, be allowed by most that Warton has been too encomiastic in his account of this writer, and that the opinions of Mr. Ellis, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Hallam approximate nearer to the standard of true criticism. The latter observes, that "he is rude, obscure, full of pedantic latinisms, and probably has been much disfigured by the press:—but learned and philosophical, reminding us frequently of the school of James I." He institutes a parallel between Hawes and John Bunyan, in which, however,

he allows the superiority of the latter. "Bunyan is powerful and picturesque from his concise simplicity;—Hawes has the common failings of our old writers, a tedious and languid diffuseness, an expatiating on themes of pedantry in which the reader takes no interest, a weakening of every feature and every reflection by ignorance of the touches that give effect. But if we consider the *Historie of Graunde Amour* less as a poem to be read than as a measure of the author's mental power, we shall not look down upon so long and well sustained an allegory." The model of the versification is formed on that of his predecessor, Lydgate, for whom he appears to have had great veneration; but Warton is of opinion that "Hawes has added new graces to Lydgate's manner," while Mr. Ellis says, that "he has generally copied his worst manner,—that he is diffuse, fond of expletives, and that his epithets add nothing to the sense." And Mr. Campbell remarks, that "his language may be more modern" than Lydgate's, "but in vigour and harmony I am at a loss to perceive in it any superiority." For our own part, we cannot avoid agreeing with the writer last named, for even admitting the philosophical merits of Hawes, we still miss altogether, in the *Pastime of Pleasure*, that Chaucerian vivacity which is occasionally though rarely found in Lydgate, but which yet does occur, and tends so materially to relieve the general tediousness of his style.

Mr. Hallam observes that extracts are disadvantageous in judging of Hawes, notwithstanding which we give the 14th chapter, which contains "a commendation of Gower, Chaucer, and Lidgate," as a specimen of his style, and as being, independently of the literary interest of the subject, a digression from the general allegory, and therefore more suited for the purpose:

O thoughtfull harte; tombled all about  
 Upon the sea of stormy ignoraunce  
 For to sayle forthe, thou art in greate doubt  
 Ouer the waues of great encombraunce  
 Without any comfort, safe of esperaunce  
 Whiche the exhorteth, hardely to sayle  
 Unto thy purpose, wyth diligent trauayle.  
 Aufreyus auster, bloweth frowardlye  
 Towarde the lande, and habitation  
 Of thy well fauoured, and most fayre lady,  
 For whose sake, and delectation  
 Thou hast take, this occupation  
 Principally, ryght well to attayne  
 Her swete rewarde, for thy busy payne.



O pensyfe harte, in the stormy pery  
 Mercury northwest, thou maist so appeare  
 After tempest, to gladde thine emispery,  
 Hoysse vp thy sayle, for thou must drawe neare  
 Towarde the ende, of thy purpose so cleare,  
 Remember the, of the trace and daunce  
 Of poetes olde, wyth all thy purueyaunce.

As moral Gower, whose sentencious dewe  
 Adowne restareth, with fayre golden beames ;  
 And after Chaucers, all abroade dothe shewe  
 Our vyces to clense, his depared streames  
 Kindling our hartes, wyth the fiery leames  
 Of morall vertue, as is probable,  
 In all his bokes, so swete and profitable.

The boke of fame, which is sentencious  
 He drewe him selfe, on his own inuention :  
 And then the tragedies, so piteous  
 Of the nintene ladyes, was his translation ;  
 And vpon his ymagination  
 He made also, the tales of Caunterbury,  
 Some vertuous, and some glad and merye.

And of Troylus, the piteous doloure,  
 For his ladye Cresyde, full of doublenes  
 He did bewayle, full well the langoure  
 Of all his loue, and great unhappines :  
 And many other bokes doubtles  
 He did compyle, whose goodly name  
 In prynted bookes, dothe remayne in fame.

And after him, my master Lydgate,  
 The monke of Bury, did him well apply  
 Bothe to contryue, and eke to translate,  
 And of vertue, euer in especially  
 For he did compyle, then full nyally  
 Of our blessed ladye, the conuersation  
 Saynt Edmundes life, martred with treason.

Of the fall of Princes, ryght wofully  
 He did endite, in all piteous wise,  
 Folowyng his auctoure, Bocas rufully,  
 A ryght great boke, he did truely compryse  
 A good ensample, for us to despyse  
 This worlde so full of mutabilitie,  
 In whiche no man, can haue a certaintie.



And thre reasons, ryght greatly profitable  
 Under coloure, he cloked craftely,  
 And of the chorle he made the fable  
 That shytte the byrde, in a cage so closely  
 The pamflete sheweth it expresslye  
 He fayned also, the court of sapience  
 And translated, with all his diligence.

The great boke, of the last destruction  
 Of the citey of Troye, whylome so famous,  
 Howe for a woman, was the confusion,  
 And betwene vertue, and the life vicious,  
 Of Gods and Goddesses, a boke solacious  
 He did compyle, and the tyme to passe,  
 Of loue he made the bryght temple of glasse,

Were not these thre, greatly to commende  
 Whiche them applied, such bokes to contriue,  
 Whose famous draughtes, no man can amend  
 The tyme of slouth, they did from them driue  
 After their deathe, for to abide on lyue  
 In worthy fame, by many a nacion,  
 Their bokes, their actes, do make relation.

O master Lydgate, the most dulcet spryng  
 Of famous rethoryke, with ballade royall,  
 The chefe originall, of my learnyng  
 What vayleth it, on you for to call,  
 Me for to ayde, nowe in especiall,  
 Sythen your bodye, is now wrapte in chest,  
 I pray God to geue, your soule good rest.

O what losse is it, of suche a one,  
 It is to great truely for me to tell,  
 Sythen the tyme, that his life was gone,  
 In all this realme his pere did not dwell,  
 Aboue all oþher, he did so excell,  
 None sythe his tyme, in arte woulde succede,  
 After their death, to haue for their mede.

But many a one is ryght well expert  
 In this cunnyng, but upon auctoritie  
 They fayne no fables, pleasaunt and couerte,  
 But spende their time in vaynefull vanitie  
 Makyng ballades, of feruent amitie,  
 As gestes and trifles, without fruitfulness,  
 Thus all in wayne, they spende their busines.



I little or nought, expert in poetrye,  
 Of my master Lydgate, will folowe the trace  
 As euermore, so his name to magnifye,  
 With suche little bokes, by God's grace,  
 If in this worlde, I may haue the space,  
 The little cunnyng, that his grace me sent  
 In tyme among, in suche wise shal be spent.

And yet nothing upon presumption  
 My master Lydgate, I will not enuye,  
 But all onely, is myne intencion  
 With suche laboure, myselfe to occupy  
 As white by blacke, dothe shine now clearly :  
 So shal their matters, appeare more pleasaunt  
 Besyde my draughtes, rude, and ignoraunt.

The following is "The excusation of the Aucthoure" at the close of the volume :

Unto all Poeses, I do me excuse,  
 If that I offende, for lacke of science :  
 This little boke, yet do ye not refuse  
 Though it be deuoyde, of famous eloquence  
 Adde or detray, by your hye Sapience :  
 And pardon me, of my hye enterprise,  
 Whiche of late, this fable did fayne and deuise.

Go little boke, I pray God the saue  
 From misse metryng, by wrong impression ;  
 And who that euer list the for to haue,  
 That he perceyue well thyne intencion  
 For to be grounded, wythout presumption,  
 As for to eschue the synne of ydlenes,  
 To make suche bokes, I apply my busines.

Besechyng God, for to geue me grace  
 Bokes to compyle, of morall vertue,  
 Of my master Lydgate, to folowe the trace  
 His noble fame for to laude and renue,  
 Whiche in his lyfe, the slouth did eschue,  
 Makyng great bokes, to be in memory,  
 On whose soule, I pray God haue mercy.

We have been rather diffuse in our notice of this work from its great rarity, which renders it difficult to be met with — a remark which equally applies to all the five old editions of Hawes's Poems. Of the present edition we have been able to trace copies in the libraries of Herbert West, No. 1633,

1*l.* 2*s.*, and Dr. Farmer, No. 7053, 2*l.* 10*s.* The Roxburghe copy, No. 3269, was bought by Mr. Utterson for 16*l.* 16*s.*; Bindley's do., pt. ii, No. 2073, with five leaves manuscript, sold for 40*l.* 19*s.*, and was resold at Mr. Boswell's sale, No. 1262, for 12*l.* 12*s.* There is a copy in the collection at Bridgewater House.

For additional information respecting Hawes and his works, the reader may consult Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, Bliss edition, vol. i, p. 10; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 220; Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 58; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. i, p. 409; Campbell's do., vol. i, p. 94; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 31; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iii, p. 523; and *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, pp. 268 and 281; Chalmers's *Biogr. Dict.*; Collier's *Cat. Bridgew. House Libr.*, p. 152; and Southey's reprint of the *Pastime of Pleasure*. It has also been reprinted by the Percy Society in 1845, No. 60, under the editorial care of Mr. Wright, but without any notes or illustrations.

The present copy is wormed in the back margin, otherwise perfect—in the original Calf binding.

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HENRY PRINCE OF WALES. — Great Brittans Mourning Garment,  
Given to all faithfull sorrowfull subiects at the Funerall of  
Prince Henry.

London. Imprinted by G. Eld for Arthur Ionson. 1612.  
4to. pp. 24.

Among the numerous tributes of mournful respect and esteem which were called forth by the melancholy and untimely death of Prince Henry, some of which have been already noticed, few possess greater merit, or have higher claims to our attention, than the present volume by an unknown writer. It is dedicated in an introductory sonnet "To the Honorable Knight, Sir David Murray, and to the other nobly descended, and honorably minded followers of the late deceased Prince Henry." Murray held the post of Groom of the Stole in the household of the Prince, and was himself a poetical writer of some ability. He received the honour of knighthood from James I. in 1605. The volume consists of nineteen sonnets (including the introductory one) and a poetical address, in six stanzas of six lines each, "To the sad houshold of Prince Henry." A short extract or two will enable the reader to judge of the merits of this anonymous author, who writes in a pleasing and unaffected style.



## III.

You gentle spirits that turne not your eyes  
From common griefs, nor are of mettall made  
Such as these Iron Ages do comprise ;

Come see, wherein our humane glory lies :

See liuing vertues in death daily fade,  
Wither'd and wasted in th' vnthankfull graue :  
For as a flower, or Sommers passing shade ;  
Such is the hope and fortune worldlings haue :

Oh noble Prince, thy daies but new begun,  
And that same Ensign long since brought to *France*  
By *Edward* the Black Prince, third *Edwards* Sonne,  
Being by thee but lately re-aduanc't ;

Why should such honor into darknes goe,  
And leaue so many friends so full of woe ?

## VI.

Sad melancholy lead me to the Caue  
Where thy black Incense and dim Tapers burne,  
Let me some darke and hollow corner haue,  
Where desolate my sorrowes I may mourne :

And let thy heauiest Musick softly sound  
Vnto the doleful songs that I recite ;  
And euer let this direfull voice rebound  
Through the vast den : Ah dead is *Britans* light !

Then if thy heart be with compassion mou'd  
Of my Laments, come rest thy self by me,  
And mourne with me, for thou hast euer lou'd  
To beare a part in eury Tragedie :

And if to plaints thou wilt inure thy mind,  
Thou neuer couldst a fitter season find.

## IX.

Euen as the substance of a shooting star  
Grown great by time, now ready with new light  
Throughout the world to spread his glory farre,  
And emulate the raies of Titan bright,

Soone as the hoped fire hath giuen him powre  
To shew his glory, and aloft to shine,  
Euen in a moment in the selfe-same hower  
His golden head does downe to earthe incline ;

And those Illustrious beams which lately sent  
Such star-like brightnes do to darknes turne,  
And all his glorious hope so quickly spent,  
Leaues but a smoaky cloud his end to mourne,

So did Prince *Henry* in his glory fall,  
And left vs nothing but his funerall.

We give the concluding stanzas "To the sad household of Prince Henry."

If vertue, goodnes, and a sober life,  
 If grauity, and wisdom in yong yeeres,  
 If a thrice honour'd state, voide of all strife,  
 And all good gifts that man's perfection bears,  
 Could but haue stopt the fatall hand of death,  
 Then worthy *Henry* still had drawn his breath.

Whose flesh and spirit disioyn'd for a time  
 With stedfast hope parted to meet againe,  
 His heauenly parts vpwards to heauen do climbe;  
 His earthly must a while in earth remaine;  
 Till death hath left to kill, and man to die,  
 And Time given place to all Eternitie.

For so the Canon of eternall date  
 Hath præordain'd (things bounded must obey)  
 Vertue is an immortall estimate,  
 Which neither Time nor Death can ouer-sway,  
 By her Prince *Henry* liues: for vertues fame  
 Eterniseth his memorable name.

Whose hope-full Age not come to Twenty yeares,  
 In place of Honor and Authority,  
 Did beare a burthen in the Countries cares,  
 That gaue his name a happy memory.  
 So iust, so wise, s' vpright in eury thing,  
 As stopt the venom of foule enuies sting.

You that his friends and houshold followers were,  
 That saw the sober carriage of his life:  
 How he him selfe to all estates did beare,  
 So nobly minded, and so free from strife.  
 Oh! you and none so well, can sound his praise,  
 That knew the vpright treadings of his waies.

I doe but sound the accents of Report,  
 And sure Report giues him a worthy name,  
 That from his Cradle liu'd in vertues Court,  
 Now free from change being registred by fame.  
 Enioyes in heauen, heauens immortality,  
 And here on earth, earths happy memory.

This little tract is noticed, along with some others on the same subject, in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. iv, p. 37. Mr. Park has omitted to mention it in his list of poetical tributes to the memory of Prince Henry in *Restituta*, vol. iv, p. 172. A copy in Rice's Sale, No. 805, sold for 19s.; Bright's do.,



No. 2803, 2*l.* 1*s.*; Freeling's do., No. 147, large paper, 2*l.* 17*s.*; and Bindley's do., pt. iv, No. 714, 4*l.*

The Freeling copy, on large paper.

Bound in Russia, blank tooled, gilt leaves.

HERBERT, (GEORGE.) — The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. George Herbert.

*Psal.* 29.

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

Cambridge: Printed by Thom: Buck and Roger Daniel,  
printers to the Universitie. 1633. 12mo.

The Poems of the "holy George Herbert," who, as is well known, was the brother of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Chirbury, were first published by his friend the pious Nicholas Ferrar, to whom the manuscript was entrusted by Herbert for that purpose. They were the results of the ardent piety and devotional spirit which pervaded him when he was settled at his living at Bemerton, near Salisbury, and are full of those excellent and religious feelings so naturally described by the quaint and simple pen of Isaac Walton in his *Life of Herbert*. The Poems are entirely destitute of imagination, and are unfortunately too much tinged with the conceits and affectation of the school of Donne; but when free from these faults and puerilities are not without a certain degree of sweetness and polish, as witness the solemn Ode on Vertue, quoted by Walton in his *Complete Angler*:

*Vertue.*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright;  
The bridall of the earth and skie:  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and braue  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;  
Thy root is ever in its grave.  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie;  
My musick shows ye have your closes  
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul  
 Like season'd timber, never gives :  
 But though the whole world turn to coal,  
     Then chiefly lives.

Herbert was public orator in the University of Cambridge in the time of James I., who was a great admirer of his genius, and his first patron. He was also the intimate friend of Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Donne; and was cut off, after a long and painful decline, in 1633, at the early age of 40.

The publication of Herbert's Poems was attended with great success. In a short time they went through twelve or thirteen editions, and Isaac Walton states that, in his time, "there had been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression." The present is the first edition, and has a preliminary address, or preface, from "The Printer to the Reader," which was written by Nicholas Ferrar, and a poetical "Dedication" of six lines. The poem of "The Church Porch," which is the longest in the collection, is not written in his most pleasing style, being rugged and quaint, but contains much sound and excellent advice. The following poem may perhaps be considered as worth quoting, in addition to the one already given :

*The Glance.*

When first thy sweet and gracious eye  
 Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of youth and night  
 To look upon me, who before did lie

Weltring in sinne :

I felt a sugred strange delight  
 Passing all cordials made by any art,  
 Bedew, embalme, and overrunne my heart,  
     And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm  
 My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,  
 Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm

His swing and sway :

But still thy sweet originall joy  
 Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,  
 And surging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,  
     And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerfull be,  
 A mirth but open'd and seal'd up again ;  
 What wonders we shall feel, when we shall see  
     Thy full-eyed love!

When thou shalt look us out of pain  
 And one aspect of thine spend in delight  
 More then a thousand sunnes disburse in light  
     In Heav'n above.



An excellent and complete edition of the whole of the works of Herbert, both prose and poetical, was published by the late Mr. Pickering, in 1846, in 2 vols. 8vo, from the Chiswick press, with a portrait of Herbert, and a view of the church at Bemerton. This is beautifully printed, and is the only edition in which all his works are to be found. The reader may further consult an article on Herbert's Poems in the *Retrospect. Rev.*, vol. iii, p. 215, in which, however, the writer is in error in saying they were published in the author's life time; Headley's *Beauties of Ancient Engl. Poet.*, vol. i, p. 55; and Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 30. We cannot close our account of these religious poems better than in the words of honest Isaac Walton in his *Life of Donne*, who characterises the *Temple* of Herbert as "a book, in which by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts:—a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and Heaven,—and may by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart as shall free it from the anxieties of the world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above."

Bound in Calf, neat.

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HERBERT, (GEORGE.)—The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. George Herbert, late Oratour of the Universitie of Cambridge. The second Edition.

*Psal.* 29.

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

Cambridge. Printed by T. Buck and R. Daniel, printers to the Universitie of Cambridge. 1633. 12mo.

The second edition of these poems, and printed in the same year as the first. Why Dr. Dibdin styles this "the *best* edition," we are at a loss to know, as the contents of the volume are exactly the same as the former. These early impressions, when found in nice clean condition and ruled with red lines, often bring large prices. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 377, 2l. 2s.

In the original Calf binding.

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HERBERT, (GEORGE.) — The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. George Herbert, late Oratour of the Universitie of Cambridge. The third edition.

*Psal. 29.*

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

Printed by T. Buck and R. Daniel, printers to the Universitie of Cambridge. And are to be sold by Fr. Greene. 1634. 12mo.

The contents of this impression do not vary at all from the preceding, although it is a different edition. The title is within a woodcut border, as is the case in the two former ones, and the number of the pages is the same in all. A large and valuable collection of the various editions of Herbert's Poems were sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Co., on the dispersion of Mr. Pickering's stock. The present is a fine clean copy.

Bound in White Vellum extra, gilt leaves.

HERBERT, (GEORGE.) — The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. George Herbert, late Oratour of the University of Cambridge. Together with his Life.

*Psal. 29.*

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

The Eleventh Edition, with an Alphabetical Table for ready finding out the chief places. With a Portrait of Herbert by R. White.

London, Printed by S. Roycroft for R. S. and are to be sold by John Williams Junior, at the Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1678. 12mo.

After the title are eight lines which "should have been under his picture." Then "a memorial to the honourable George Herbert, author of the Sacred Poems, who died about, anno 1633," in verse. "An epitaph upon the same," signed "P. D., Esq.," and lines, "The Church Militant," signed "Adversus Impia, anno 1670." Then follows Ferrar's address, "The Printer to the Reader," "The Dedication," in verse, "The Titles of the



several Poems contained in this Book," and "The Life of Mr. George Herbert," by Isaac Walton. This last was first added to the poems in the edition of 1674. On pages 16 and 17 in this impression there are engraved plates, occupying the whole of the page of the Church Porch and the Church, or rather the Altar, with the verses upon it beginning, "A broken altar Lord, thy servant rears," &c.

At the close of Herbert's portion of the volume is added a second poem, with fresh pages and signatures, and the following title, viz.:

"The Synagogue: or, the Shadow of the Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. In Imitation of Mr. George Herbert."

*Plin. Sec. lib. 2. Ep. 5.*

Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non  
optima quæque proponere.

I do esteem't a folly, not the least  
To imitate examples not the best.

The Seventh Edition. Corrected and Enlarged. London Printed by S. Roycroft for R. S. and are to be sold by John Williams Junior, at the Crown in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1679. 12mo.

This Poem, it is now well known, was the production of the Rev. Christopher Harvie, M.A., a native of Cheshire, born in 1597, and educated at Brazenose College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. in May, 1617, and of M.A. in May, 1620. He became Rector of Clifton in Warwickshire, November 14, 1639, where he died, and was buried on the 4th April, 1663. He is supposed to have been the author of a Book of Emblems, entitled *Schola Cordis*, 12mo, 1647, often attributed to Francis Quarles, and of one or two other works, to which he had strong objections to affix his name. The *Synagogue* was first published in 1640, 12mo, anonymously, and again in 1647, 1657, 1661, 1667, 1673, 1679, 1703, 1709, &c., &c., and is usually found appended to all the later editions of the *Temple*. Harvie addressed commendatory verses to Walton in the second edition of the *Complete Angler*; and Walton in return wrote some lines in the fourth edition of the *Synagogue*, in which he says that he admired that poem before he knew its author personally:

I lov'd you for your *Synagogue*, before  
I knew your person; but now love you more;  
Because I find  
It is so true a picture of your mind.

There are lines prefixed addressed "To the Author" by R. Langford,





It is the Index to Eternity.  
                                   He cannot miss  
                                   Of endless bliss  
 That takes this chart to steer his voyage by.  
                                   Nor can he be mistook,  
                                   That speaketh by this book.  
 A Book, to which no Book can be compard  
                                   For excellence,  
                                   Pre-eminence  
 Is proper to it, and cannot be shar'd.  
                                   Divinity alone  
                                   Belongs to it or none.  
 It is the Book of God.   What if I should  
                                   Say, God of Books?  
                                   Let him that looks  
 Angry at that expression, as too bold  
                                   His thoughts in silence smother  
                                   Till he find such another.  
 From the Mainwaring collection at Peover.  
                                   In the original Calf binding.

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HERBERT, (GEORGE.) — The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. George Herbert, late Oratour to the University of Cambridge. Together with his Life.

*Psal.* 29.

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

The Thirteenth Edition Corrected with the addition of an Alphabetical Table.

London, Printed for John Wyat at the Rose in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and Eben. Tracy at the Three Bibles on London Bridge. 1709. 12mo.

This edition exactly corresponds in its contents with the preceding, except that the engraved portrait of Herbert is by Sturt, and that it has the eight lines underneath, which in the former edition "should have been under his Picture." The Life of Herbert by Walton is here placed at the end of the volume instead of the beginning. The edition of the *Synagogue* is the ninth, corrected and amended, with the same date and imprint as given above.

Bound in Brown Calf extra, red edges.

HERRICK, (ROBERT.)—Hesperides: or, The Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick Esq.

*Ovid.*

*Effugient avidos Carmina nostra Rogos.*

London, Printed for John Williams, and Francis Eglesfield, and are to be sold by Tho. Hunt, Bookseller in Exon. 1648. 8vo.

Time was, and that not long ago, when not only the works of many of our early poets were unjustly neglected, and buried in utter oblivion, but even their very names were almost forgotten to the world. But happily since then the temper of the times has changed for the better—a more inquiring spirit on these subjects has taken possession of men's minds, and through the labours of Warton, Percy, Ritson, Ellis, Drake, Headley, Dyce, Collier, and others, many of our early poetical writers have been rescued from the obscurity in which they had so long lain—and their works not only more duly estimated by every admirer of true poetic genius, but made more accessible to modern readers. Among those who have been so unjustly neglected, and whose merits have been thus rescued from obscurity, is the author of the work before us, Robert Herrick, a poet, by some placed even above Carew and Waller, by all acknowledged as a writer of exquisite taste and genius.

Robert Herrick or Heyrick, who was born in 1591 in Cheapside, London, was the fourth son of Nicholas Herrick, an eminent goldsmith in London, and Julia his wife—but he dying the following year, the son was sent to college by his uncle and guardian, Sir William Heyrick, and was entered a fellow commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1615, but about 1618 he removed to Trinity Hall, where he studied the law, but not liking this profession, he afterwards took orders, and being patronised by the Earl of Exeter, was presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire, October 1st, 1629. Here he remained for several years, cultivating his Muse, and the society of his neighbours, by whom he was much liked for his playful wit, and his humorous and social qualities. In one of his poems "On himself," he says,

A wearied Pilgrim, I have wandred here  
Twice five and twenty (bate me but one year)  
Long I have tasted in this world; ('tis true)  
But yet those yeers that I have liv'd, but few.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
He lives, who lives to vertue; men who cast  
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.



During his residence here he complained much of the dulness of Devonshire, and on one occasion vented his indignation in some well known lines on Dean-bourn, the rude river by which he lived, and on the people who dwelt by its side, but confesses in another of his poems that amidst all his sadness and "discontents in this dull Devonshire, he ne'r invented such ennobled numbers for the presse as there where he loath'd so much."

Having been ejected from his living during the Civil Wars, he came to London and resided in St. Anne's Parish, Westminster. Being in great poverty and distress, and living chiefly on the bounty of his friends, he laid aside his gown, and assumed the habit of a layman, as appears from the title to this volume. Mr. Nichols has recorded a tradition that he was the original author of *Poor Robins Almanack*, which was first published in 1662 — and has suggested that "the date agrees well with the time, when deprived of his vicarage, and his subsistence scanty, he might earn his bread in this way." After the restoration he again took possession of his vicarage, where it is believed that he died, but the exact period of his death is not known.

It will thus be seen that Herrick was the contemporary in the early part of his life of Shakespeare, and in his descriptions of many of our country sports and customs, has touched upon several rites and observances of our ancestors that serve well to illustrate the manners and superstitions recorded in the dramas of Shakespeare. He was a very unequal writer, for while some of his pieces, his "Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may" (93); "Corinna's going a Maying" (74); "Captiv'd Bee" (77); "To Musique" (196); "The Kisse" (149); "The Mad Maid's Song" (181); "To Blossoms" (204); "To Phillis, Live, live with me, and thou shall see" (223); "Come sit under yonder Tree" (252); and his "Night-piece to Julia" (254), while these are full of exquisite taste and feeling, and will live as long as English Lyrics shall last, there are others of his poems disfigured with pedantry and conceit and other deformities, and what is worse than all, with much indelicacy. This was the bad taste of the times in which he lived; but while censurable in all, it was tenfold more indefensible in one who was a clergyman. And it is much to be regretted that he should have allowed this defect to have pervaded and disfigured some of his best poems.

Herrick's *Hesperides* was published in 1648. A brief dedication of ten lines in verse to Prince Charles, with a list of *errata* on another leaf, form the only introduction to the poems, which embrace a great variety of subjects, thus enumerated by the author in this opening "Argument of his Book:"

I sing of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and Bowers :  
 Of April, May, of June and July-Flowers.  
 I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails, Wakes,  
 Of Bride-groomes, Brides, and of their Bridall-cakes.  
 I write of Youth, of Love, and have accesse  
 By these, to sing of cleanly-Wantonnesse.  
 I sing of Dewes, of Raines, and piece by piece  
 Of Balme, of Oyle, of Spice, and Amber-Greece.  
 I sing of Times trans-shifting ;—and I write  
 How Roses first came Red, and Lillies White.  
 I write of Groves, of Twilights, and I sing  
 The Court of Mab, and of the Fairie-King.  
 I write of Hell :—I sing and ever shall  
 Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

The volume contains more than fourteen hundred Poems and Epigrams, which lay in undeserved obscurity until first noticed by a writer in the *Gent. Mag.*, in 1796, and afterwards more at length in 1804, by Dr. Drake, in his *Literary Hours*, vol. iii, who gave a short biography of Herrick, and a dissertation on his genius and writings. In 1810 Dr. Nott published a selection from these Poems, at Bristol, with some occasional remarks, in which he presented to the public two hundred and eighty-four pieces from the volume. Numerous extracts from these poems having thus been made by Dr. Drake, Dr. Nott in his reprint, by Ellis, Campbell, and others, we shall content ourselves with gathering only three specimens of fruit from this garden of the Hesperides, the first of which was suggested, no doubt, by the well-known Poem of Marlowe.

*To Phillis to love and live with him.*

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see  
 The pleasure I'll prepare for thee :  
 What sweets the Country can afford  
 Shall blesse thy Bed, and blesse thy Board.  
 The soft sweet mosse shall be thy bed,  
 With crawling Woodbine over-spread :  
 By which the silver-shedding streames  
 Shall gently melt thee into dreames.  
 Thy clothing next, shall be a Gowne  
 Made of the Fleeces purest Downe.  
 The tongues of Kids shall be thy meate ;  
 Their milke thy drinke ;—and thou shalt eate



The Paste of Filberts, for thy bread  
 With Cream of Cowslips buttered :  
 Thy Feasting-Tables shall be Hills  
 With Daisies spread, and Daffodils ;  
 Where thou shalt sit, and Red-brest by,  
 For meat, shall give thee melody.  
 I'll give thee Chaines and Carkanets  
 Of Primroses and Violets.  
 A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have,  
 That richly wrought, and this as brave  
 So that as either shall expresse  
 The Wearer's no meane Shepherdesse.  
 At Shearing-times, and Yearly Wakes,  
 When *Themilis* his pastime makes,  
 There thou shalt be ;—and be the wit,  
 Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.  
 On Holy-dayes, when Virgins meet  
 To dance the Hayes with nimble feet :  
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appeare  
 The Queen of Roses for that yere.  
 And having danct ('bove all the best)  
 Carry the Garland from the rest.  
 In wicker-baskets maids shal bring  
 To thee (my dearest Shepharling)  
 The blushing Apple, bashfull Peare,  
 And shame-fact Plum, (all simp'ring there)  
 Walk in the Groves, and thou shalt find  
 The name of Phillis in the Rind  
 Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree ;  
 Where kissing that, I'll twice kisse thee.  
 To thee a Sheep-hook I will send,  
 Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end,  
 This, this alluring Hook might be  
 Lesse for to catch a sheep, than me.  
 Thou shalt have Possets, Wassails fine,  
 Not made of Ale, but spiced Wine ;  
 To make thy maids and selfe free mirth,  
 All sitting neer the glitt'ring Hearth.  
 Thou sha't have Ribbands, Roses, Rings,  
 Gloves, Garters, Stockings, Shooes, and Strings  
 Of winning Colours, that shall move  
 Others to Lust, but me to Love.  
 These (nay) and more, thine owne shal be,  
 If thou wilt love, and live with me.



*To Blossoms.*

Faire pledges of a fruitfull Tree,  
 Why do yee fall so fast?  
 Your date is not so past;  
 But you may stay yet here a while,  
 To blush and gently smile;  
 And go at last.

What were yee borne to be,  
 An houre or half's delight;  
 And so to bid good night?  
 'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth  
 Meerly to shew your worth,  
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely Leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'r so brave:  
 And after they have shown their pride  
 Like you a-while:—They glide  
 Into the grave.

*To Musique, to becalme his Fever.*

Charm me asleep, and melt me so  
 With thy delicious Numbers;  
 That being ravisht, hence I goe  
 Away in easie slumbers.  
 Ease my sick head,  
 And make my bed;  
 Thou Power that canst sever  
 From me this ill:  
 And quickly still  
 Though thou not kill  
 My Fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
 From a consuming fire,  
 Into a gentle-licking flame,  
 And make it thus expire.  
 Then make me weep,  
 My paines asleep:  
 And give me such repores,  
 That I, poor I,  
 May think thereby,  
 I live, and die  
 'Mongst Roses.



Fall on me like a silent dew,  
 Or like those maiden show'rs,  
 Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew  
 A Baptisme o're the flowers.  
 Melt, melt my paines,  
 With thy soft straines;  
 That having ease me given,  
 With full delight,  
 I leave this light;  
 And take my flight  
 For Heaven.

Several of the poems are addressed to Endymion Porter, who was at that time Groom of the Bedchamber to the King, with whom the author appears to have been on intimate terms; and others to William and Henry Lawes the composers of his Lyrics; to Ben Jonson, Charles Cotton, Leonard Willan, and John Hall, all familiar friends; and others to members of his own family and relations.

The first part ends on p. 398, when a new title occurs thus to the second or religious portion:—"His Noble Numbers: or, His Pious Pieces, Wherein (amongst other things) he sings the Birth of Christ: and sighes for his Saviour's suffering on the Crosse.

*Hesiod.*

Ιδμεν ψυδρα πολλα λεγειν ετυμουσιν ομοια  
 Ιδμεν δ'ευτ' εβελωμεν, αληθεα μυθησασθαι.

London, Printed for John Williams, and Francis Eglesfield. 1647."

These poems on religious subjects, while more within his calling, are decidedly inferior to the others, although they are more especially commended by Wood in the *Ath. Oxon.* The following, however, will well bear transcription, and may indeed be justly termed "noble numbers":

*His Letanie to the Holy Spirit.*  
 In the houre of my distresse,  
 When temptations me oppresse,  
 And when I my sins confesse,  
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!  
 When I lie within my bed,  
 Sick in heart and sick in head,  
 And with doubts discomforted,  
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!



When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the artlesse Doctor sees  
No one hope but of his Fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When his Potion and his Pill  
His, or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing but to kill;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the Passing-bell doth tole,  
And the furies in a shole  
Come to fright a parting soule;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the tapers now burne blew,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more then true;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the Priest his last hath praid,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decaid;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When (God knowes) I'm tost about  
Either with despaire, or doubt,  
Yet before the glasse be out  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And halfe damns me with untruth;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine cares, and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprize;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the Judgment is reveal'd,  
And that open'd which was seal'd,  
When to Thee I have appeal'd;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!



Two of the poems, "The Christmas Caroll," and "The New-Yeeres Gift, or Circumcision Song," were set to music by Henry Lawes, and performed before the King at Whitehall, as was also the carol called "The Star-Song." The signatures to this part commence again with A 1, and a new series of paging is also begun.

Prefixed to the volume is a bust of the author on a pedestal, with two angels bringing chaplets of laurel, from which flowers are dropping. On the right is Pegasus on Mount Parnassus, with Helicon flowing from its base; the whole engraved by W. Marshall, with eight Latin lines on a tablet underneath by J. H. C. W. M.

Tempora cinxisset Foliorum densior umbra :

Debetur Genio laurea Sylva tuo.

Tempora et Illa Tibi mollis redimisset Oliva ;

Scilicet excludis Versibus arma tuis.

Admises Antiqua Novis Jucunda Severis :

Hinc Juvenis discat, Fœmina, Virgo, Senex.

Ut solo minor es Phœbo, sic major es Unus

Omnibus, Ingenio, Mente, Lepore, Styto.

scripsit I.H.C. W.M.

This portrait, which is exceedingly rare, has been copied by Richardson, and the bust alone on an enlarged scale was engraved by Schiavonetti, and prefixed to Dr. Nott's volume.

Mr. Hallam calls Herrick "the most amorous, and among the best of our amorous poets;" having "much of the lively grace that distinguishes Anacreon and Catullus. Abundant in the resources of verse, without the exuberant gaiety of Suckling, or perhaps the delicacy of Carew, he is sportive, fanciful, and generally of polished language. Though he is not often obscure, he runs into occasional pedantry, he has his conceits and false thoughts, but these are more than redeemed by the numerous very little poems, which may be praised without much more qualification than belongs to such poetry." And Campbell says of him, that though "his vein of poetry is very irregular, yet where the ore is pure, it is of high order."

Herrick was a contributor to the *Lachrymæ Musarum*, Elegies on the Death of Henry Lord Hastings, 8vo, 1650, pp. 38. His poem entitled "The New Charon" is in the form of a dialogue, the speakers being Charon and Eucosmeia, but is not equal to some of his other pieces. The musical part was set by Henry Lawes. A writer in *Musarum Deliciæ*, or The Muses Recreation, 1655, speaks of

That old Sack  
 Young *Herrie* took to entertaine  
 The Muses in a sprightly vein.—p. 2.

And in that witty Miscellany, *Naps upon Parnasus*, 8vo, 1658, his lyrics are thus compared to those of Horace :

And then *Flaccus Horace*,  
 He was but a sowr-ass,  
 And good for nothing but Lyricks ;  
 There's but One to be found  
 In all English ground  
 Writes as well ; who is hight *Robert Herick*.

Besides the *Gent. Mag.*, Drake's *Literary Hours*, and Dr. Nott's *Selections*, already mentioned, the reader may also consult further respecting Herrick, Nichols's *Hist. Leicest.*, vol. ii, pt. ii, p. 631 ; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. iii, p. 250 ; Ellis's *Specim.*, vol. iii, p. 307 ; *Retrospect. Rev.*, vol. v, p. 156 ; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. iii, p. 109 ; *Quart. Rev.*, vol. iv, p. 165 ; Hallam's *Introd. Lit. Europe*, vol. iii, p. 510 ; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 340 ; Phillips's *Theatr. Poet.*, 1824, p. 15 ; and Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 302. The present copy is noticed by Dibdin in the last-mentioned work, p. 303, as being then in the possession of Mr. William Combes of Henley. It had formerly belonged to Tom Warton (not *Joseph* as there said), and has his autograph and an extract from Phillips's *Theatr. Poet.*, p. 162, in his handwriting. It contains also a note by Mr. Combes respecting some errors in the paging. Mr. Combes had another copy, which he disposed of to Dr. Bliss, at whose sale, No. 1965, it brought 2*l.* 4*s.* ; Inglis's ditto, No. 688, 3*l.* 17*s.* ; Bindley's, pt. ii, No. 448, 4*l.* 16*s.* ; Perry's, pt. i, No. 2047, 3*l.* 3*s.* ; Dowdeswell's, No. 328, 4*l.* 4*s.* ; Skegg's, No. 885 ; Jolley's, pt. iii, No. 460 ; Gardner's, No. 1157 ; Bright's, No. 2858, 4*l.* 11*s.* ; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. viii, No. 1146, 5*l.* 18*s.* ; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 340, 8*l.* 8*s.*

A reprint of the works of Herrick, with a biographical notice, was published at Edinburgh 1823, and in London 1825, in two vols, 8vo, with a woodcut portrait of Herrick, of which twenty-five copies were printed on large paper in 4to.

Collation : Title A 2 ; Sig. A, four leaves ; the first one blank, B to Z 8, in eights (U and W omitted) ; then Aa to Cc 8 ; the title to the second part being Cc 8. This part recommences with Sig. Aa 1 to Ee 8, in eights.

Bound by Roger Payne, in Orange Morocco, with leather joints,  
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